

**ANDREW HELFER • BILL SIENKIEWICZ**

**THE**

# **SHADOW**

**MASTER SERIES VOLUME ONE**

**DYNAMITE**





# THE SHADOW<sup>®</sup>

## MASTER SERIES

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**DYNAMITE**<sup>®</sup>



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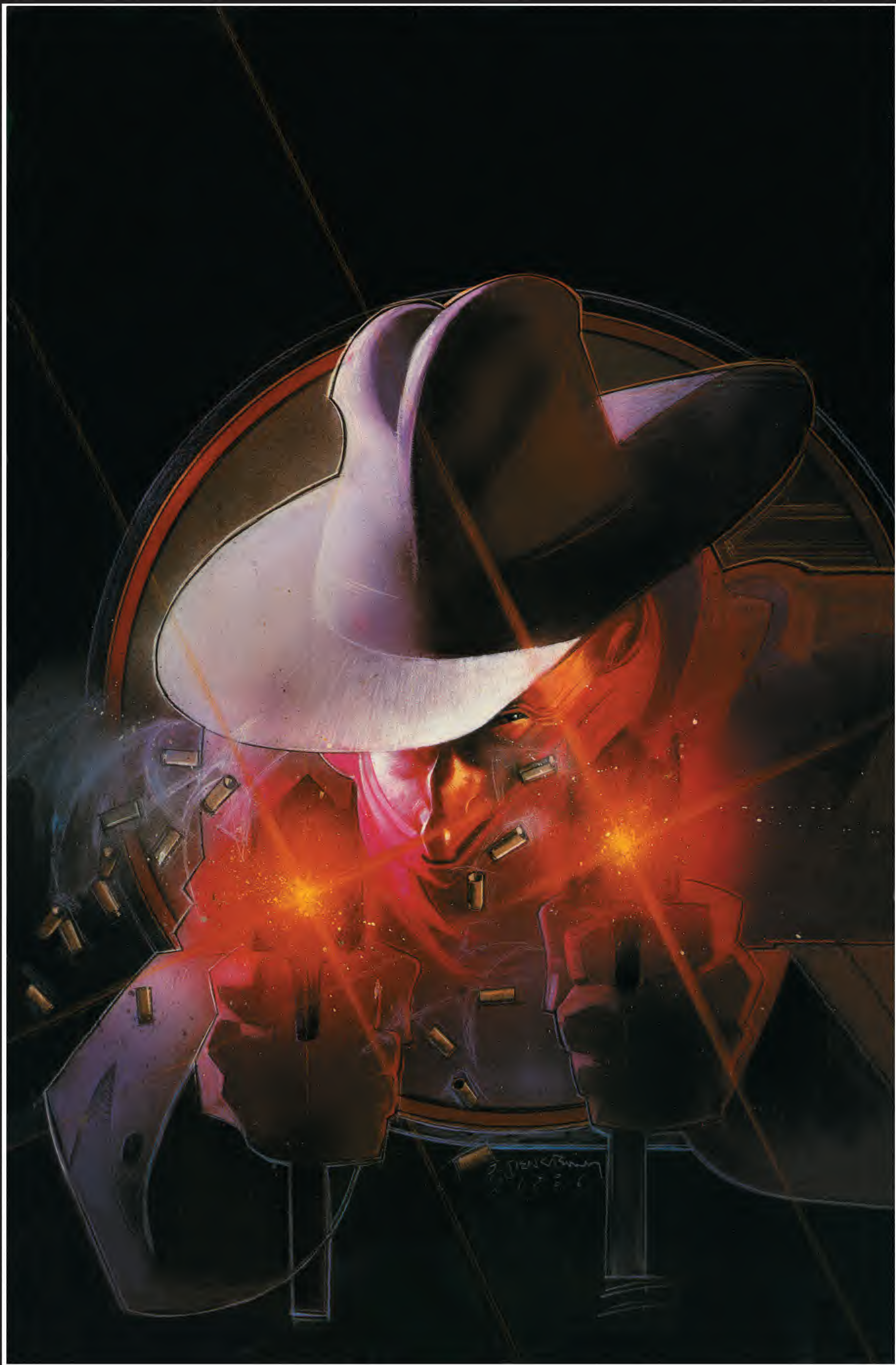
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#1



ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY.

4 AM.



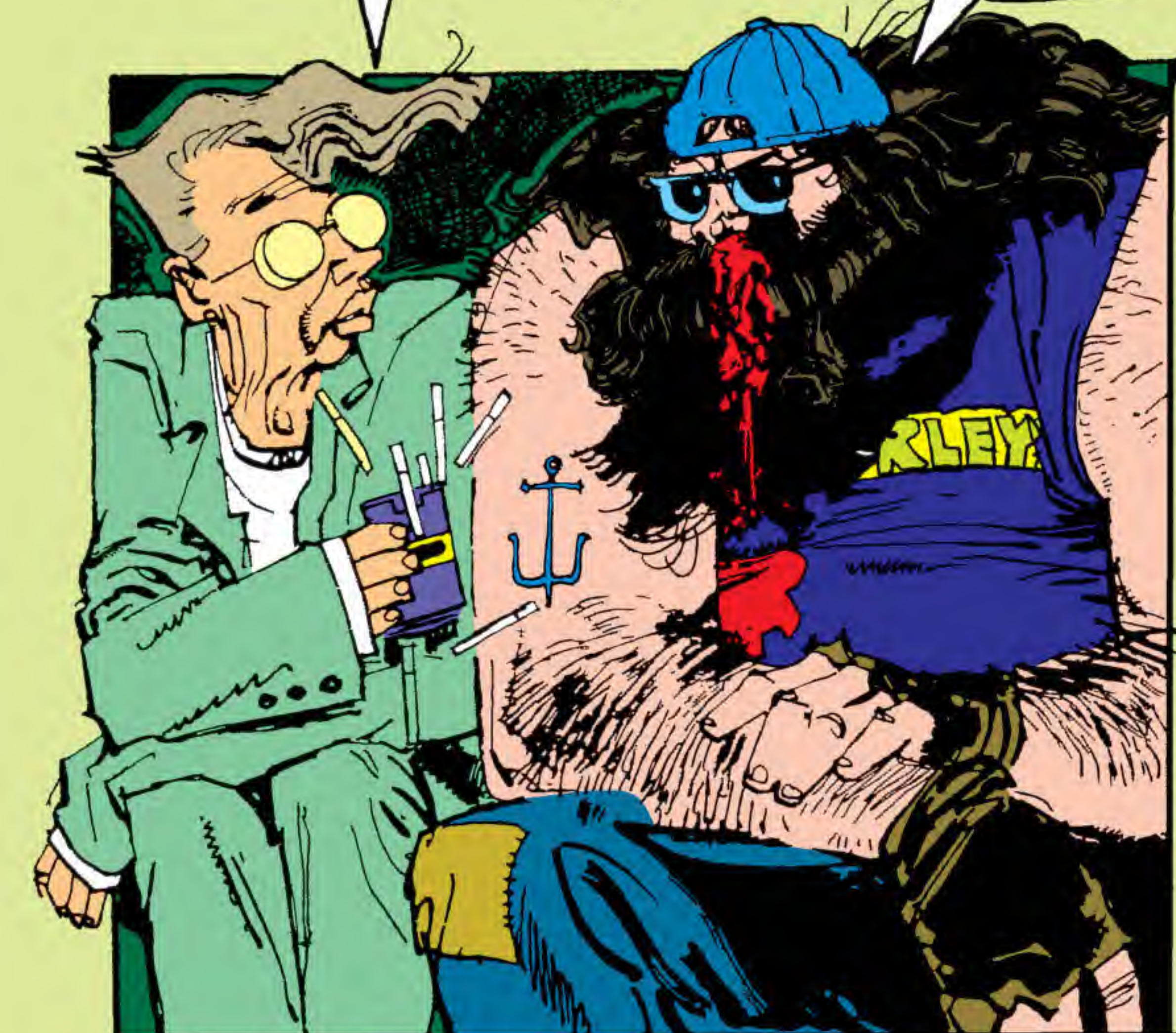
TOUGH NIGHT,  
HUH?

SHADDUP.

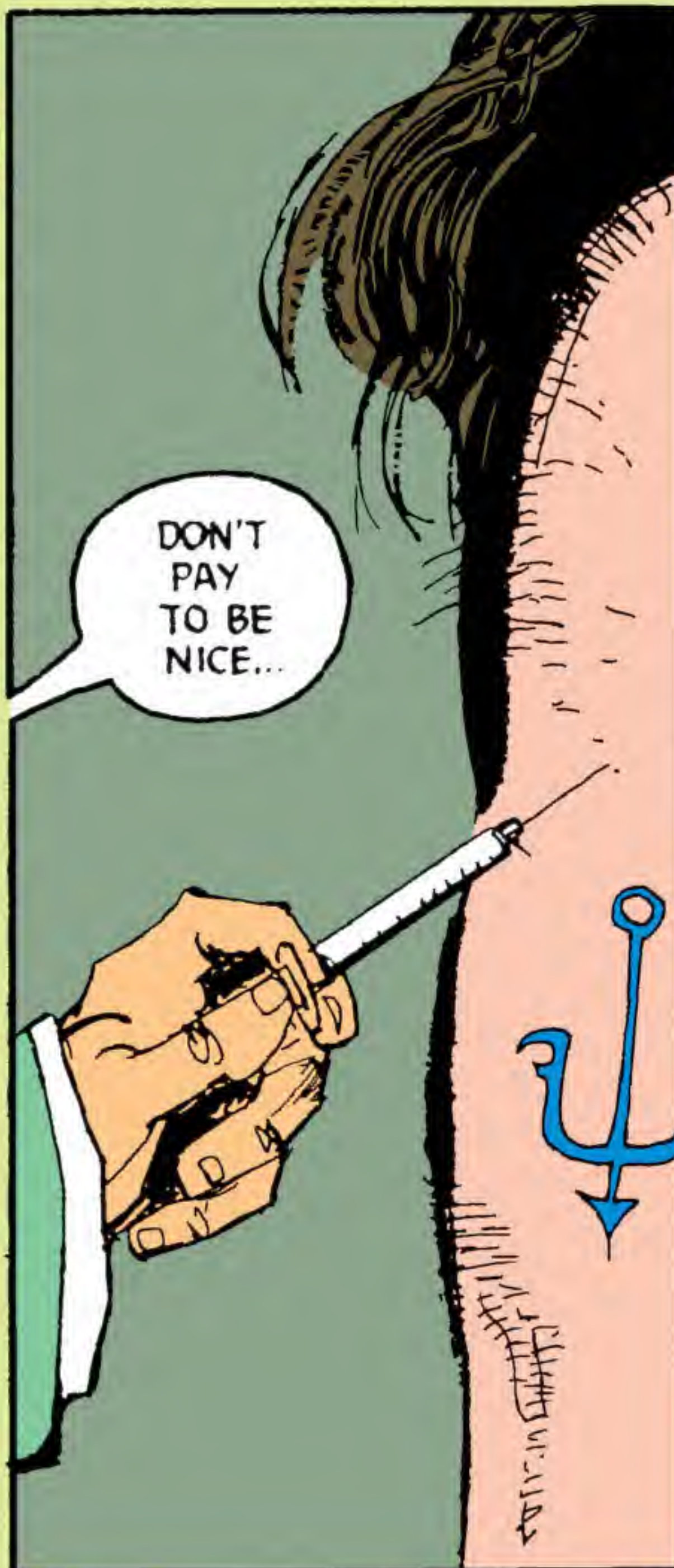
CIGARETTE?

SHADDUP.  
OR AH  
SHUT YOU UP.

GOOD IDEA.  
AH HATE FREAKS.



DON'T  
PAY  
TO BE  
NICE...



HEY!  
WHUD YOU--



-- DO...?!



NOW JUST  
ONE MINUTE,  
BUSTER--





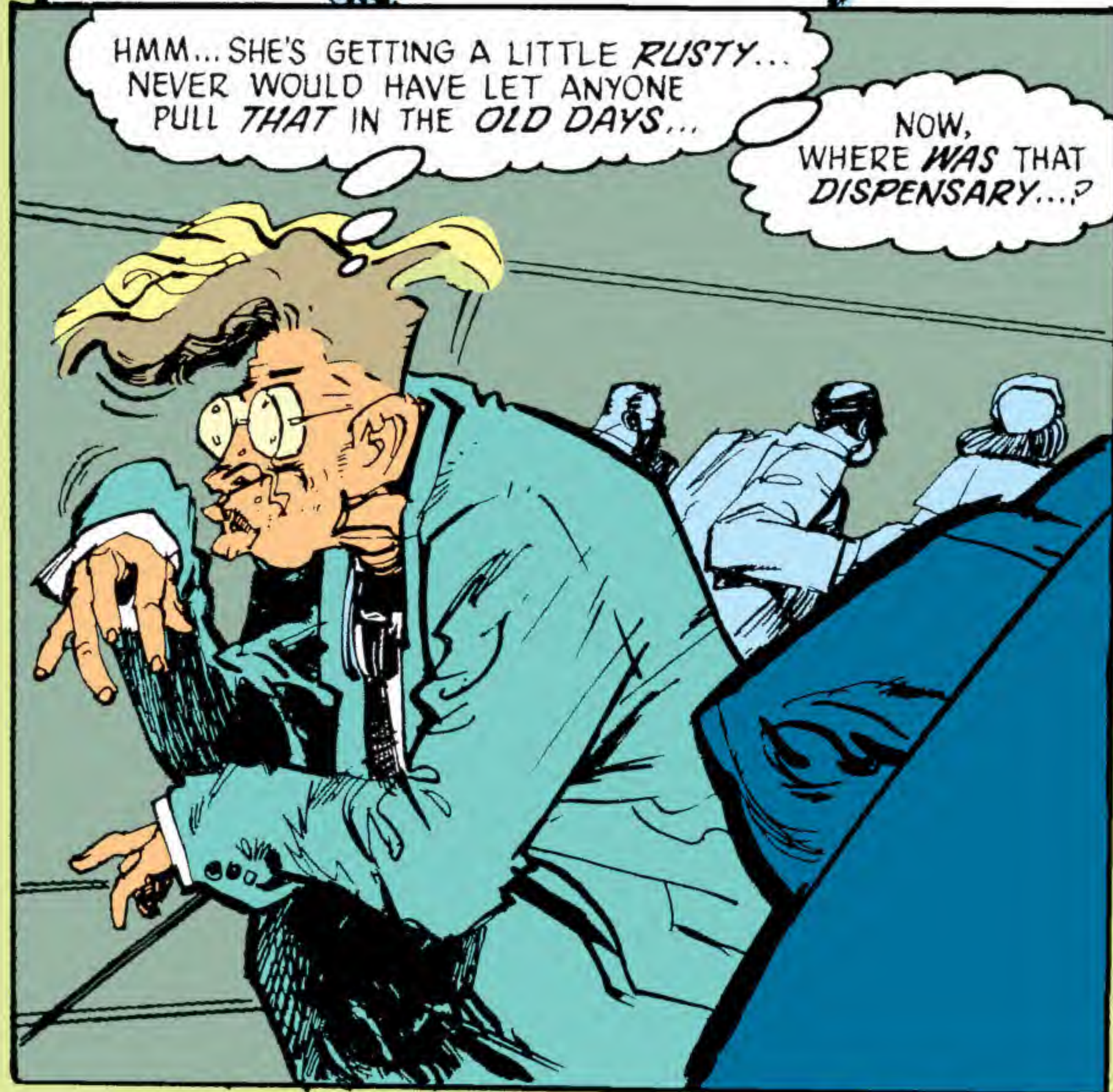




THIS IS YOUR DOING, CREEP--AND THIS TIME I'M GONNA WRING YOUR SCRAWNY LITTLE--



NEGAAAKK!



HMM... SHE'S GETTING A LITTLE *RUSTY*... NEVER WOULD HAVE LET ANYONE PULL *THAT* IN THE *OLD DAYS*...

NOW, WHERE *WAS* THAT DISPENSARY...?



AHH... YES...

SOMEHOW, MOMENTS LIKE THIS MAKE IT *ALL* SEEM WORTHWHILE...



PROPADYNE...

BENZEDRINE...

TRI-METHYL ALYNINE...  
HMMM--  
NEW ONE.

THORAZINE...

DEXIDRENE--  
AH, YES.  
A *CLASSIC*.

WELL, MY *PRETTIES*... I'D LOVE TO LINGER, BUT I MUST BE OFF!



AHH... ALL'S *QUIET* AGAIN... SHE MUST'VE MADE FAST WORK OF THAT *CREEP*...

BUT THE QUESTION *NOW* IS-- HOW AM *I* GOING TO--



OH, MY.



# SHADOWS AND LIGHT: PART I

## HAT TRICK

SH-SH-SHADOWWW..

NCY

3 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

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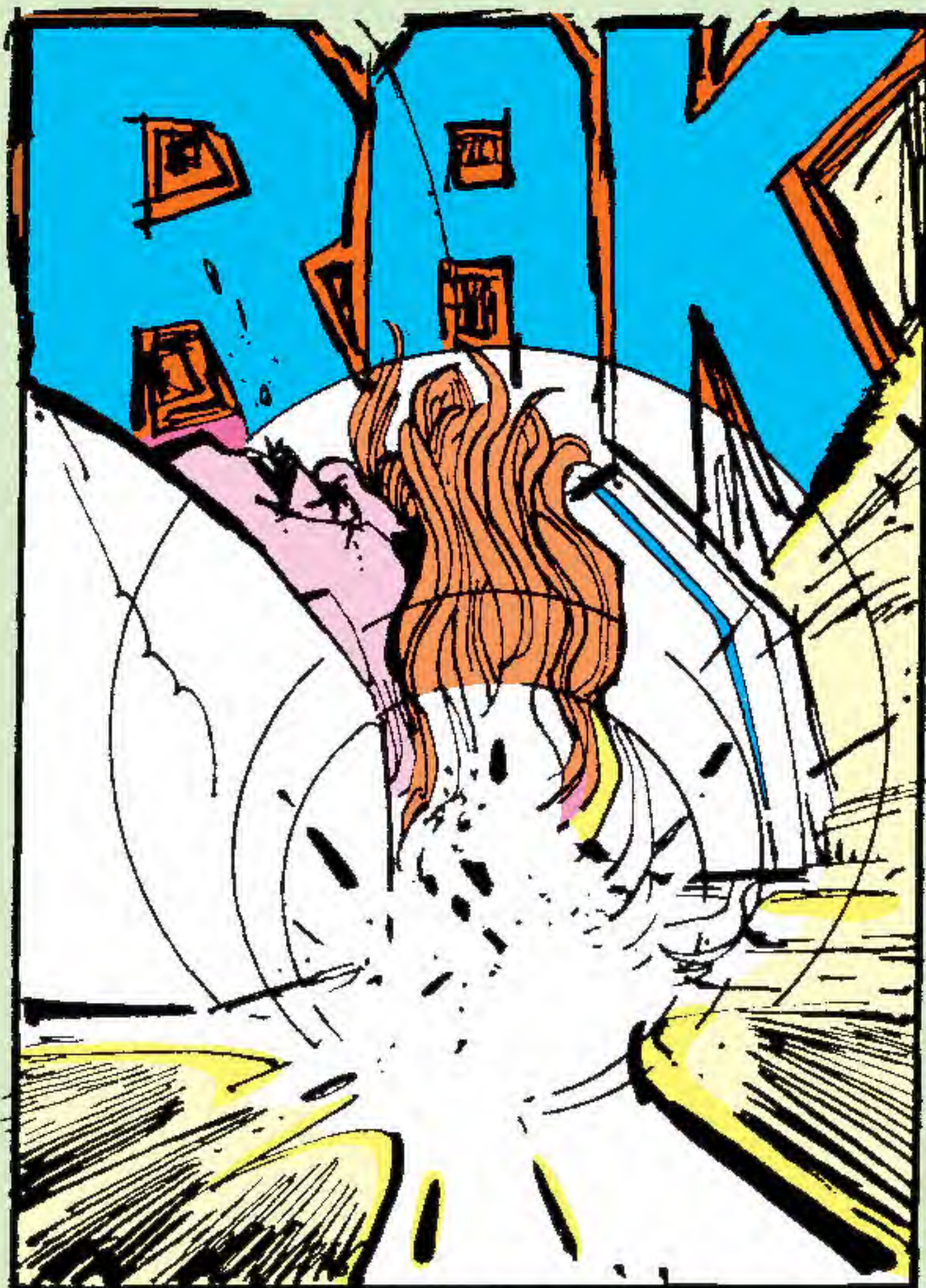
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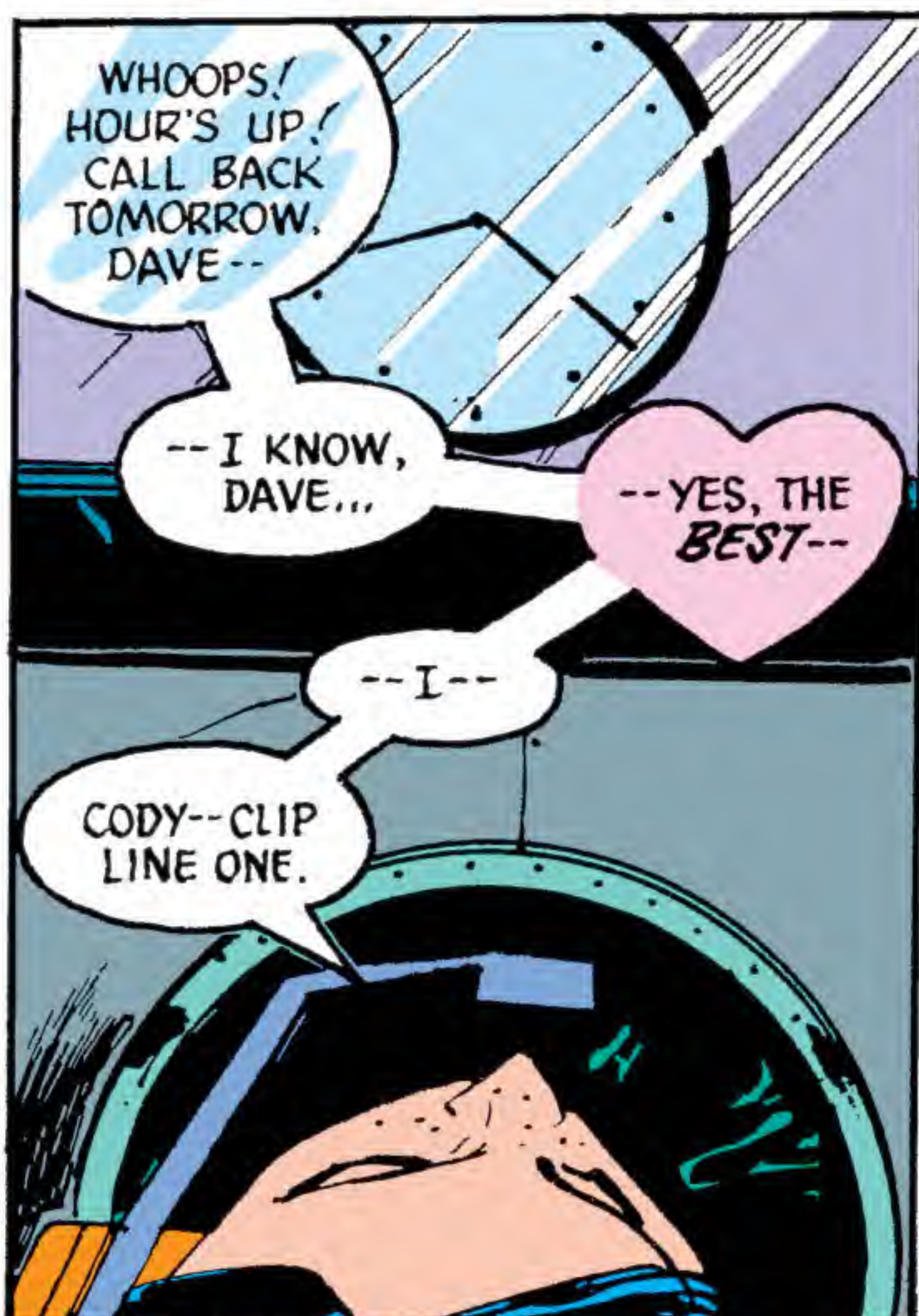


NO, HON--  
*I'M* ON TOP  
THIS TIME...  
REMEMBER?

WELL,  
IF YOU *INSIST*--  
BUT THIS IS  
*AWFUL SUDDEN*--  
AND I--

-- NO, NO--  
I LIKE IT  
*JUST FINE*,  
BIG BOY--

--YES... YOU *DO*  
HAVE A WAY  
WITH *WORDS*-- I  
JUST *LOVE* IT  
WHEN YOU--



WHOOPS!  
HOUR'S UP!  
CALL BACK  
TOMORROW.  
DAVE--

-- I KNOW,  
DAVE...

--YES, THE  
*BEST*--

--I--

CODY-- CLIP  
LINE ONE.



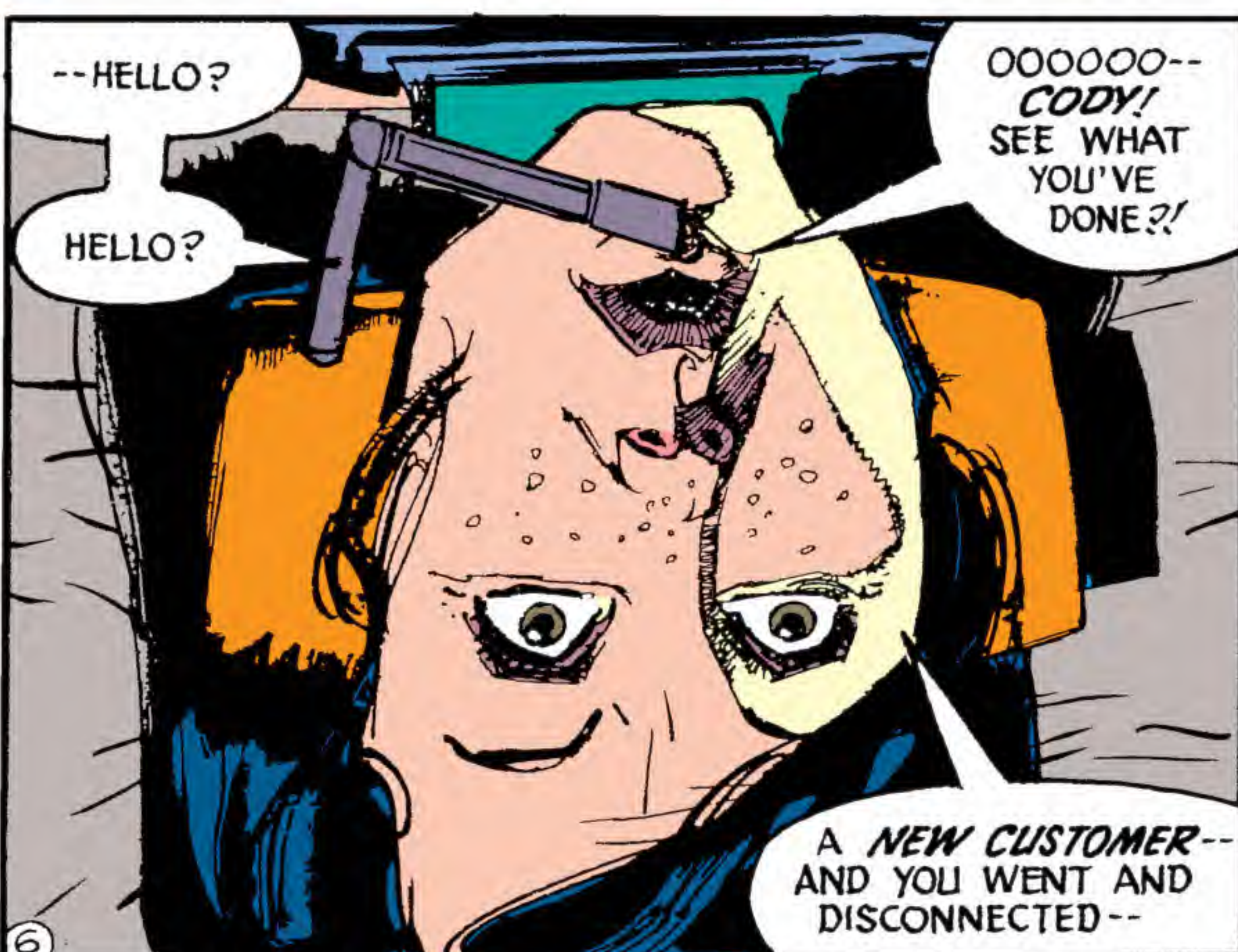
THANK YOU,  
CODY.

NEXT  
CALL.



HI, SWINGER...  
YES-- THIS *IS*  
THE PLACE--

--SURE--  
VISA OR  
MASTERCAR--

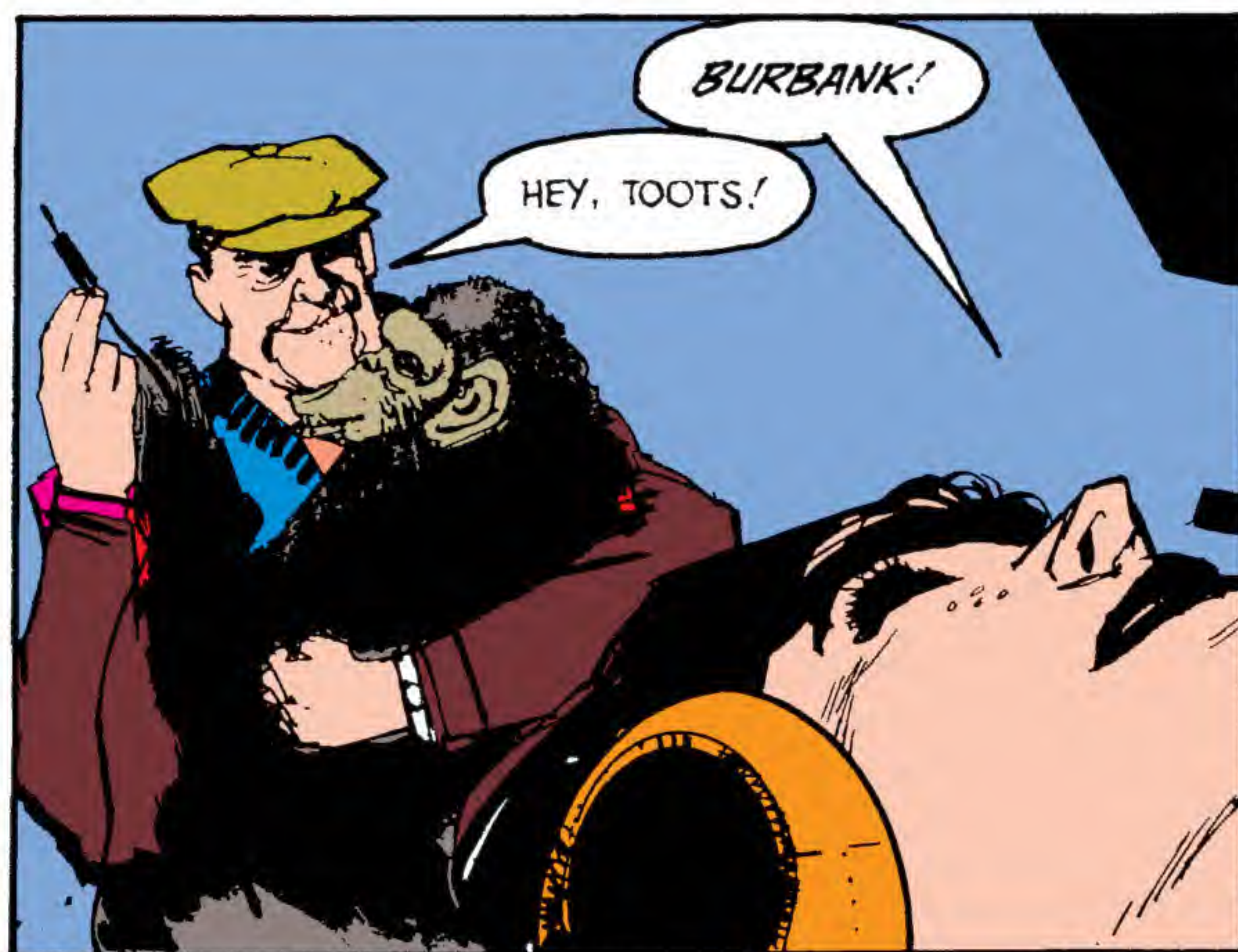


--HELLO?

HELLO?

OOOOOO--  
*CODY!*  
SEE WHAT  
YOU'VE  
DONE?!

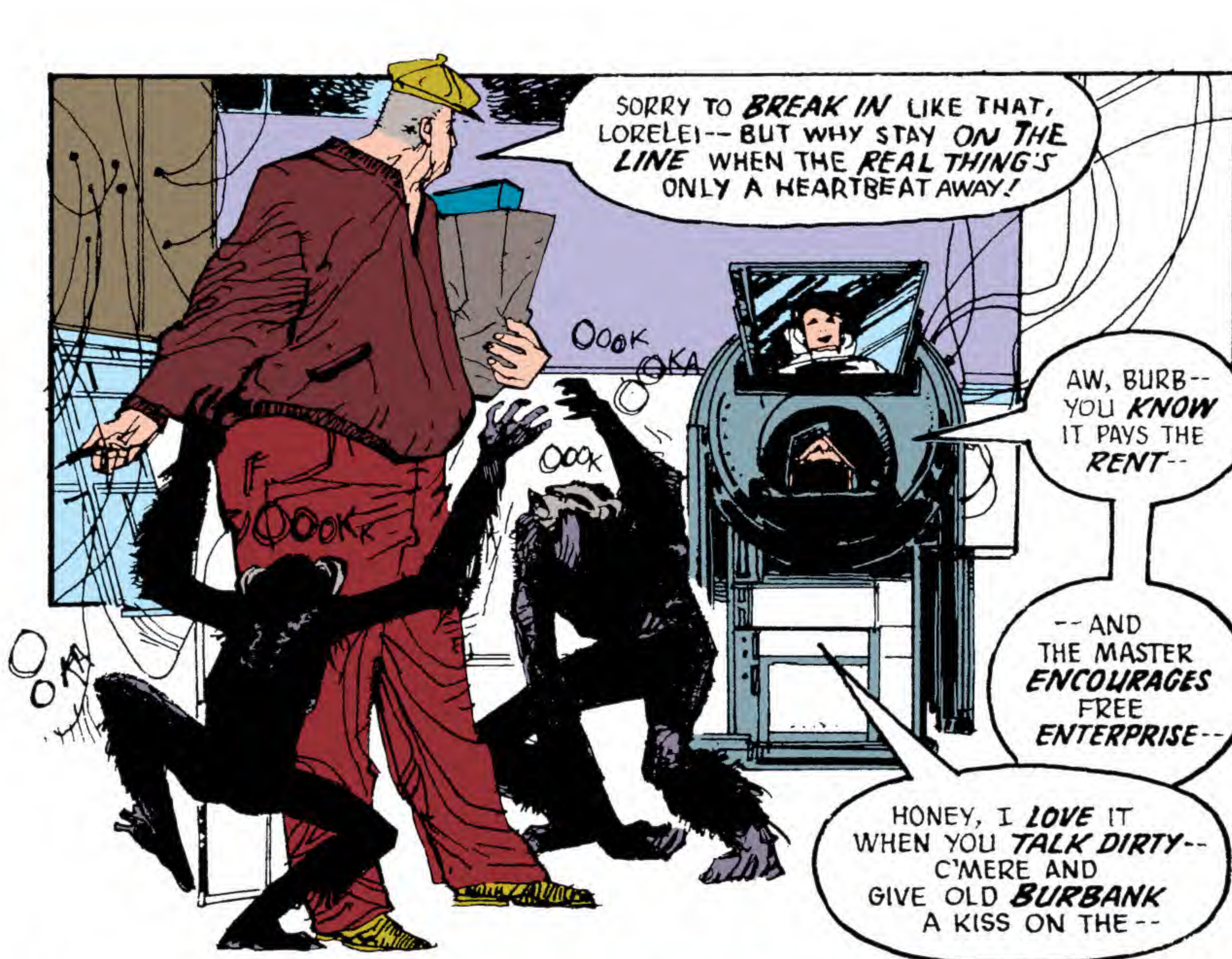
A *NEW CUSTOMER*--  
AND YOU WENT AND  
DISCONNECTED--



HEY, TOOTS!

*BURBANK!*





SORRY TO *BREAK IN* LIKE THAT, LORELEI-- BUT WHY STAY ON THE *LINE* WHEN THE *REAL THING'S* ONLY A HEARTBEAT AWAY!

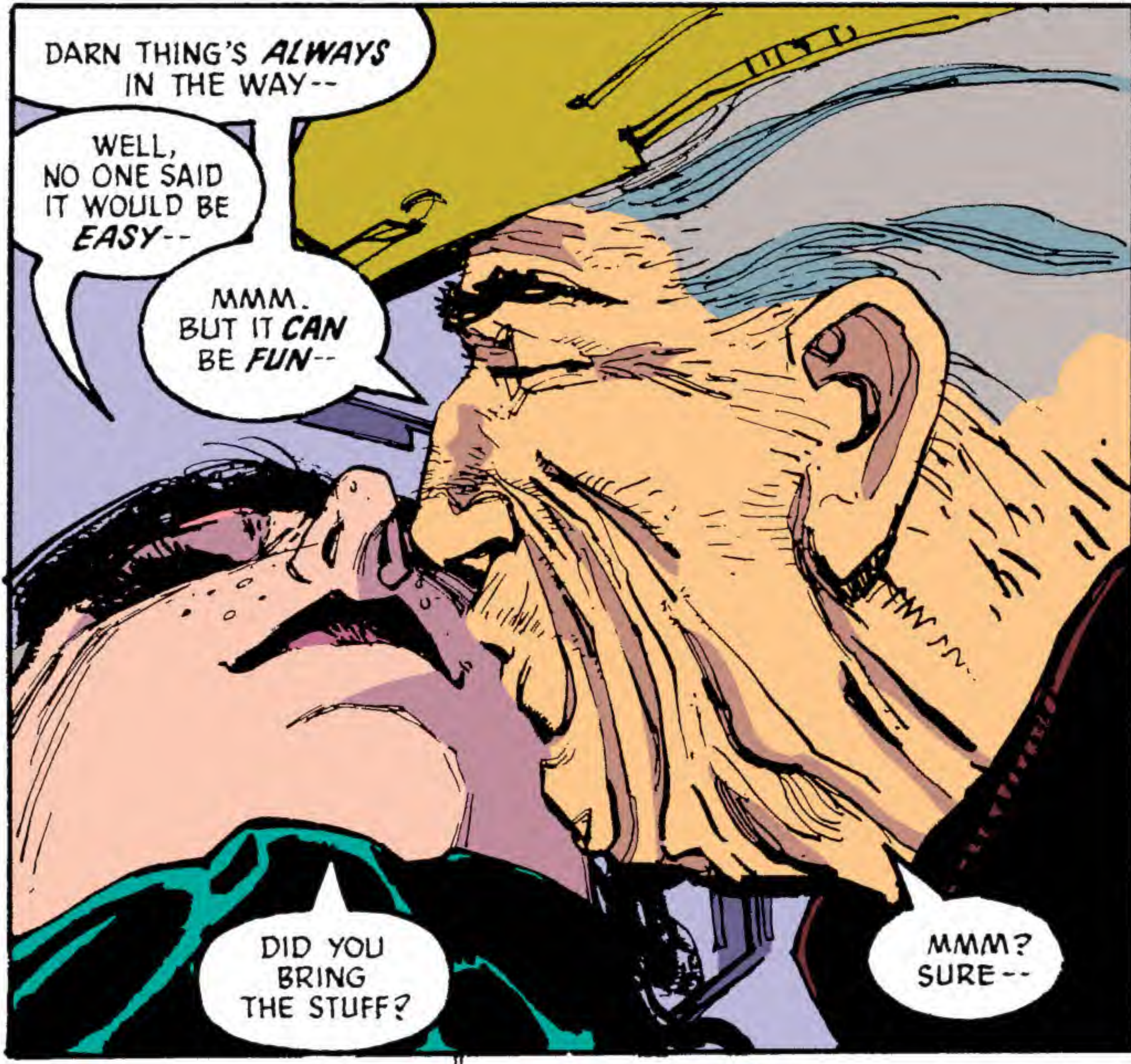
AW, BURB-- YOU *KNOW* IT PAYS THE *RENT*--

-- AND THE MASTER *ENCOURAGES* FREE *ENTERPRISE*--

HONEY, I *LOVE* IT WHEN YOU *TALK DIRTY*-- C'MERE AND GIVE OLD *BURBANK* A KISS ON THE --



TEE HEE-- YOU MAD, IMPETUOUS FOOL!



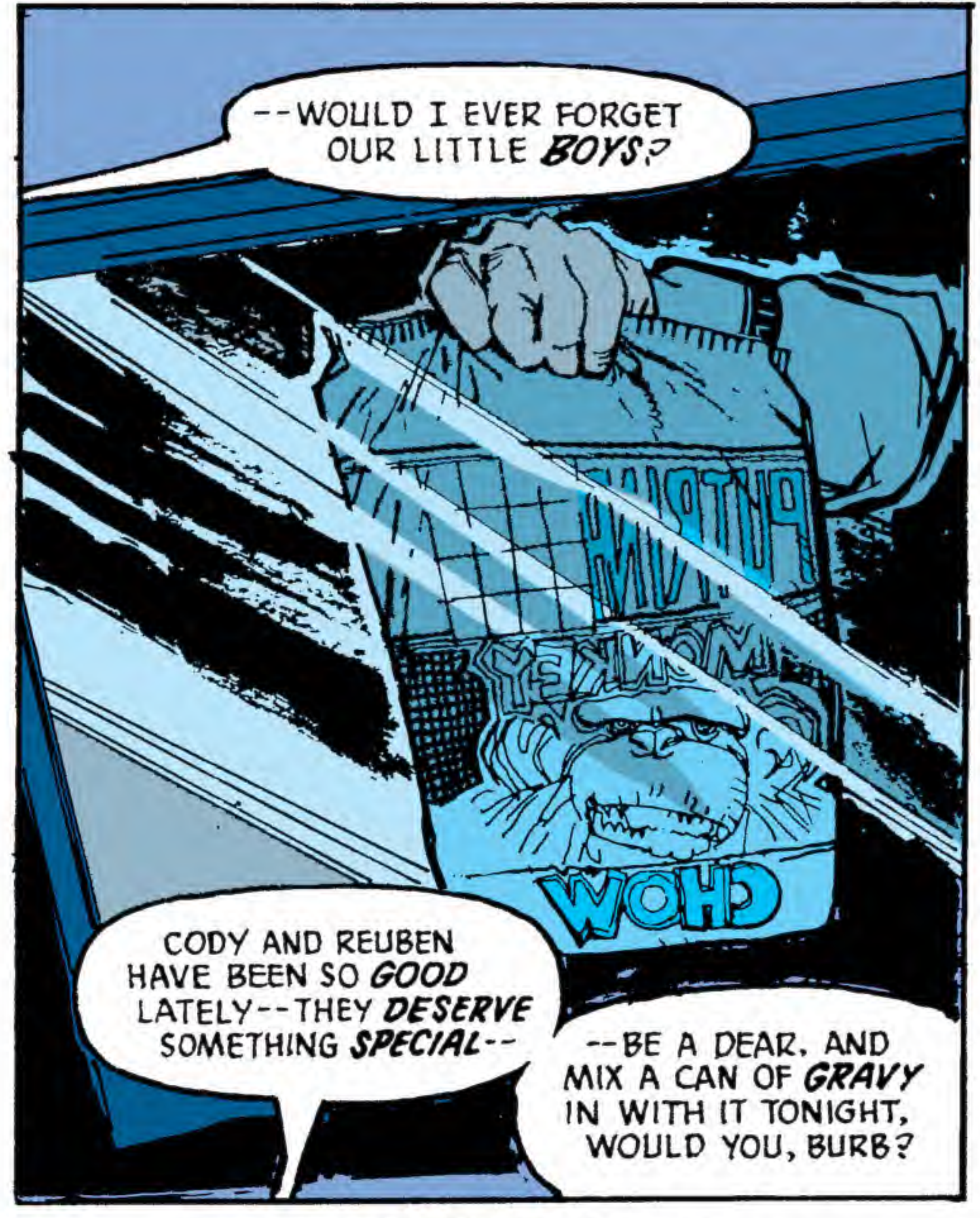
DARN THING'S *ALWAYS* IN THE WAY--

WELL, NO ONE SAID IT WOULD BE *EASY*--

MMM. BUT IT *CAN* BE *FUN*--

DID YOU BRING THE STUFF?

MMM? SURE --



-- WOULD I EVER FORGET OUR LITTLE *BOYS*?

CODY AND REUBEN HAVE BEEN SO *GOOD* LATELY-- THEY *DESERVE* SOMETHING *SPECIAL*--

-- BE A DEAR, AND MIX A CAN OF *GRAVY* IN WITH IT TONIGHT, WOULD YOU, BURB?



YES, MOTHER-- OUR BOYS DESERVE *ONLY* THE BES--

LH-OH.

I GOT IT.

BURB-- WHO--?



IT'S *TWITCH*-- WITH BAD NEWS.

HE SAYS THE MASTER'S IN A *BAD WAY*.

TIME TO GET HOLD OF THE *OTHERS*.





AND SO, AT THE HEART OF IT, *NOUVELLE CUISINE* IS AN EXPRESSION OF THE ATTEMPT TO MAKE DINING AN *AESTHETIC* AS WELL AS A CULINARY EXPERIENCE--

--FOR AS THE *PALATE* FEASTS, SO SHOULD THE *EYES* TAKE IN THE BEAUTY OF THE--



NOUVELLE, SHMOOVELLE, MS. MYSTERY GOURMET. YOU MEAN TO TELL ME PEOPLE ACTUALLY *EAT* THIS STUFF?

CAN WE GET A CLOSEUP OF THIS?



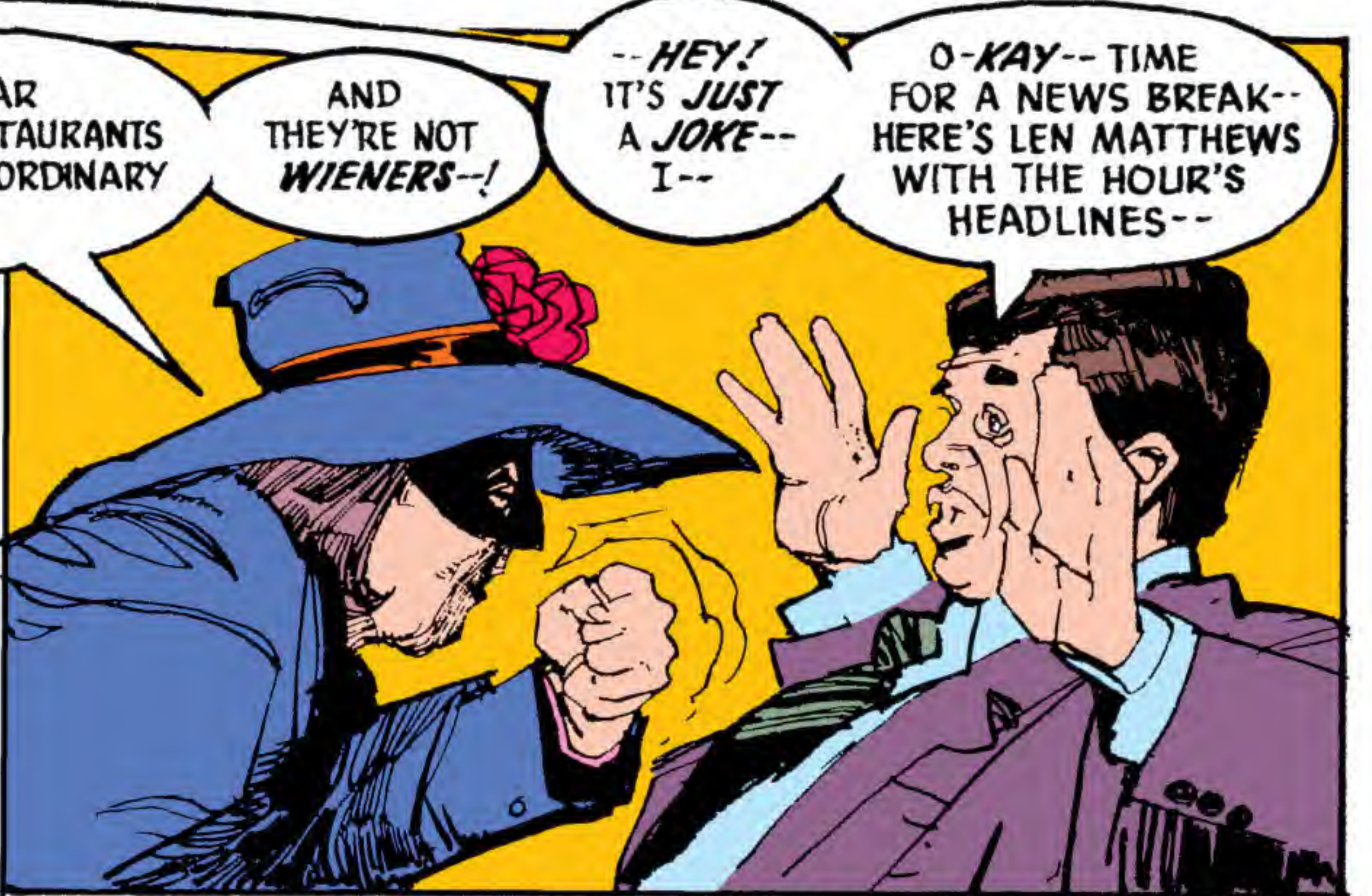
AND BY THE WAY-- YOU WEAR THAT MASK--WHY? WHAT'RE YOU--ASHAMED TO *ADMIT* YOU *LIKE* THESE LITTLE *WIENERS*--?

ACTUALLY, I APPEAR DISGUISED SO THAT RESTAURANTS WILL SERVE ME LIKE AN ORDINARY CUSTOMER!

AND THEY'RE NOT *WIENERS*--!

--HEY! IT'S *JUST* A *JOKE*-- I--

O-KAY-- TIME FOR A NEWS BREAK-- HERE'S LEN MATTHEWS WITH THE HOUR'S HEADLINES--



THANKS, BILL. IN THIS HOUR:

BULLET-RIDDEN AND CLOSE TO DEATH, MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY *LAMONT CRANSTON JR.* STAGGERED INTO AN ATLANTIC CITY HOSPITAL THIS MORNING. EARLY REPORTS INDICATE THAT THE--



OH, MY GOD...



HEY! WE STILL HAVE ANOTHER SEGMENT!! WHAT THE HELL'S *WRONG*??

SOMETHING I-- ATE--





NAAHH--  
NOT THE EYES...  
JUST THE LIDS...

...WIPE AWAY THE BLOOD  
AND YOU'LL SEE THEM EYE-  
BALLS STARING UP AT YOU...

...LITTLE  
**DRIED OUT**  
BY NOW,  
BUT--



-- MAX,  
CHECK THAT OUT,  
WOULD YOU--?

IF YOU DON'T  
**MIND**, SIR, I'D  
RATHER NOT--

HAVE IT  
YOUR WAY,  
MAX--

--**THAT'S** THE PROBLEM  
WITH THE **FORCE** TODAY--

--NO ONE'S **WILLING**  
TO TACKLE  
THE **MESSY JOBS!**

BUT-- **THAT'S**  
WHY THEY CALL IN  
**JOE CARDONA.**



YES, SIR-- CUT A MAN'S  
EYELIDS OUT AND  
NAIL HIM TO A  
ROOFTOP--

--**MAN'S  
WORK**,  
THAT'S  
WHAT  
IT IS!

WELL--  
ENOUGH  
OF THAT--



MAX--  
WHO REPORTED THIS...  
INCIDENT?

OLD LADY  
DOWN BELOW, SIR.  
STONE DEAF. DIDN'T  
NOTICE A THING TILL  
HER CEILING STARTED  
DRIPPING...  
RED...

...RUINED HER  
PERSIAN RUGS...



HMM... THIRD MURDER LIKE IT  
THIS WEEK ALONE--

SLOW DEATH,  
CRUCIFIXION...  
TAKES **HOURS**--  
**DAYS**, IF YOU'RE  
PARTIAL TO THE  
**GOOD BOOK...**

PRETTY SUNNY DAY,  
TOO-- TOUGH TO HANDLE  
WITHOUT **SUNGLASSES**,  
LET ALONE  
**EYELIDS--**



-- I'D SAY  
WE HAD A  
**PRETTY MEAN** KILLER  
ON OUR HANDS,  
EH, KID?

--GULP--  
YES, SIR...





UH, EXCUSE ME, SIR--THE CHIEF THINKS YOU MIGHT WANT TO SEE THIS.

EH?

**SAINTS ALIVE!** THAT--  
THAT'S LAMONT CRANSTON!  
I JUST SAW HIM AT THE CLUB  
**LAST WEEK!** HOW THE HELL  
DID HE GET MESSED UP LIKE--

NO ONE'S  
CERTAIN, SIR.  
WITNESSES REPORTED  
HIM MENTIONING  
**THE SHADOW** BEFORE  
HE WENT INTO  
A COMA--



**SHADOW**, EH? WELL,  
THAT WILL WAIT. HIS  
WELL-BEING MUST  
COME FIRST--  
I SUPPOSE.

I KNEW THE BOY'S **FATHER**--  
LAMONT CRANSTON **SENIOR**--  
FOUNDING MEMBER OF THE  
**COBALT CLUB**, HE WAS!

WHERE?  
WHERE IS HE,  
OFFICER?

UH--  
ATLANTIC CITY, SIR--  
SHORESIDE HOSPITAL  
AND CASINO--



THAT  
DAMN HOSPITAL'S  
**NO PLACE** FOR A SON  
OF THE **FRATERNAL**  
**ORDER!**

FIRST THING, WE  
GET HIM **OUT** OF THERE--  
TAKE HIM TO A **DECENT**  
HOSPITAL, IN A DECENT  
CITY-- LIKE **NEW YORK!**

**IS HE**  
**STABLE** ENOUGH  
TO BE MOVED?



SIR, I'M AFRAID  
I DON'T KNOW THE  
DETAILS, BUT I--

DOESN'T MATTER--



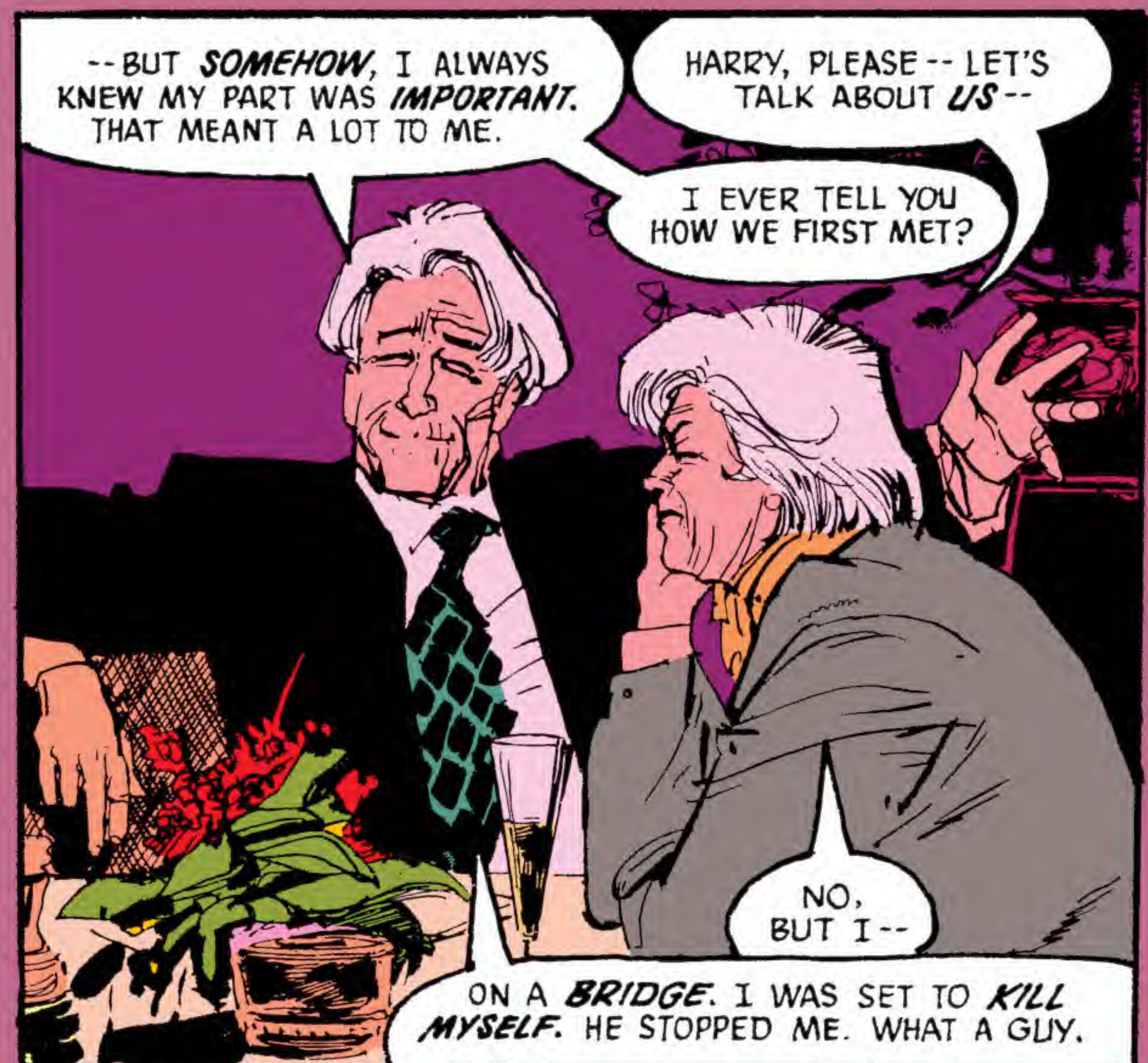
-- GET IN TOUCH WITH HEADQUARTERS  
AND RESERVE THE DEPARTMENT'S **MEDIVAC**--  
WE'RE LEAVING **IMMEDIATELY**, MAX...

MAX--?

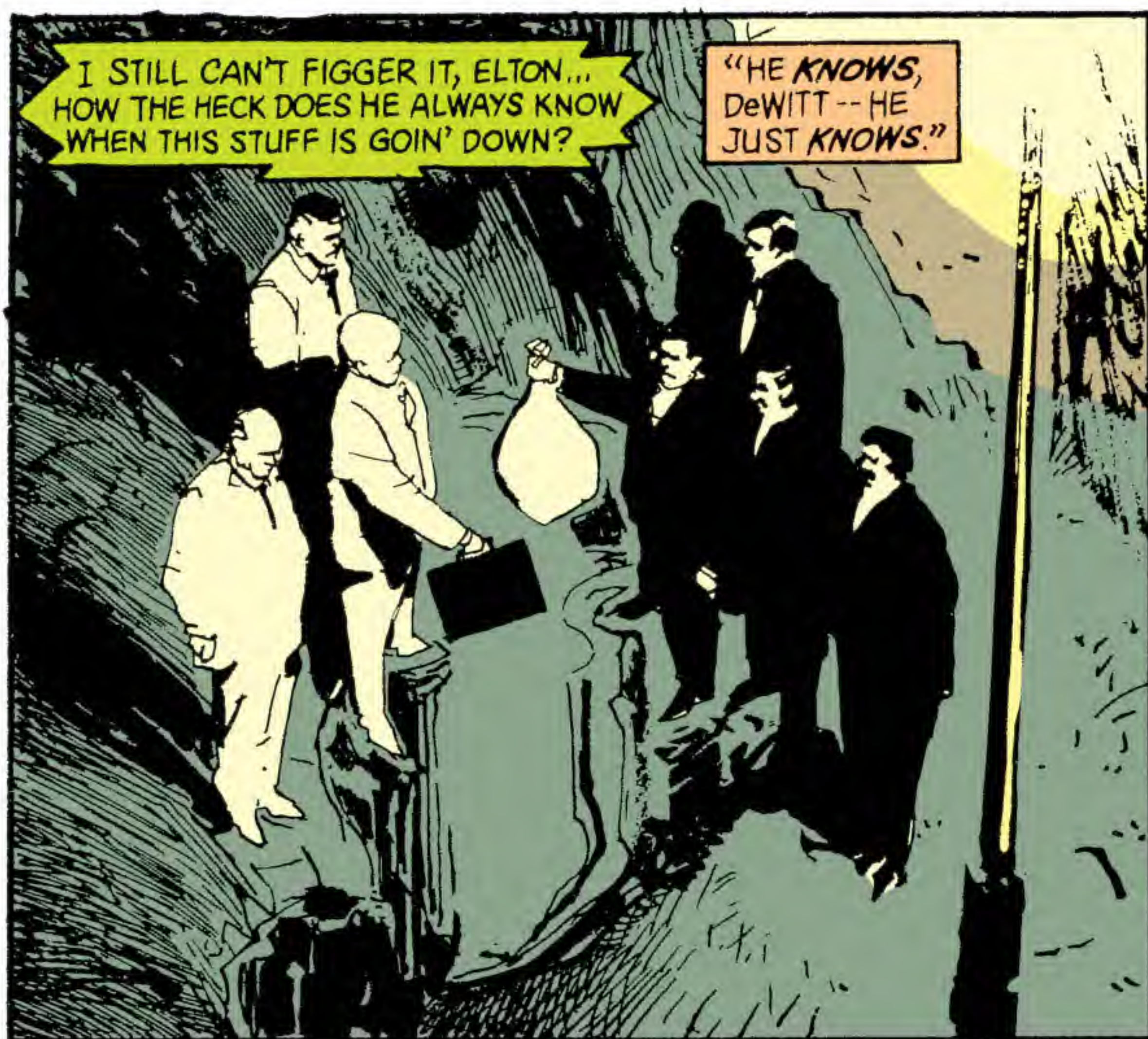


AND  
WHERE THE **HELL**  
DO YOU THINK  
**YOU'RE** GOING?









I STILL CAN'T FIGGER IT, ELTON...  
HOW THE HECK DOES HE ALWAYS KNOW  
WHEN THIS STUFF IS GOIN' DOWN?

"HE *KNOWS*,  
DeWITT -- HE  
JUST *KNOWS*."



AND RIGHT OUT  
IN THE OPEN  
AND ALL --



"...GETTIN'  
AWFUL  
*BOLD*,  
AIN'T  
THEY?"



"THAT ALONE  
SAYS T'ME  
THEY *DESERVE*  
WHAT'S *COMIN'*  
TO 'EM--"



-- THOUGH KEEPIN' THAT *CRAP* FROM GETTIN'  
INTO THE YOUNG, 'PRESSONABLE MINDS OF  
MY *BOYS* IS REASON *ENOUGH* FOR ME!

SAY--  
YOUR END  
COMIN' ALONG  
OKAY,  
DeWITT?



DeWITT?



HEY, BUDDY--  
YOU *READIN'* ME?



BETTER GET A *MOVE ON*--  
LOOKS LIKE OUR *FRIENDS*  
HAVE COMPLETED THEIR  
*BUSINESS* FOR THE  
NIGHT--

AW, GIVE IT A *REST*,  
ELTON -- CAN'CHA LET  
A MAN *CONSENCRATE*?



DIS *CHARGE* IS  
*SERIOUS BUSINESS*--  
GOTTA BE *CAREFUL*--OR  
I GETS A *LOAD* IN  
THE *FACE*, Y'KNOW?

'SIDES --  
WE GOT A *BABE* SITTIN'  
IN THE *FRONT* --  
GOTTA BE *QUIET*,  
TOO!

DERE--





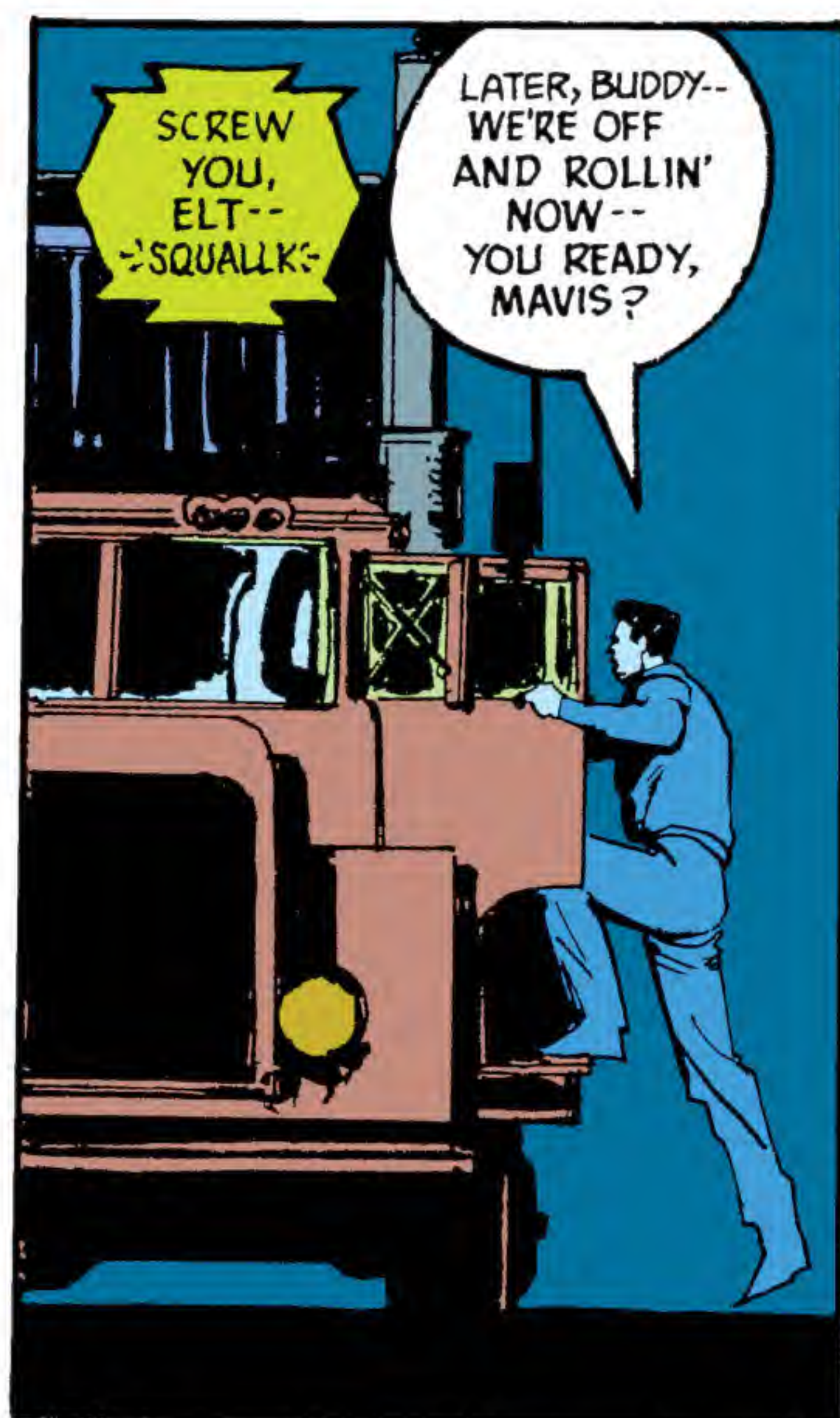
-- NOW I'M GETTIN' THE HELL **OUTTA** HERE--

--BUT FAS-- **OOOOF!**



REAL SMOOTH GETAWAY, DeWITT! IF WE'RE LUCKY, HE'LL THINK YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER SEEDY **BUM!**

HMMM, NOW THAT I THINK OF IT...



SCREW YOU, ELT--  
--SQUALLK--

LATER, BUDDY-- WE'RE OFF AND ROLLIN' NOW-- YOU READY, MAVIS?

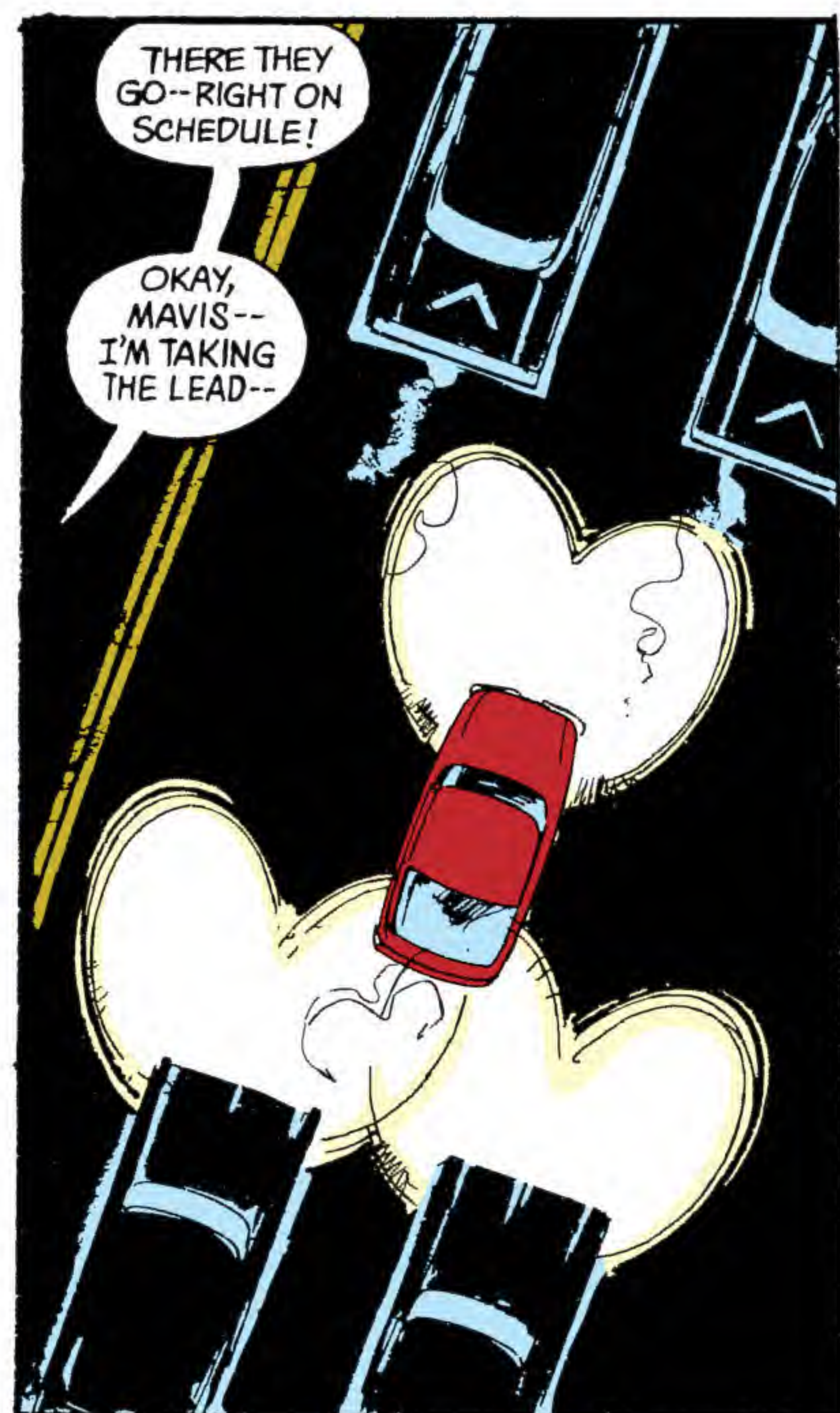


CHAMPING AT THE **BIT**, MR. BUTTERFIELD.

GOOD--THE ENTOURAGE SHOULD REACH YOUR TOLL BOOTH IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES--

GOT TO KEEP THIS NICE AND NEAT--NO **INNOCENTS** IN THE WAY.

THEY SHOULD BE MOVING NICE AND SLOW UP RIVER STREET--



THERE THEY GO--RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!

OKAY, MAVIS-- I'M TAKING THE LEAD--

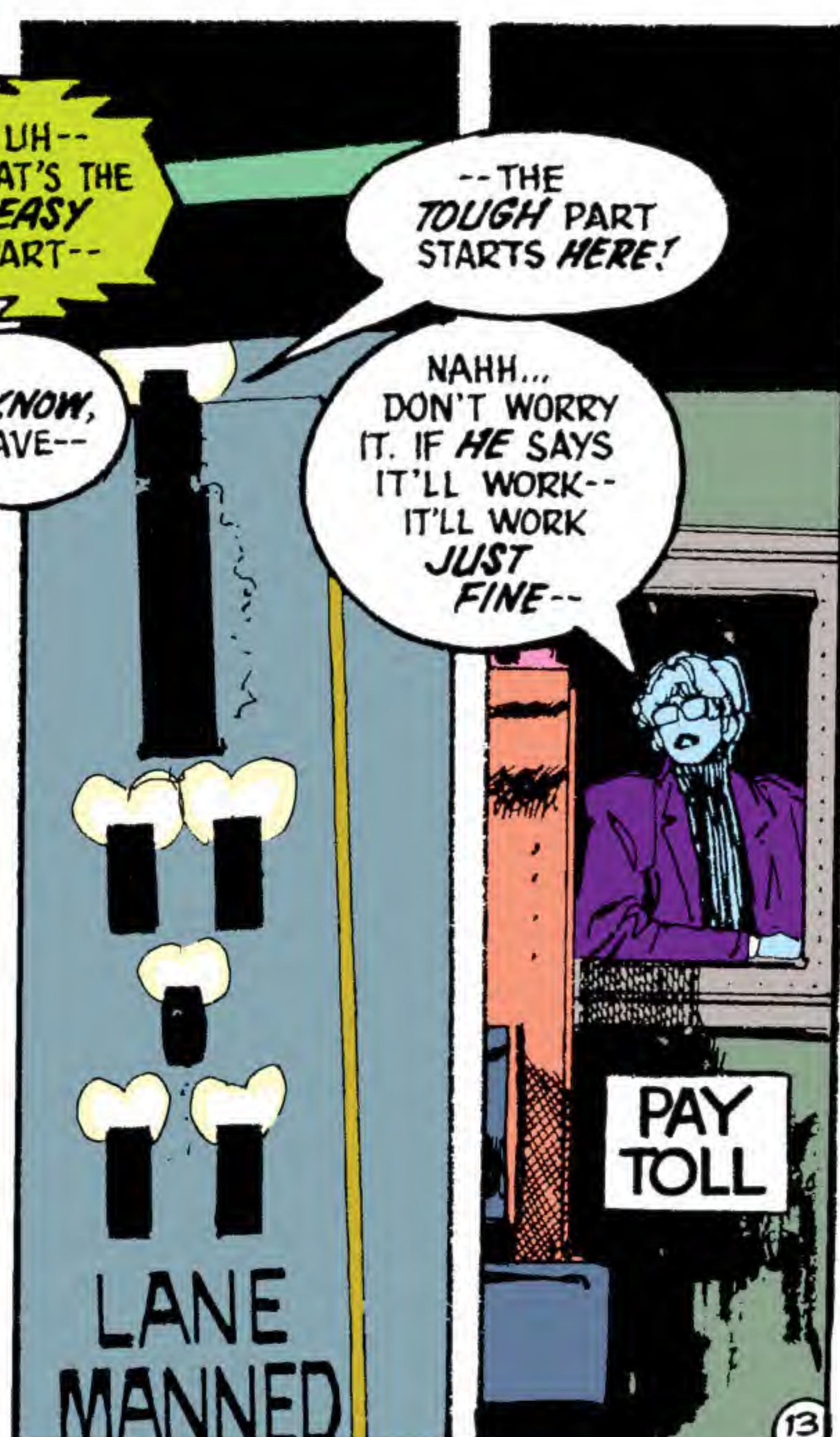


--NOW!

UH-- THAT'S THE **EASY** PART--

I KNOW, MAVE--

LANE MANNED

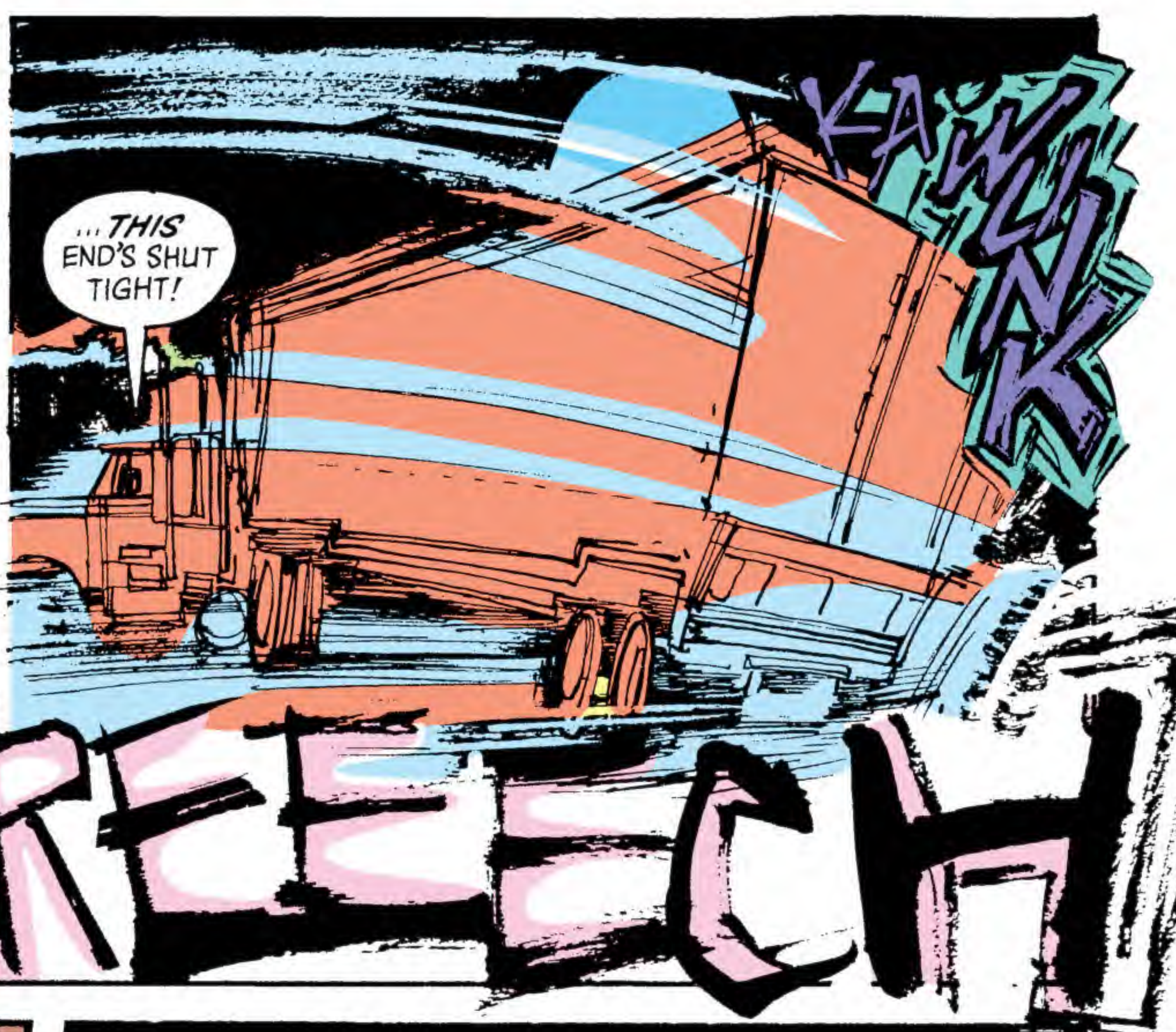
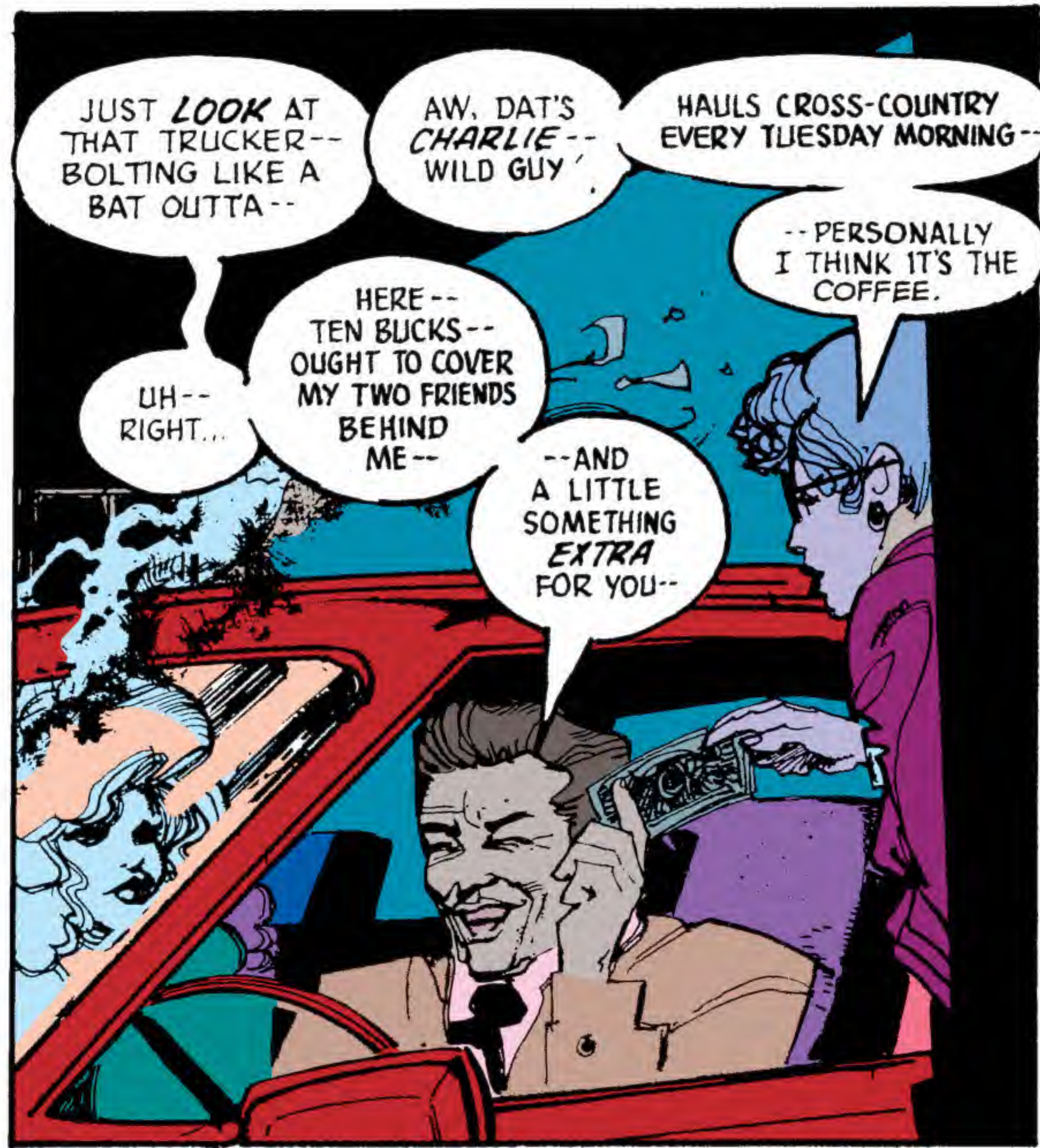


--THE **TOUGH** PART STARTS **HERE!**

NAHH... DON'T WORRY IT. IF **HE** SAYS IT'LL WORK-- IT'LL WORK **JUST FINE--**

PAY TOLL













C'MON... C'MON--  
START, YOU %&#@@  
IMPORTED--

HURRY, PHIL--  
HE'S KILLIN'  
THE BOYS--

I CAN SEE THAT,  
YOU STUP--  
THERE IT GOES--!

GOD--  
I THOUGHT  
WE'D--

NO WAY--  
NOT WITH  
MY BOYS  
WATCHIN' OUT  
FOR ME--

--THAT'S WHY  
I PAID THEM THE  
BIG BUCKS--  
HEH HEH--

--AND  
THERE'S MORE  
WHERE THEY  
CAME FROM--

--SO JUST  
STAY RIGHT THERE,  
CREEP--

--I'LL BE BACK--  
WITH A WHOLE  
FREAKIN' ARMY--

SMEAR YOUR BUTT  
FROM HERE TO--

PHIL--?





WHAT?  
I CALL IN  
TO REPORT, AND  
YOU TELL ME  
THE *MASTER'S*  
BEEN--

--TWITCH?  
WELL, *THAT*  
EXPLAINS IT--  
HE WOULDN'T  
KNOW HIS--

OF *COURSE* NOT--  
THAT'S WHAT I'M *TRYING*  
TO TELL YOU, LORELEI--

--HE'S RIGHT OVER--



--HERE.  
IT'S FOR  
YOU.

PLEASE,  
YING-KO--  
WITH ALL DUE  
*RESPECT--*

--YES, FATHER--  
OUR PERFORMANCE  
AT CLUB TWILIGHT  
IS TO BEGIN  
IN UNDER  
*TWO HOURS--*

NO. WE HAVE  
*OTHER* PRIORITIES  
NOW, MY SONS.  
YOUR  
MUSICAL CAREERS  
MUST WAIT...

NOW, ELTON--  
WHAT IS IT?

LORELEI SAYS  
YOU'RE DYING  
IN A HOSPITAL  
IN JERSEY--

BUNCH OF AGENTS  
ARE GETTING TOGETHER  
IN THE TOY BUILDING  
OFFICE-- SOUNDS TO ME  
LIKE THEY'RE HOLDING  
A *WAKE--*

A BIT  
*PREMATURE*,  
IF YOU ASK  
ME--

--BE NICE  
IF *YOU*  
TOLD 'EM  
THAT!

I *WILL*,  
ELTON--



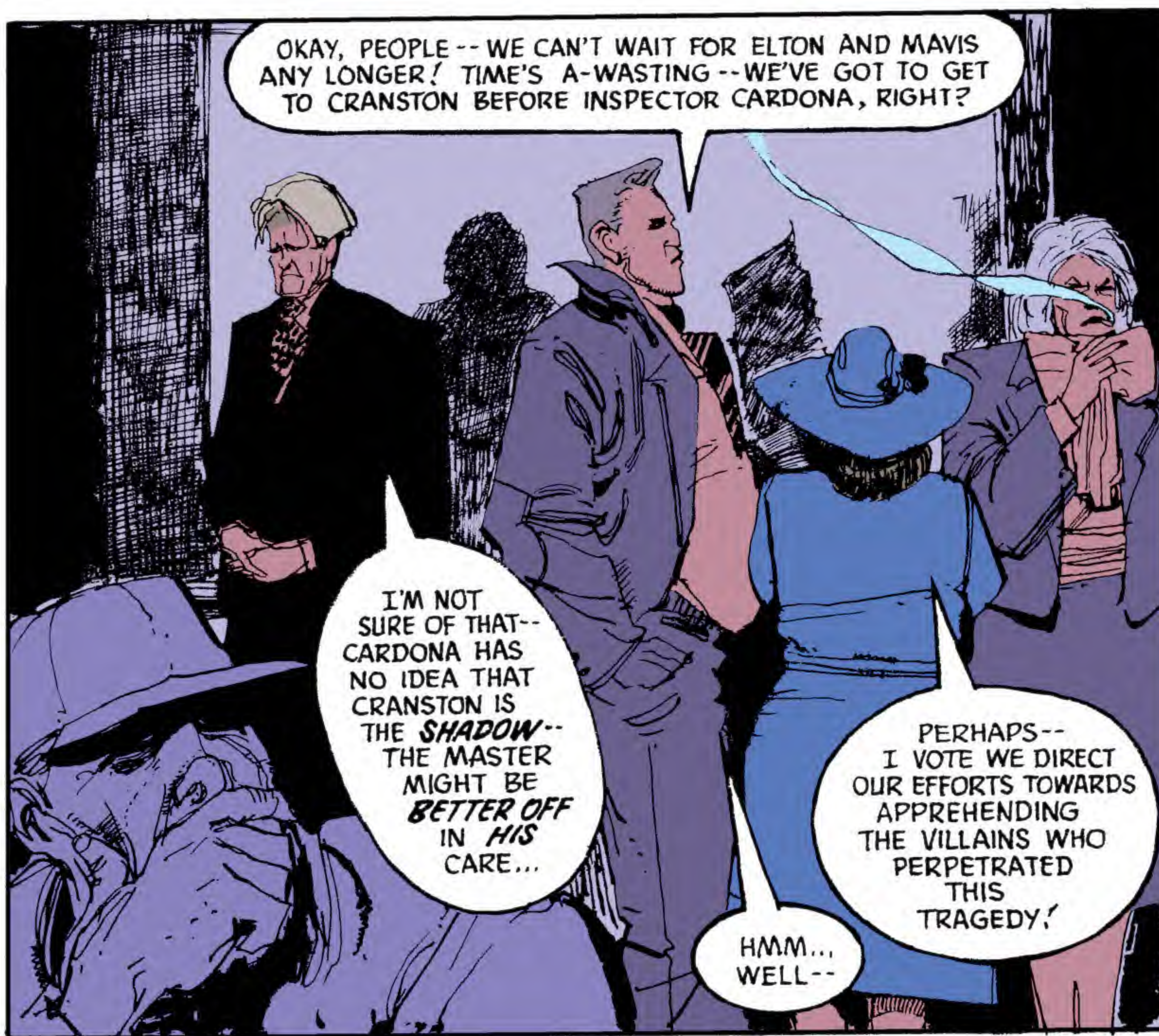


"--BUT *NOT*  
OVER THE PHONE..."

WE'VE BEEN SITTING HERE  
FOR *HOURS*--AND WE  
*STILL* DON'T KNOW WHAT  
OUR *NEXT* MOVE  
SHOULD BE!



GUESS  
WE'RE SO USED  
TO *TAKING* ORDERS--  
WE'VE ALL  
FORGOTTEN HOW TO  
*GIVE 'EM!*



OKAY, PEOPLE -- WE CAN'T WAIT FOR ELTON AND MAVIS  
ANY LONGER! TIME'S A-WASTING -- WE'VE GOT TO GET  
TO CRANSTON BEFORE INSPECTOR CARDONA, RIGHT?

I'M NOT  
SURE OF THAT--  
CARDONA HAS  
NO IDEA THAT  
CRANSTON IS  
THE *SHADOW*--  
THE MASTER  
MIGHT BE  
*BETTER OFF*  
IN *HIS*  
CARE...

PERHAPS--  
I VOTE WE DIRECT  
OUR EFFORTS TOWARDS  
APPREHENDING  
THE VILLAINS WHO  
PERPETRATED  
THIS  
TRAGEDY!

HMM...  
WELL--

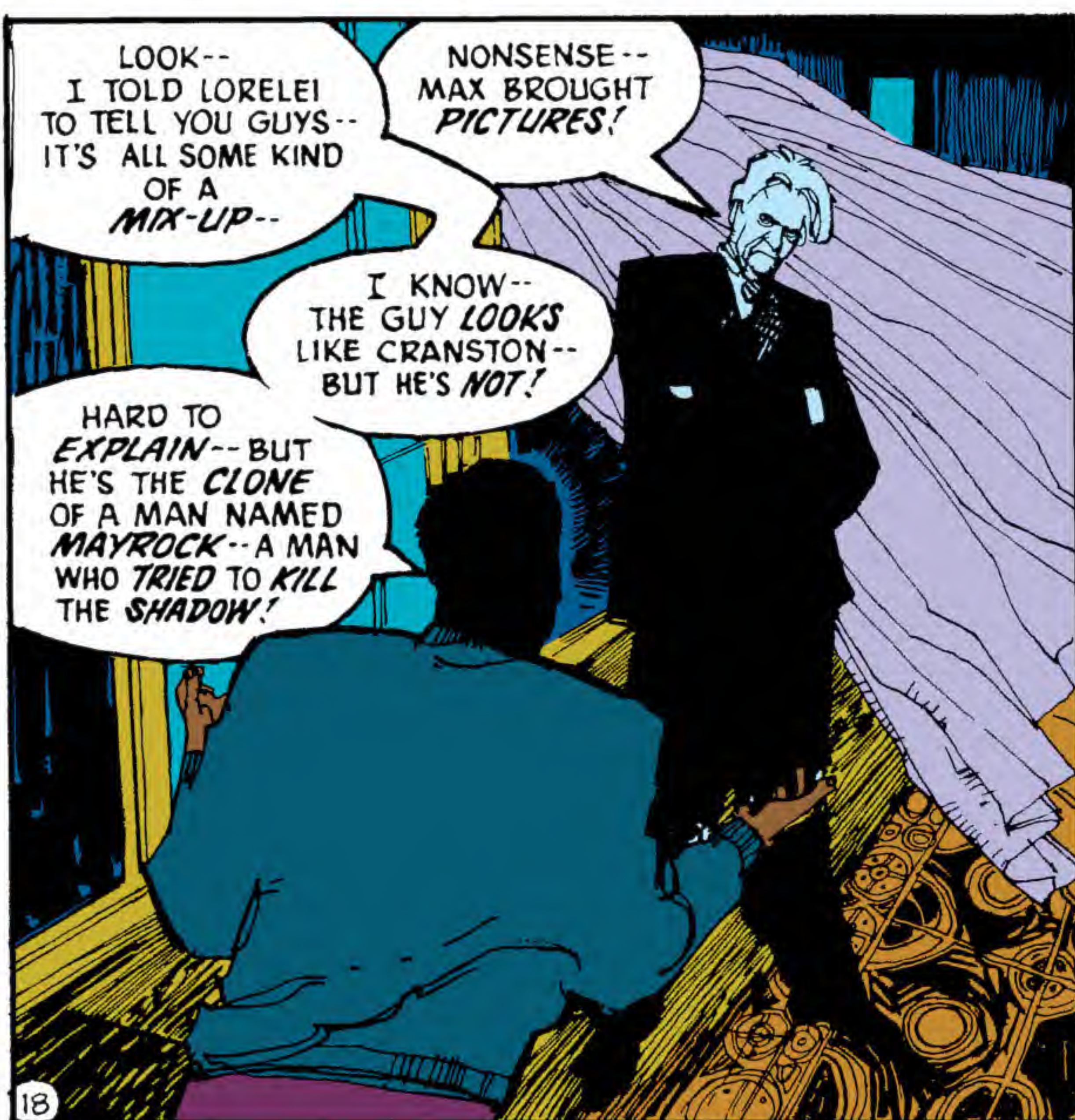


I KNOW HE  
*DESERVED*  
TO DIE, ELTON--  
BUT HE LEFT ME  
SUCH A NICE  
*TIP*--

OH, HI--  
SORRY WE'RE  
LATE!

WELL, YOU TWO  
SEEM *CHIPPER!*  
DON'T AT ALL  
SEEM  
*AFFECTED BY*  
THE *MASTER'S*  
*CONDITION*--

FORTY YEARS  
AGO, WE *ALL*  
WOULD HAVE  
BEEN  
*DEVASTATED*--



LOOK--  
I TOLD LORELEI  
TO TELL YOU GUYS--  
IT'S ALL SOME KIND  
OF A  
*MIX-UP*--

NONSENSE --  
MAX BROUGHT  
*PICTURES!*

I KNOW--  
THE GUY *LOOKS*  
LIKE CRANSTON--  
BUT HE'S *NOT!*

HARD TO  
*EXPLAIN*-- BUT  
HE'S THE *CLONE*  
OF A MAN NAMED  
*MAYROCK*-- A MAN  
WHO *TRIED* TO KILL  
THE *SHADOW!*



AN *INTERESTING*  
*SPECULATION*,  
SONNY-- BUT THE  
*PICTURES*  
DON'T LIE!

TELL ME,  
BOY-- WHO  
FED YOU  
THAT LINE  
OF *CRAP?*



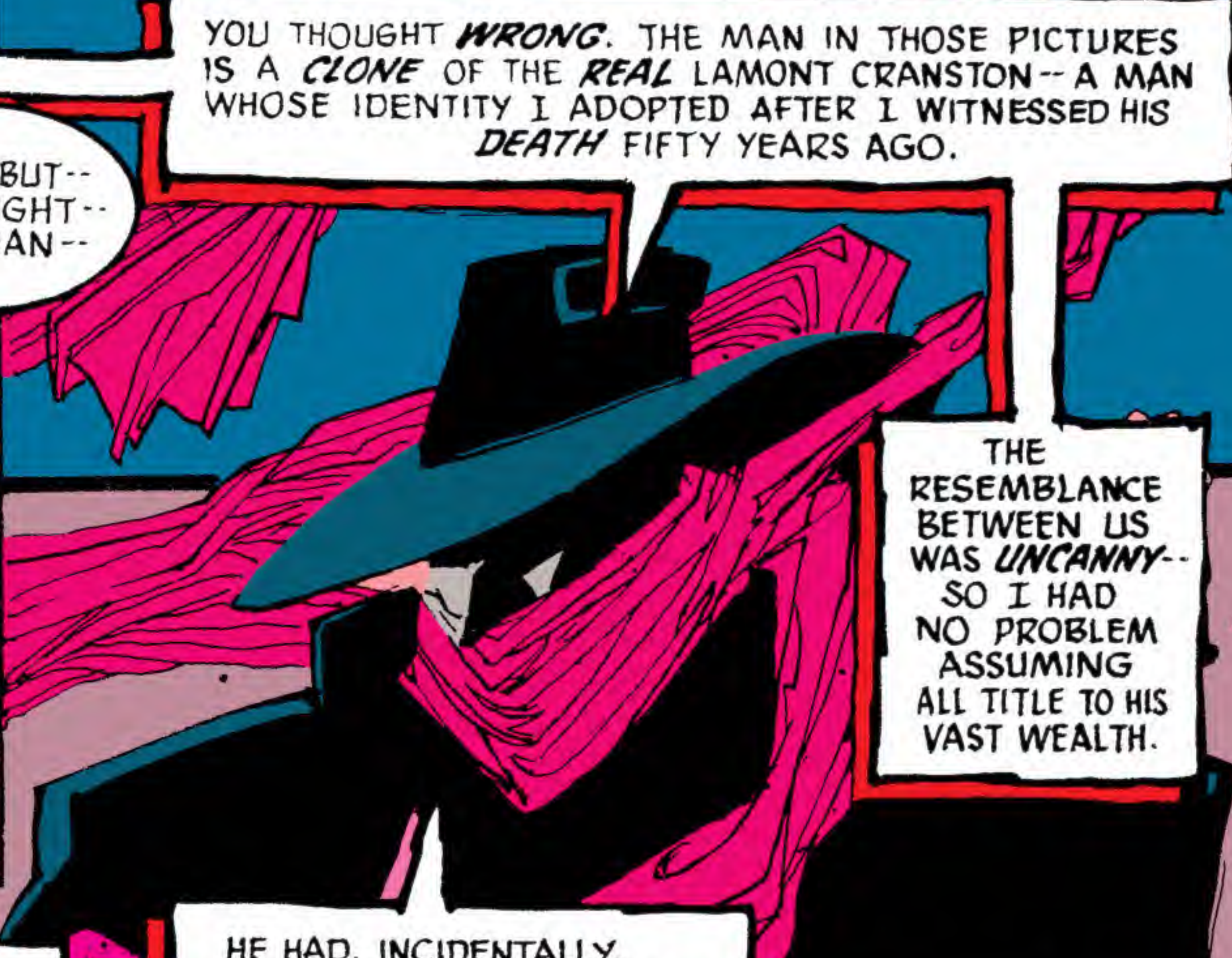


HE DID.



--HELLO, HARRY...

YOU! BUT--  
I THOUGHT--  
I MEAN--



YOU THOUGHT *WRONG*. THE MAN IN THOSE PICTURES IS A *CLONE* OF THE *REAL* LAMONT CRANSTON-- A MAN WHOSE IDENTITY I ADOPTED AFTER I WITNESSED HIS *DEATH* FIFTY YEARS AGO.

THE RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN US WAS *UNCANNY*-- SO I HAD NO PROBLEM ASSUMING ALL TITLE TO HIS VAST WEALTH.

MY ONLY MISTAKE -- AND I *RARELY* MAKE THEM-- WAS IN BELIEVING CRANSTON WAS *TRULY* DEAD--

--FOR HE HAD *NOT* DIED-- AND HAD MANAGED, OVER THE PAST FORTY YEARS, TO REBUILD HIS EMPIRE UNDER THE NAME *PRESTON MAYROCK*.

HE HAD, INCIDENTALLY, ALSO MANAGED TO BUILD A 10-MEGATON NUCLEAR WEAPON WHICH HE AIMED AT NEW YORK--IN ADDITION TO THE *CLONE* ELTON MENTIONED --

--WHICH YOU *REFUSED* TO BELIEVE.

I--UH-- NOT REALLY... SEEMED A *BIT* FAR-FETCHED, THOUGH...

IN A MOMENT OF-- *PASSION*-- THE "*SON*" KILLED HIS FATHER-- AND I--IN SELF-DEFENSE, *THOUGHT* I'D KILLED THE "*SON*."

AND EVEN THOUGH HE FELL FIFTY-TWO STORIES OFF THE ROOF OF THE *MAYROCK INTERNATIONAL CASINO*--

--IT APPEARS I HAVE ONCE AGAIN UNDERESTIMATED THE *RESILIENCY* OF THE CRANSTONS.



AND SINCE *HE* LOOKS JUST LIKE *CRANSTON* DID-- AND *YOU* LOOK JUST LIKE *CRANSTON* DID--



WELL, THANK GOODNESS *THAT'S* SOLVED!



C'MON, MARGO-- LET'S GET BACK TO *ROCCOCO'S*-- WE CAN STILL CATCH THE LATE--

NO, HARRY. IT IS *NOT* OVER. NOT YET.

WE *STILL* HAVE TO ATTEND TO THE *CRANSTON* CLONE.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND-- IF HE'S *NOT* YOU, WHY DO WE HAVE TO--

MY REASONS ARE PURELY *FINANCIAL*. SINCE I HAVE DECIDED TO RESUME MY WAR ON CRIME, I NEED THE *RESOURCES* THE CRANSTON IDENTITY AFFORDS ME.

I MUST BECOME A CRANSTON AGAIN -- AND WE CAN'T HAVE *TWO* OF THEM RUNNING AROUND NOW, CAN WE?



I GUESS NOT...

SO, WHAT DO WE DO-- KILL HIM?

THIS MAN IS *NOT* EVIL-- HE IS BUT A *VICTIM* OF CORRUPT *GENETICS*. HIS HERITAGE IS VILE, TRUE-- BUT IT NEED NOT BE HIS *DESTINY*.

I MUST SEE HIM. HE MUST BE CONSCIOUS. I CAN *INFLUENCE* HIM. THEN, LIKE HIS "FATHER," HE WILL *DISAPPEAR*--

--AND I WILL TAKE HIS PLACE.

MAX-- RETURN TO CARDONA. THE REST OF YOU--









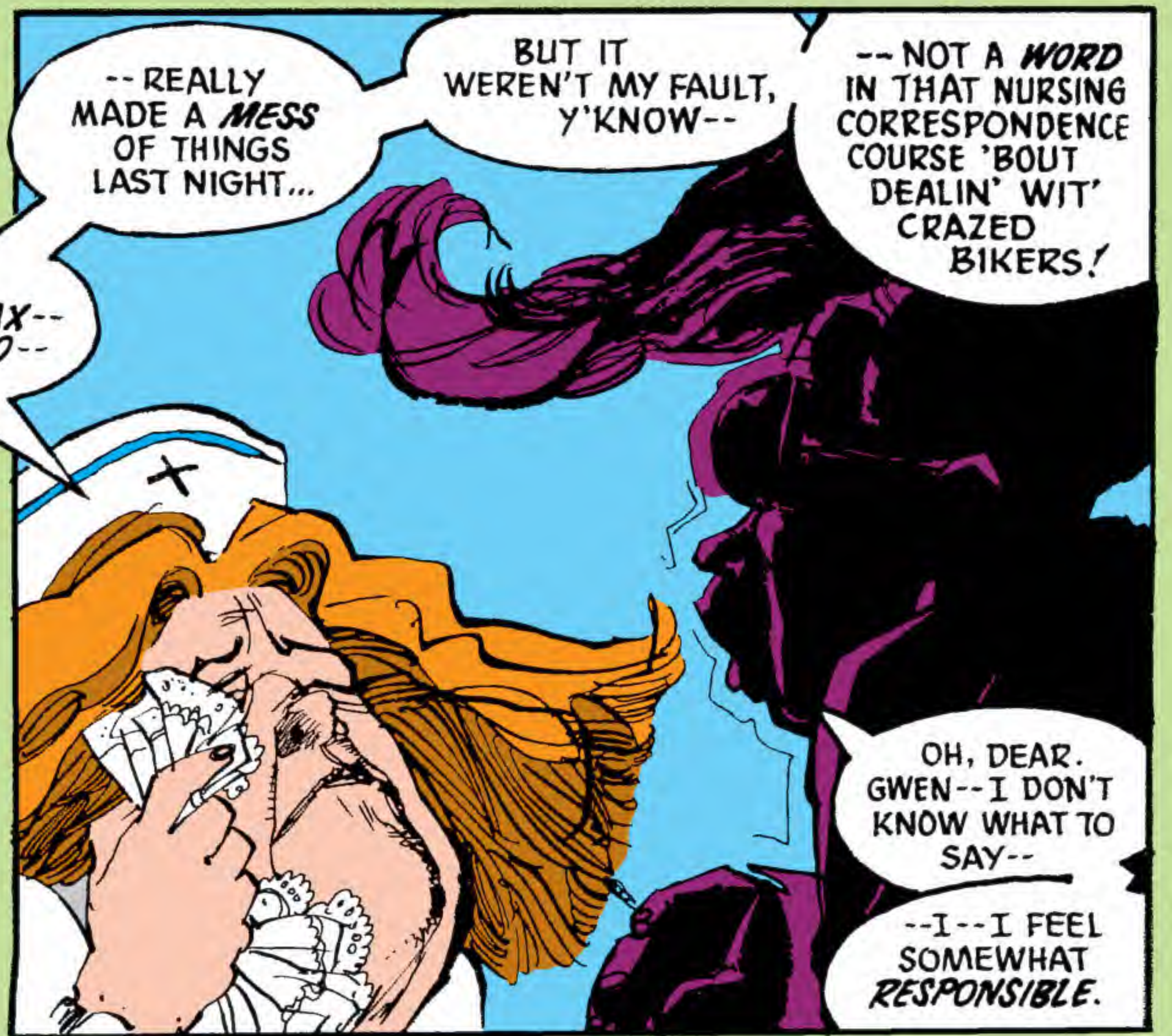
HELLO, GWENDOLYN.

OH...TWITCH. I--  
UH--DON'T WANT NO  
TROUBLE NOW--

--TOMORROW BEIN'  
MY *LAST* NIGHT  
AN' ALL...

*LAST* NIGHT?  
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

THEY GAVE ME  
THE *BOOT*--THE *AX*--  
THE OLD *HEAVE-HO*--



-- REALLY  
MADE A *MESS*  
OF THINGS  
LAST NIGHT...

BUT IT  
WEREN'T MY FAULT,  
Y'KNOW--

-- NOT A *WORD*  
IN THAT NURSING  
CORRESPONDENCE  
COURSE 'BOUT  
DEALIN' WIT'  
CRAZED  
BIKERS!

OH, DEAR.  
GWEN-- I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT TO  
SAY--

--I--I FEEL  
SOMEWHAT  
*RESPONSIBLE*.



YOU? NO.  
COULD'A HAPPENED  
TO *ANYONE*.

IT'S OKAY--  
MUST BE  
*LOTS* OF WORK  
FOR  
58-YEAR-OLD  
EX-WRESTLERS...

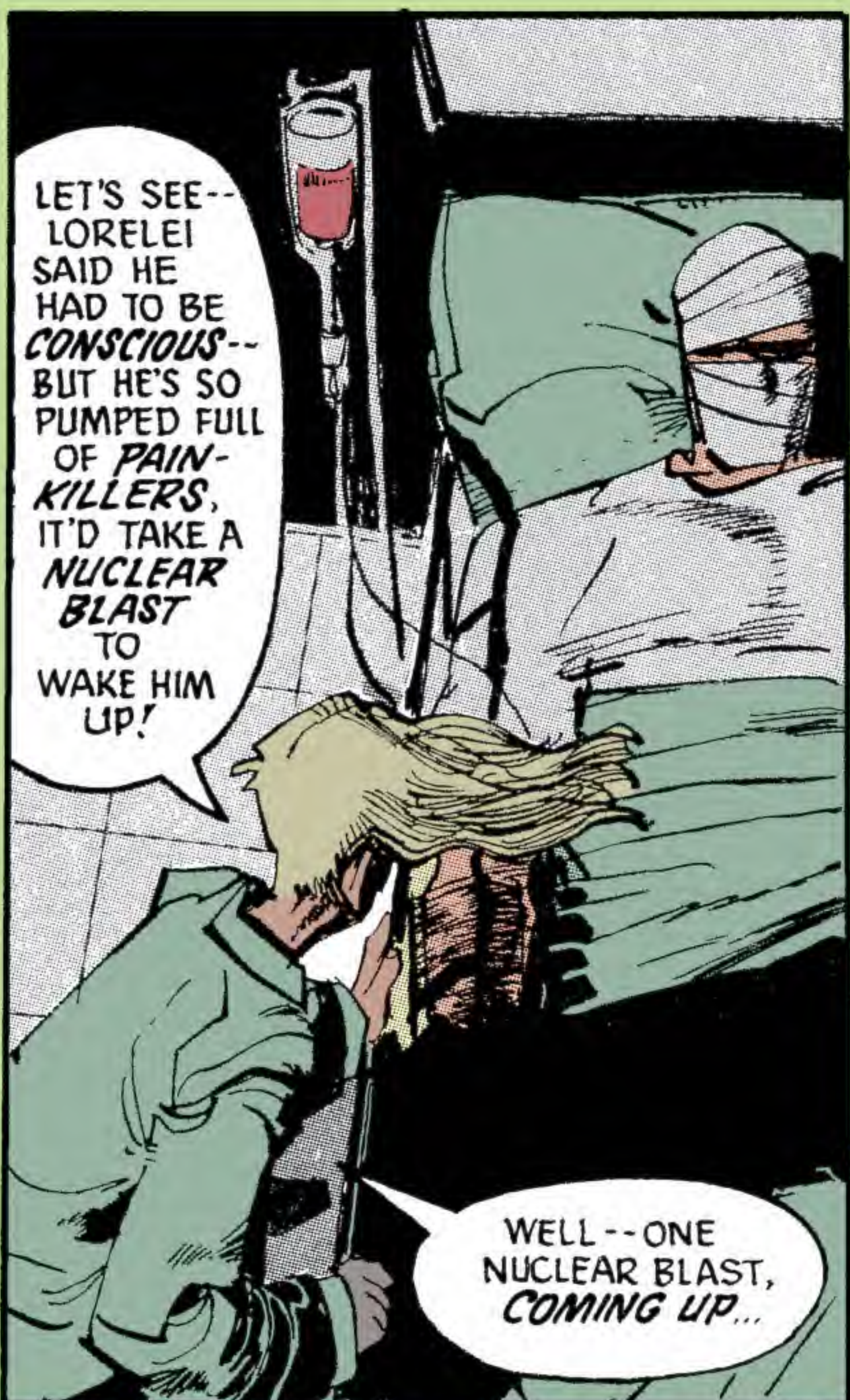
SO, WHAT  
CAN I DO  
FOR YOU  
TONIGHT?

WELL--  
I'D LIKE  
TO VISIT A...  
SICK  
FRIEND--

SURE--  
GO 'WAN BACK--  
YOU KNOW YOUR  
WAY AROUND.

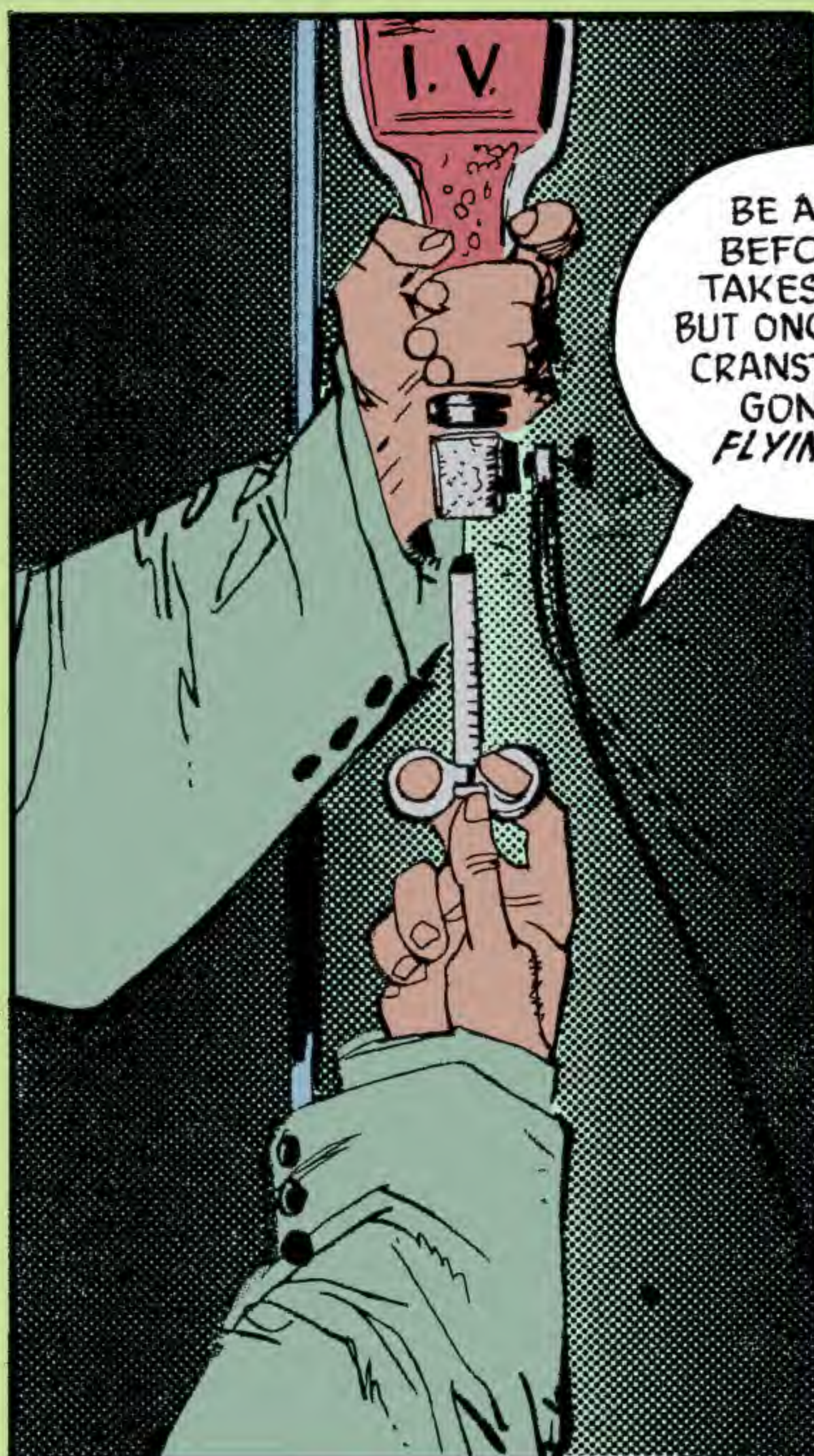


AHHH...  
HERE  
HE IS...



LET'S SEE--  
LORELEI  
SAID HE  
HAD TO BE  
*CONSCIOUS*--  
BUT HE'S SO  
PUMPED FULL  
OF *PAIN-*  
*KILLERS*,  
IT'D TAKE A  
*NUCLEAR*  
*BLAST*  
TO  
WAKE HIM  
UP!

WELL -- ONE  
NUCLEAR BLAST,  
*COMING UP*...



BE A WHILE  
BEFORE IT  
TAKES EFFECT--  
BUT ONCE IT *DOES*,  
CRANSTON-CLONE'S  
GONNA BE  
*FLYING HIGH*!



HEY. HOW'S  
YOUR FRIEND?

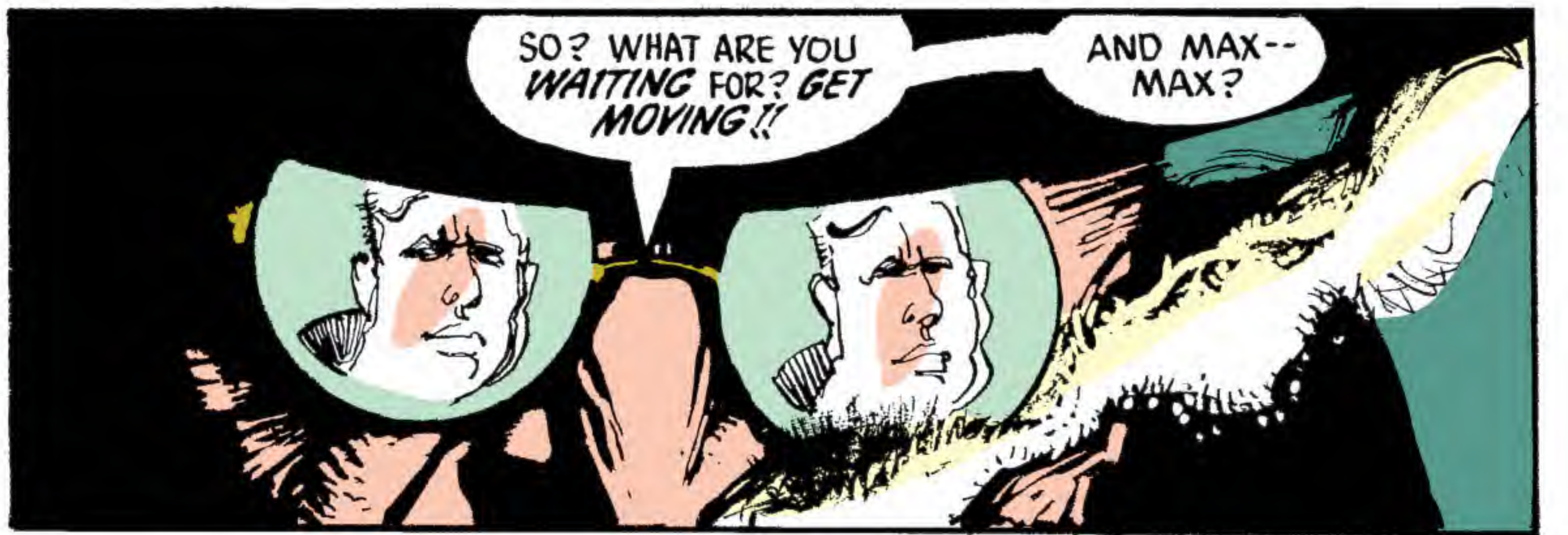
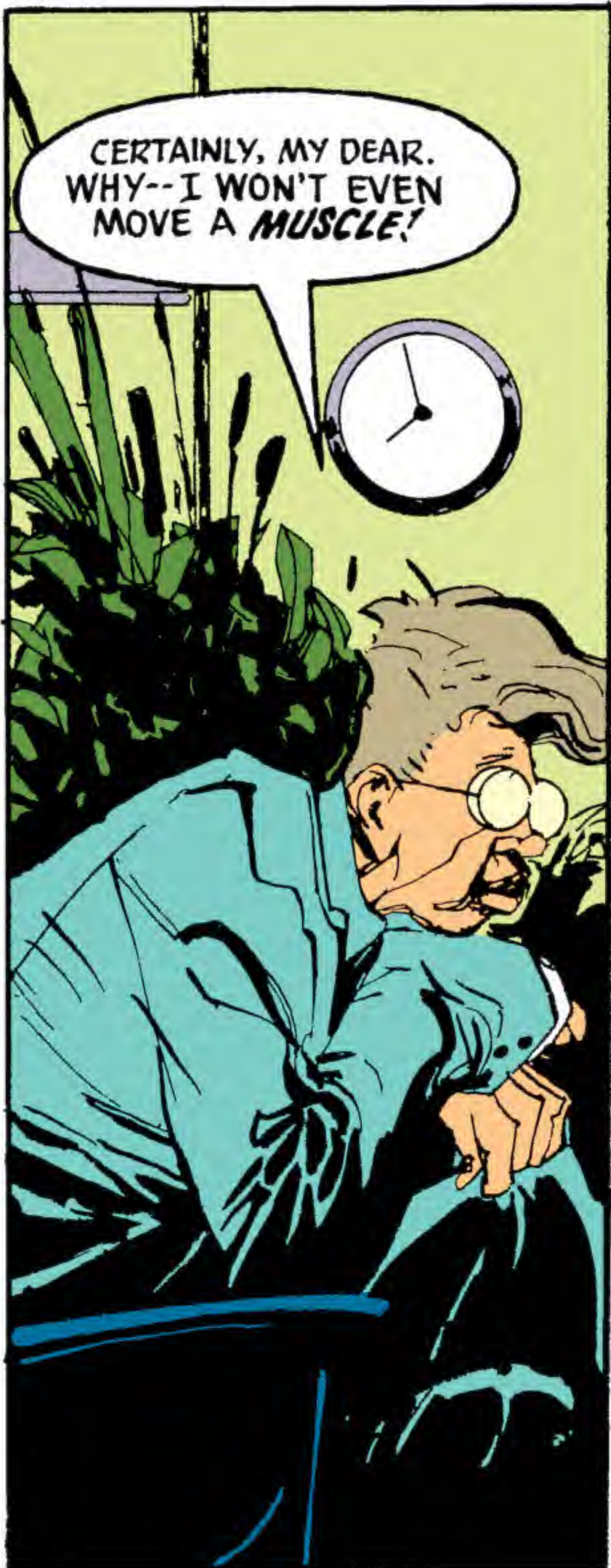
COMING ALONG.  
THANK YOU.

I *DO* BELIEVE  
HE'LL RECOVER.  
MIND IF I  
WAIT HERE?

NO, GO AHEAD.  
JUST DO ME ONE  
FAVOR, OKAY--?

TRY AND  
STAY OUT OF  
*TROUBLE*...





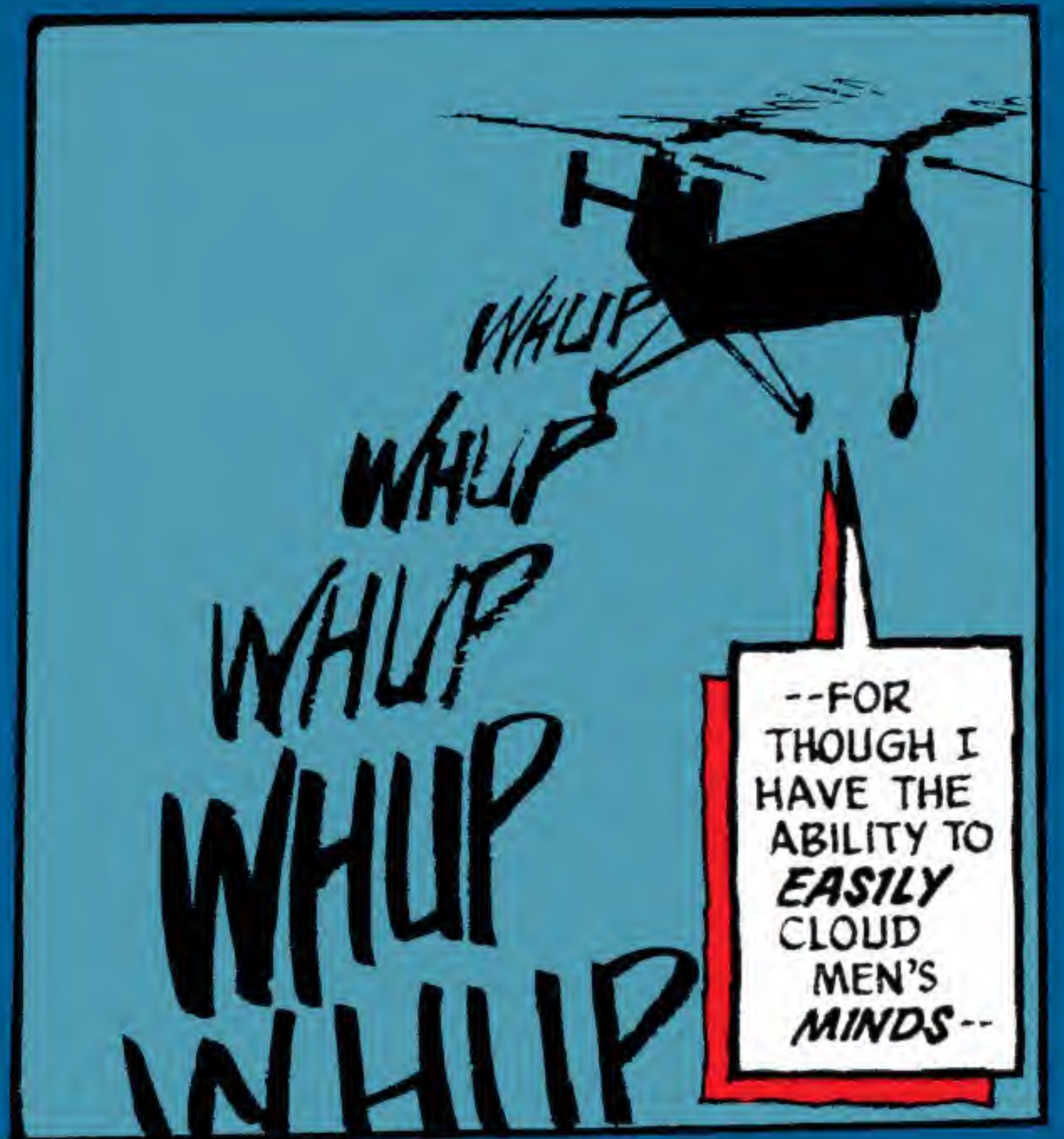




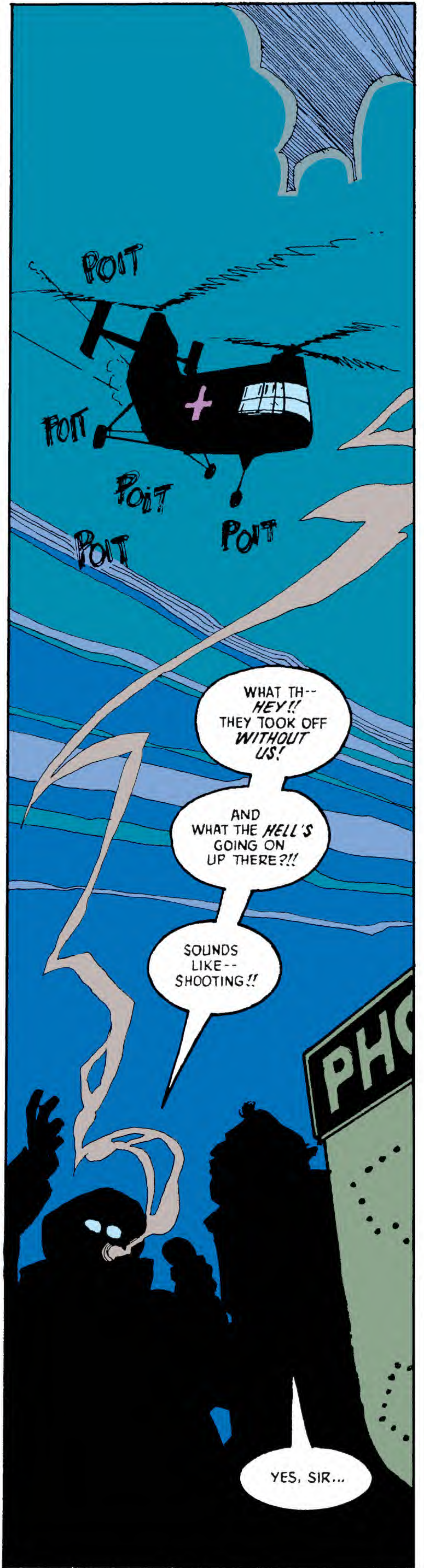










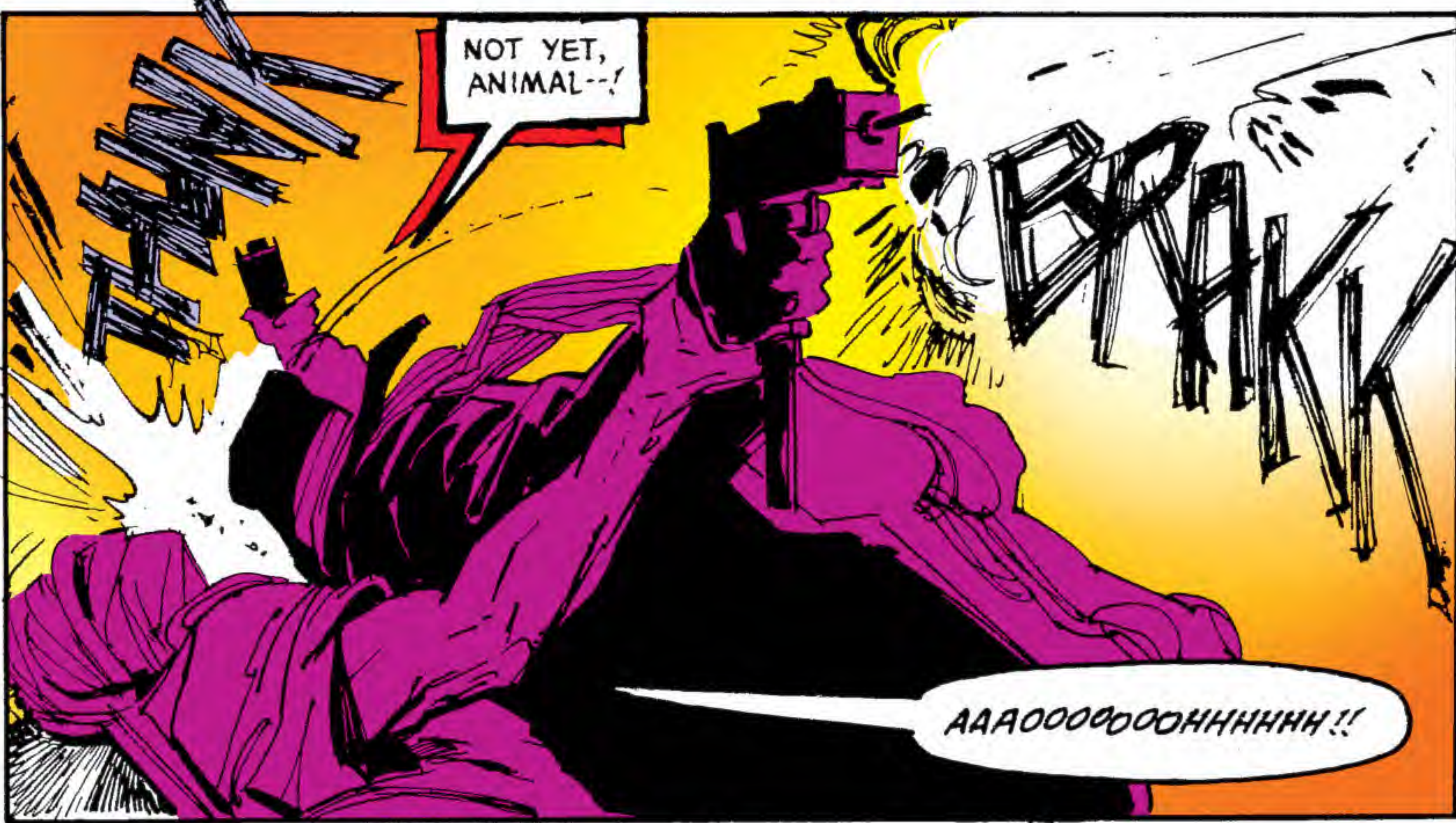
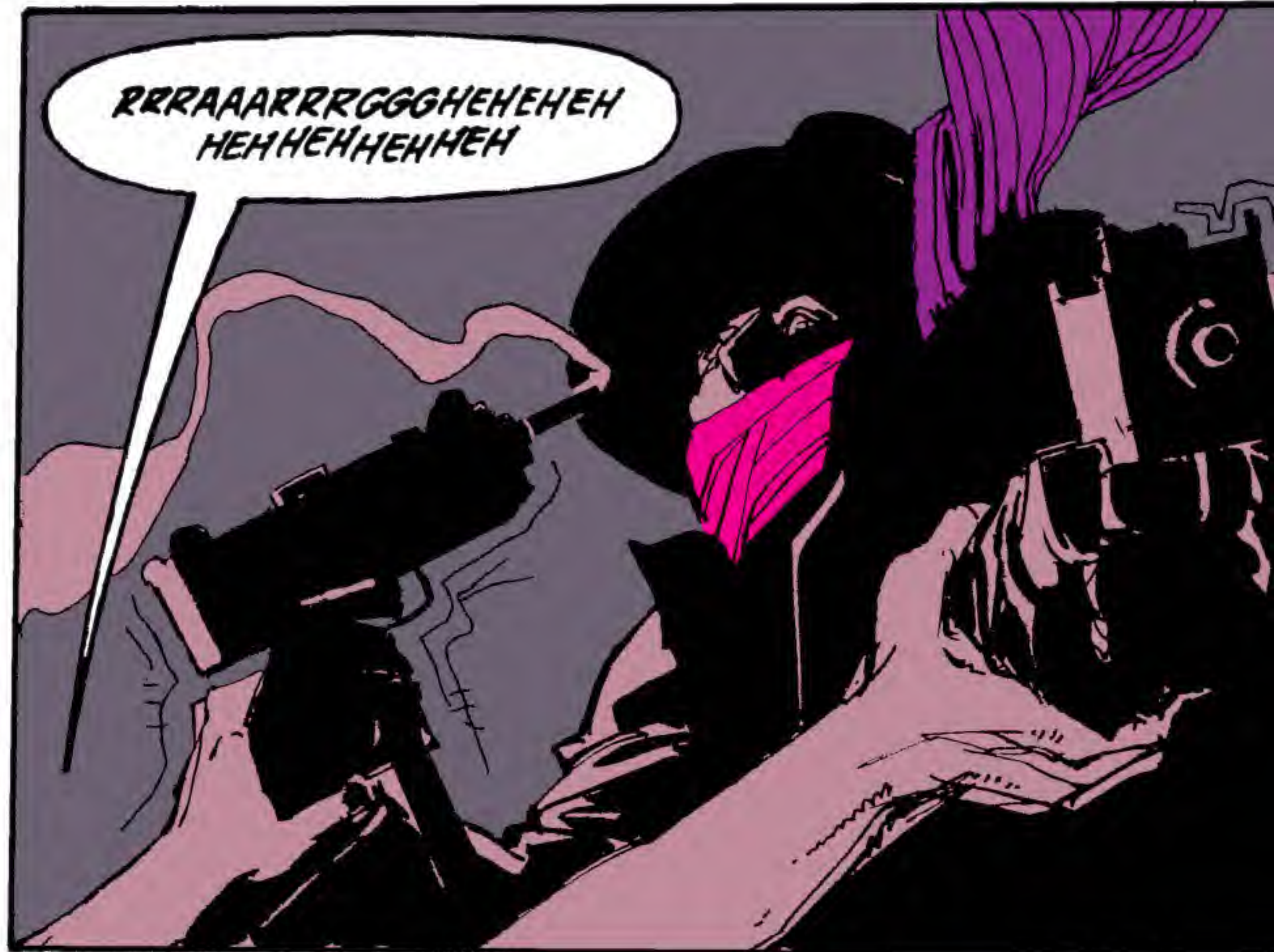


AND WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON UP THERE?!!

SOUNDS LIKE-- SHOOTING!!

YES, SIR...





















TH-THEY'RE  
OUT-- BOTH  
OF THEM!

BETTER  
THAT WAY--  
NOW I CAN  
--KOFF--  
CONCENTRATE  
ON  
KEEPING *US*  
ALI--



BUT--  
THE *MASTER*!  
WE'RE  
200 FEET  
*UP*!  
HE'LL--

--BE FINE--  
I --KOFF--  
CALLED OUT  
ALREADY!



-- BUT *US*,  
SWEETHEART...  
*US*,  
I'M NOT SO  
SURE  
ABOUT!



GOOD LORD--  
THAT'S  
CRANSTON--



--AND  
THE  
*SHADOW*!



THEY'RE--



**SHADOWS  
AND  
LIGHT:  
PART II**

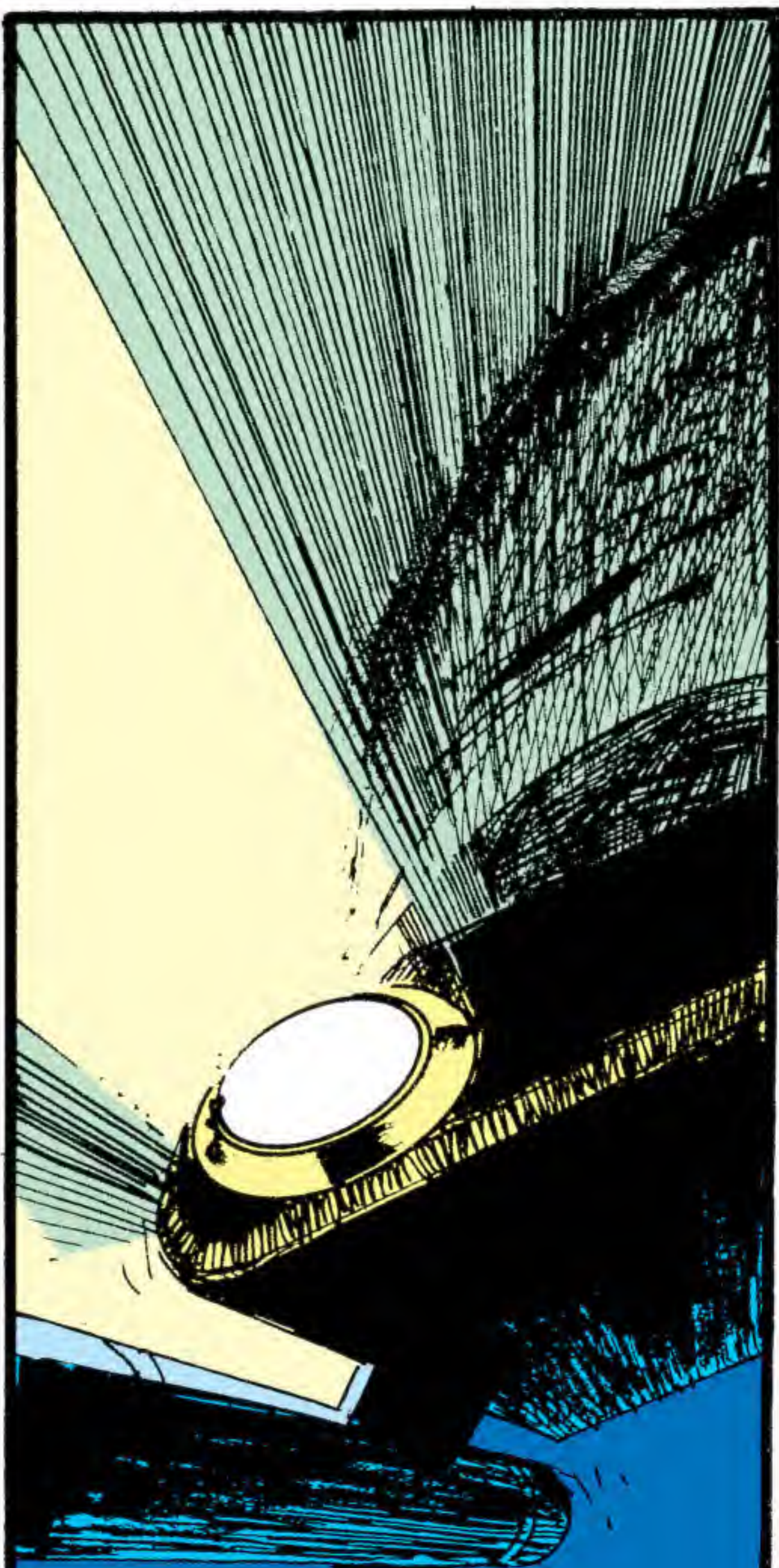
**THE  
SHADOW**

**THE  
KILL**

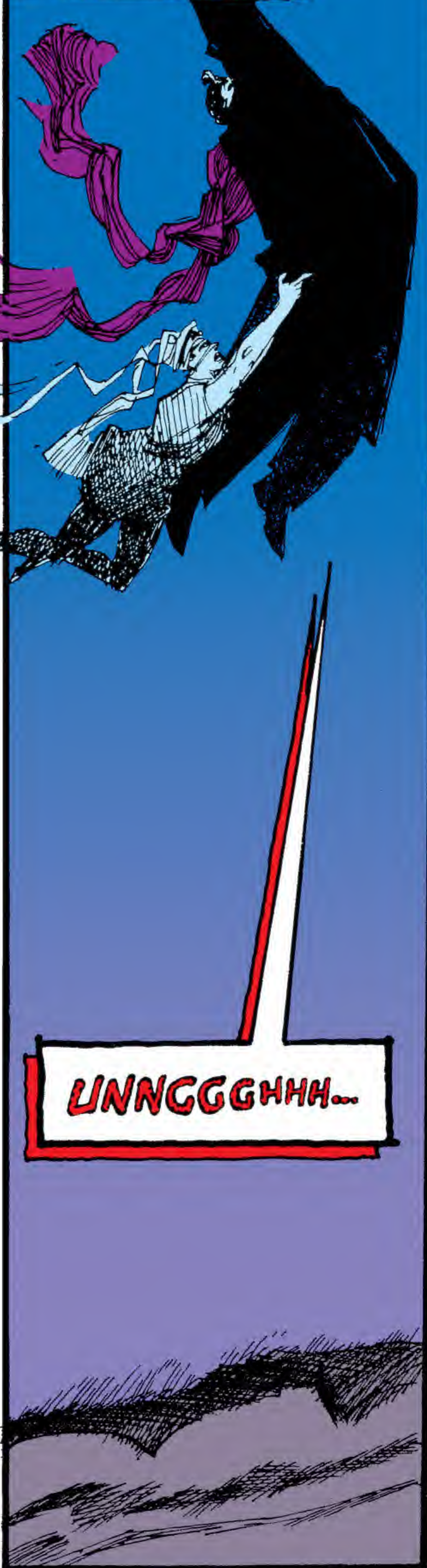
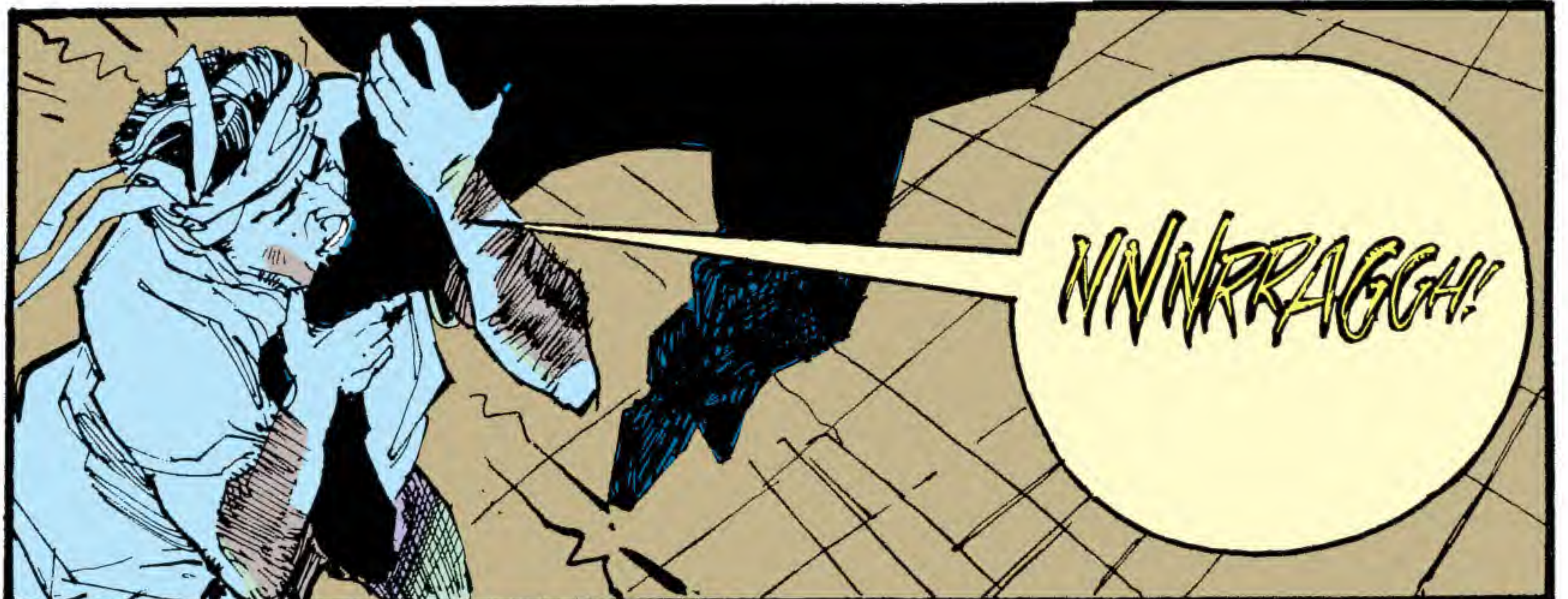
HEY!  
COME BACK  
HERE!!

ANDREW HELFER    BILL SIENKIEWICZ    BOB LAPPAN  
WRITER                    ARTIST                    LETTERER  
RICHMOND LEWIS    MIKE CARLIN & MIKE GOLD  
COLORIST                    EDITORS

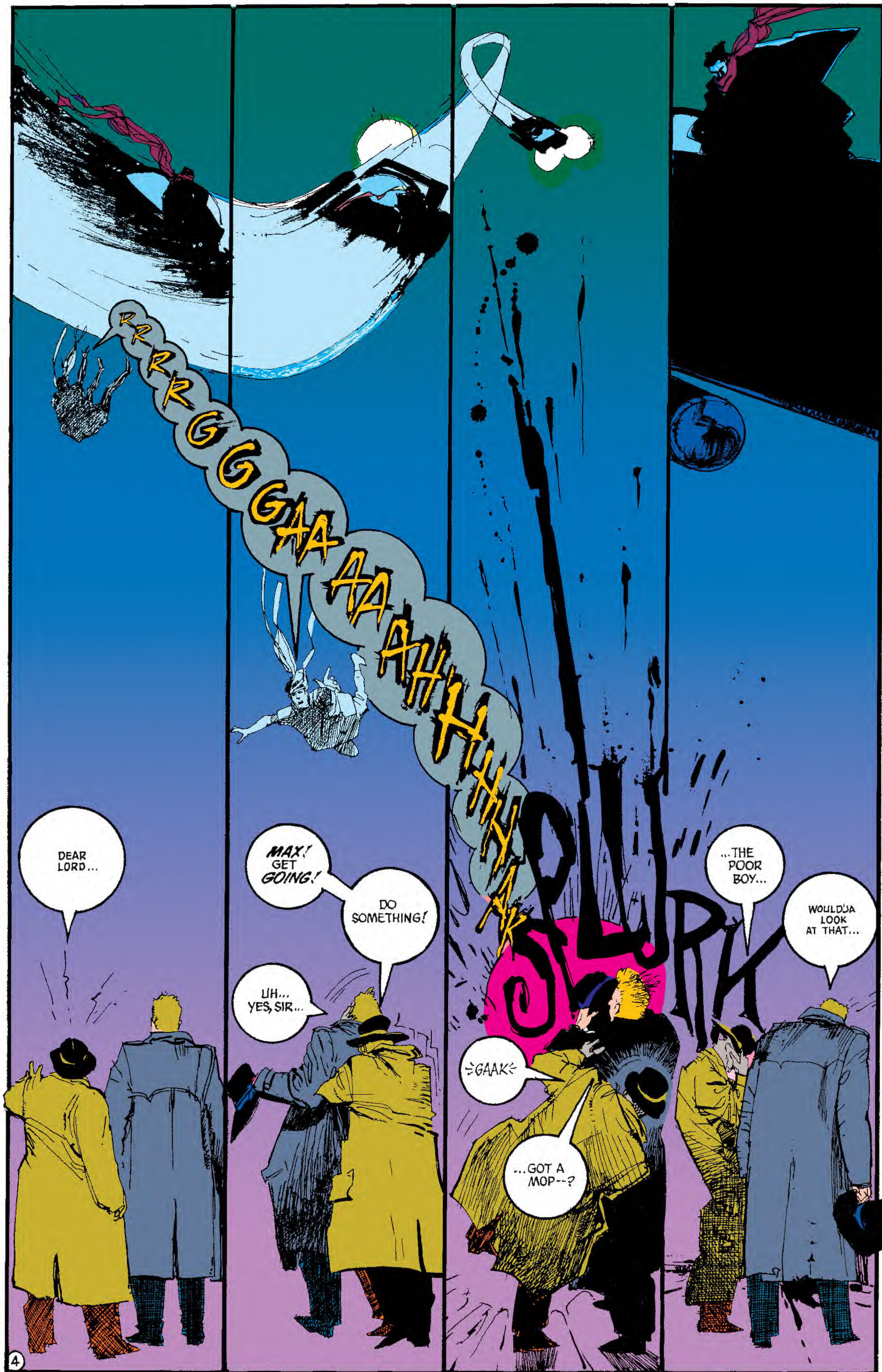




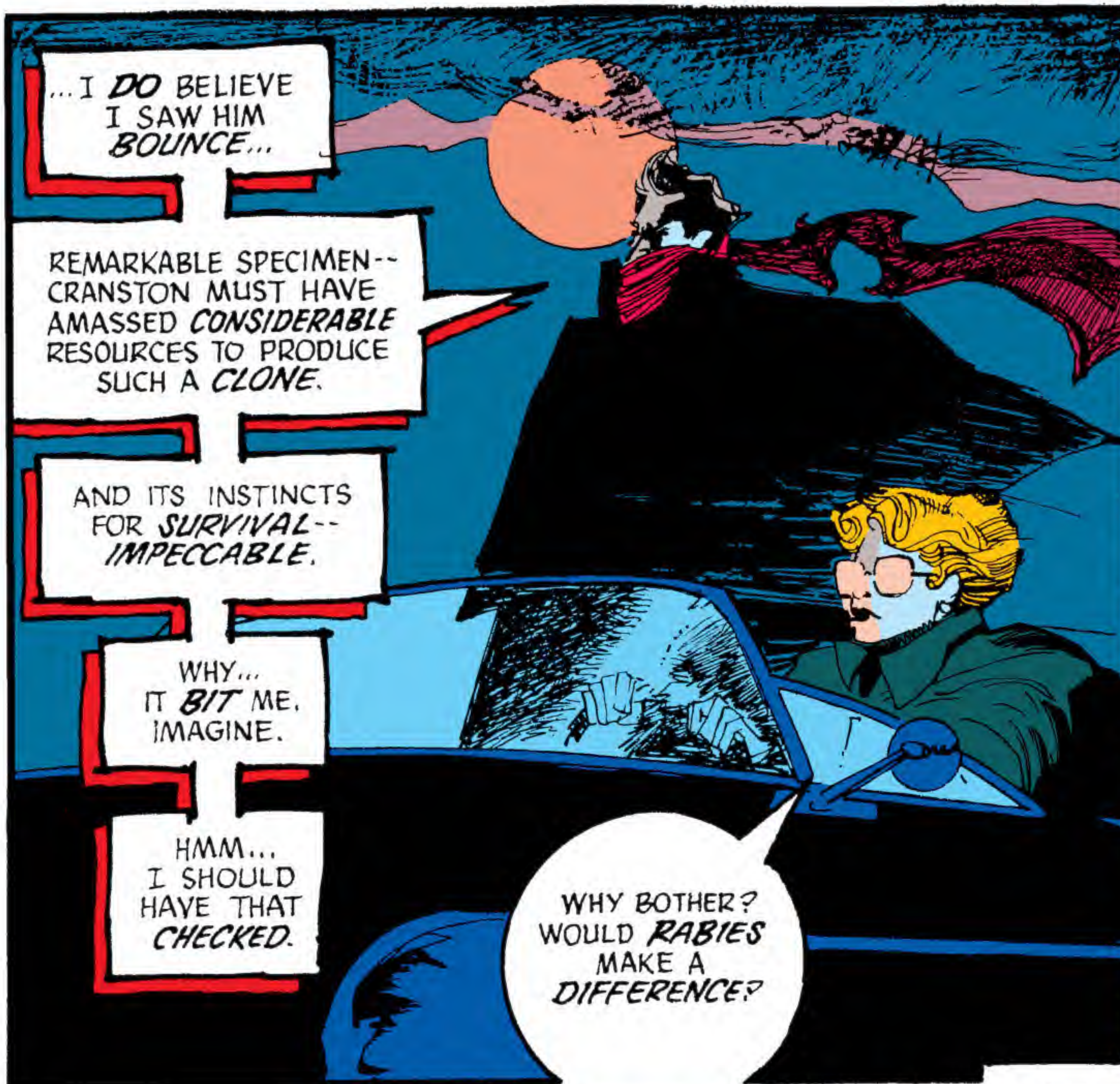
HANG ON...  
MAYROCK...  
JUST ANOTHER...  
MOMENT...











...I *DO* BELIEVE  
I SAW HIM  
*BOUNCE*...

REMARKABLE SPECIMEN--  
CRANSTON MUST HAVE  
AMASSED *CONSIDERABLE*  
RESOURCES TO PRODUCE  
SUCH A *CLONE*.

AND ITS INSTINCTS  
FOR *SURVIVAL*--  
*IMPECCABLE*.

WHY...  
IT *BIT* ME,  
IMAGINE.

HMM...  
I SHOULD  
HAVE THAT  
*CHECKED*.

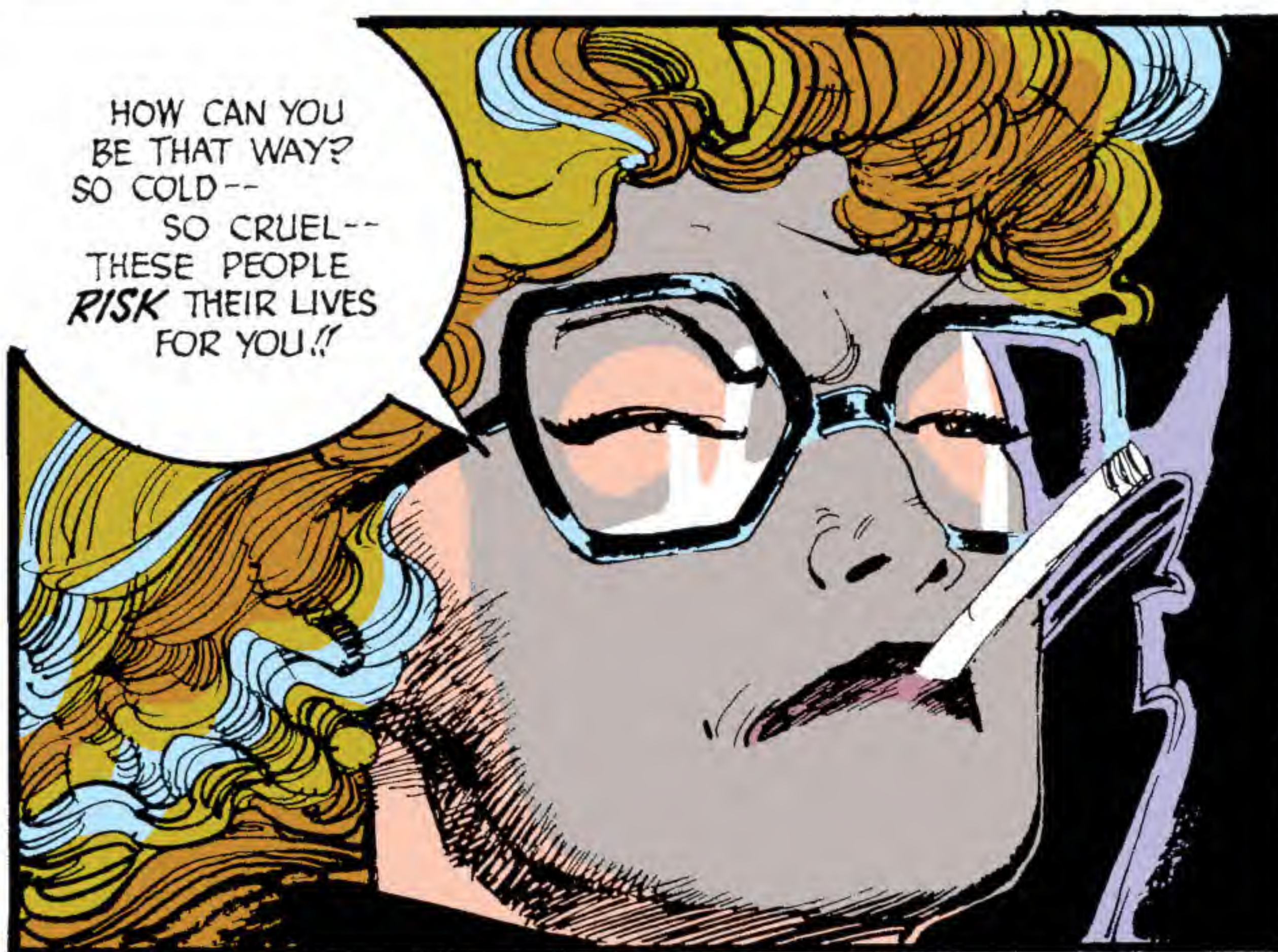
WHY BOTHER?  
WOULD *RABIES*  
MAKE A  
*DIFFERENCE*?



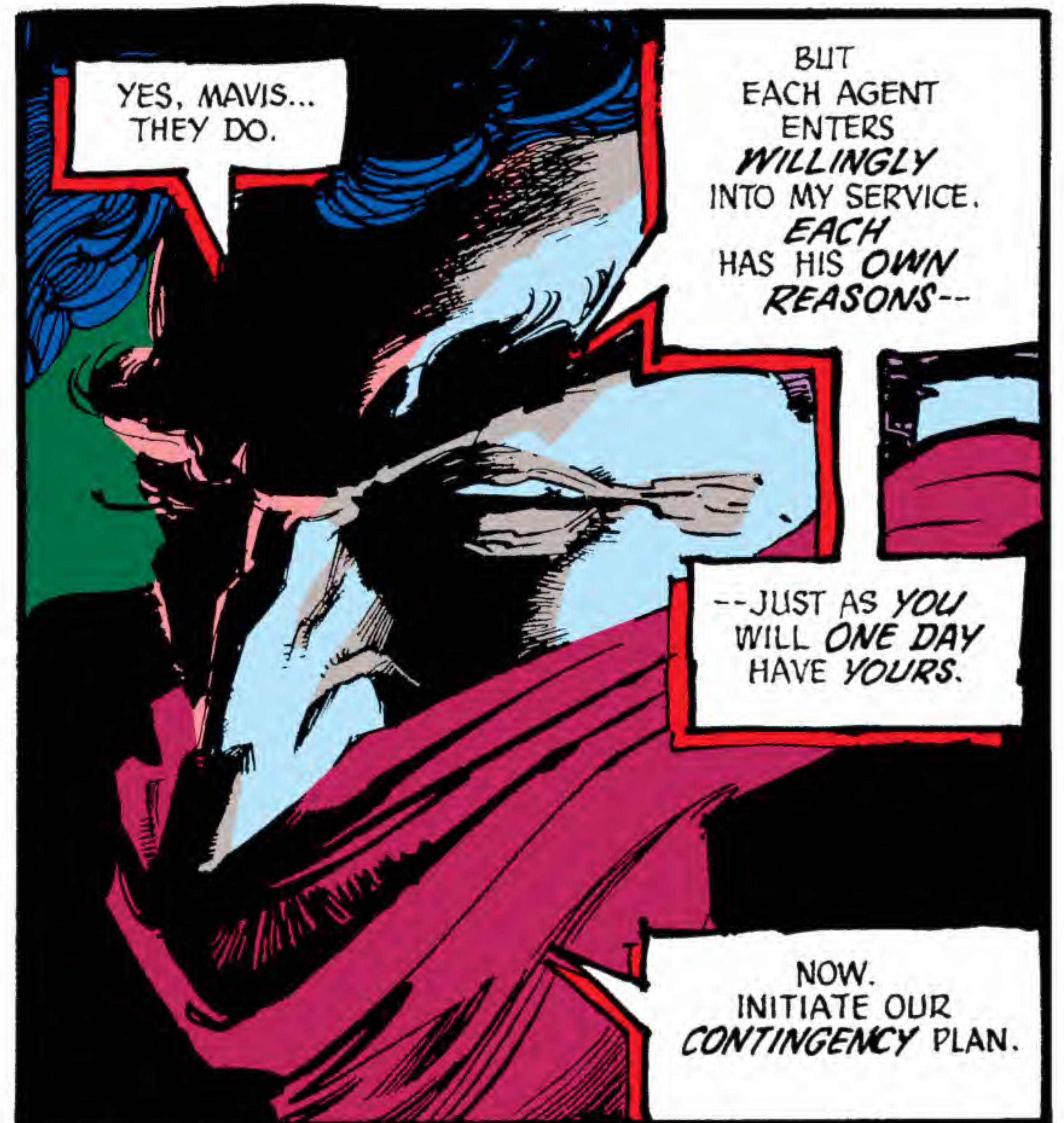
MAVIS?  
YOU SOUND...  
BITTER.

*BITTER*?!  
JUST *LOOK* DOWN  
THERE!! TWO OF YOUR  
AGENTS--  
TWO *GOOD PEOPLE*--  
YOU ALMOST  
GOT THEM  
*KILLED*--

--AND ALL  
YOU CAN  
TALK ABOUT  
IS THAT  
*STUPID*  
*MONSTER*!



HOW CAN YOU  
BE THAT WAY?  
SO COLD--  
SO CRUEL--  
THESE PEOPLE  
*RISK* THEIR LIVES  
FOR YOU!!



YES, MAVIS...  
THEY DO.

BUT  
EACH AGENT  
ENTERS  
*WILLINGLY*  
INTO MY SERVICE.  
*EACH*  
HAS HIS OWN  
*REASONS*--

--JUST AS *YOU*  
WILL *ONE DAY*  
HAVE *YOURS*.

NOW.  
INITIATE OUR  
*CONTINGENCY* PLAN.



LORD...  
WHAT A  
BLOODY  
MESS...

UH... MAYBE  
YOU'D BETTER  
*COME AWAY*  
NOW, SIR...

NO SENSE  
IN  
LOOKING--



NO  
SENSE,  
MAX?

I'VE  
*GOT* TO LOOK,  
MAX -- TO  
REMEMBER

TO  
REMEMBER  
WHAT THIS  
*POOR CHILD*  
LOOKED LIKE  
WHEN HE WAS  
*CUT DOWN*--

UH...









IS THERE A CARBONA BACK THERE?

CARBONA, DAMMIT-- YES!

A MAN WANTS A WORD WITH YOU.



NOW WHO IN THE HELL--?



HELLO, JOE... HOW HAVE YOU BEEN--?

WHO--?

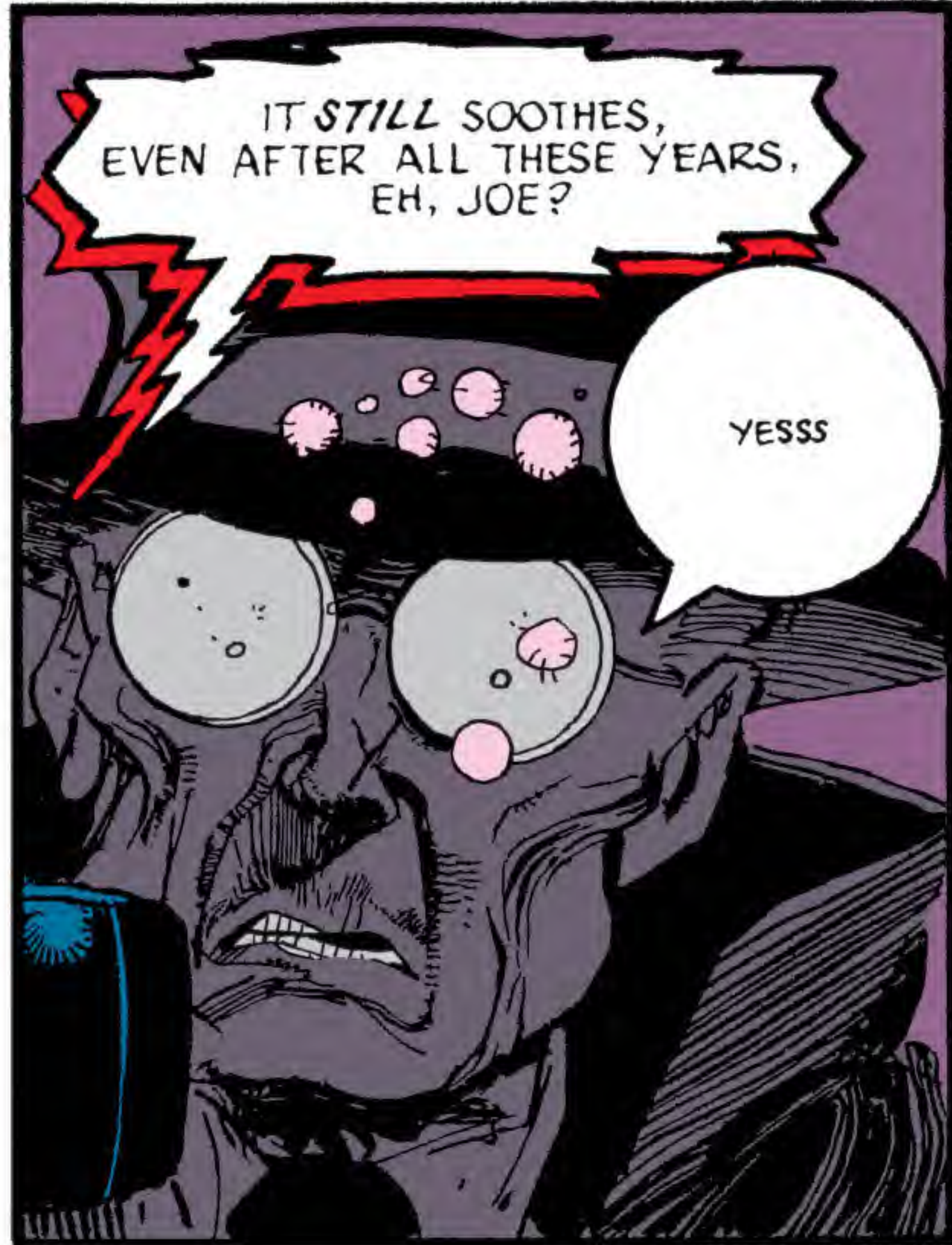
WELL, IT *HAS* BEEN A WHILE... ALMOST FORTY YEARS... BUT *SURELY* YOU REMEMBER--



--THE VOICE OF THE SHADOW!

YOU!! YOU MURDERING SON-OF-A--

QUIET, JOE. JUST LISTEN TO MY VOICE... LISTEN... LISTEN...



IT *STILL* SOOTHES, EVEN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, EH, JOE?

YESSS



WOULD'JA LOOK AT THAT!

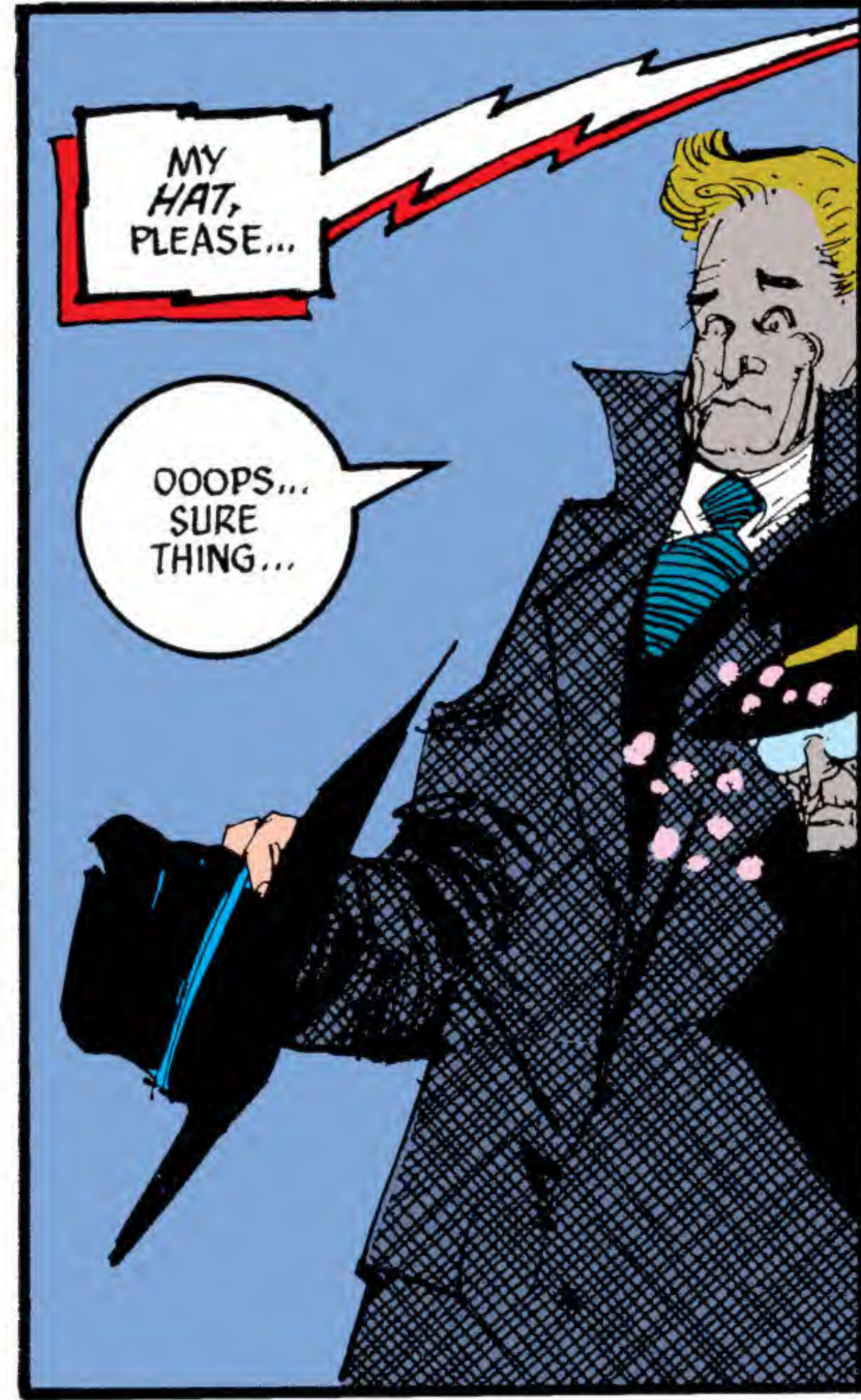
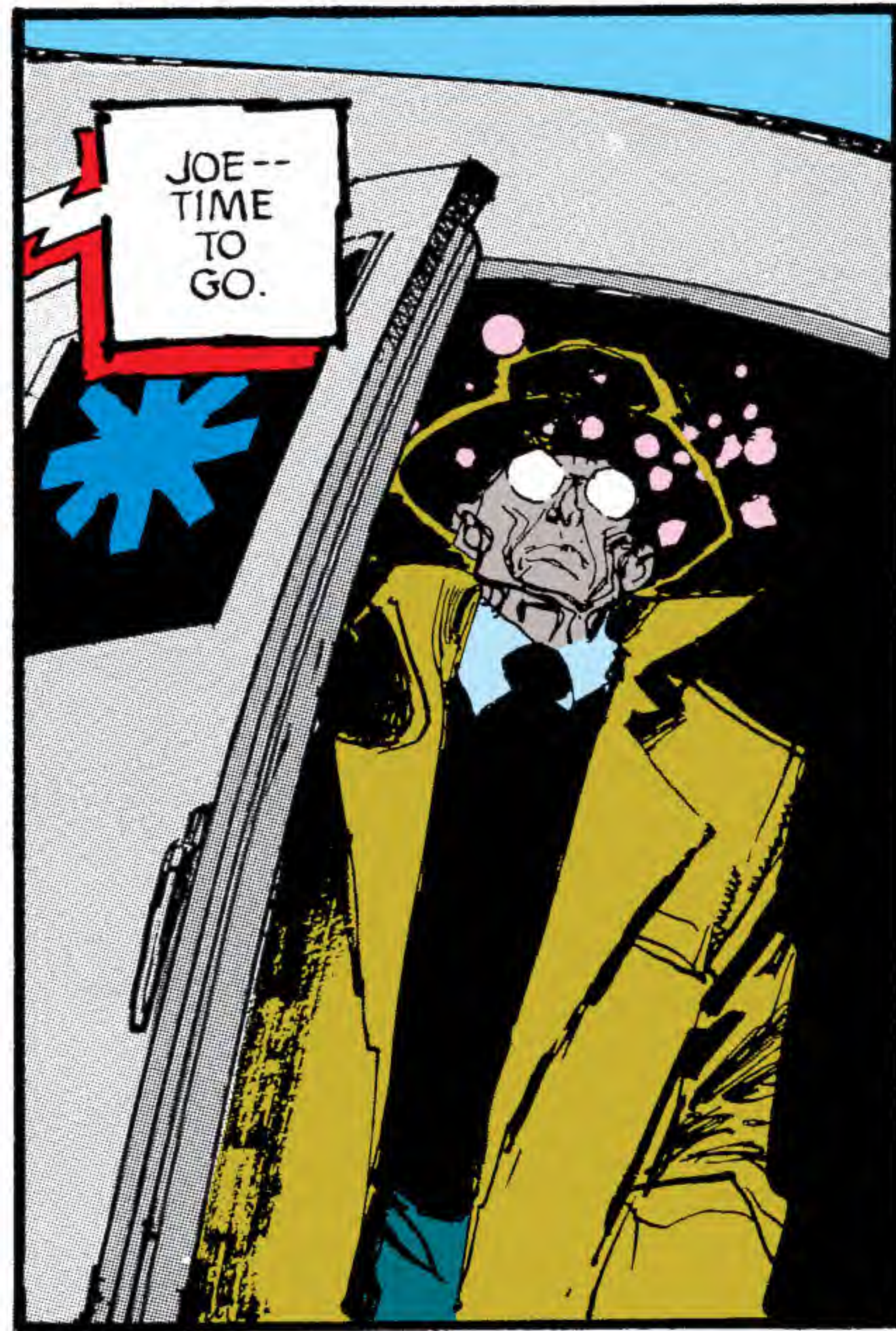
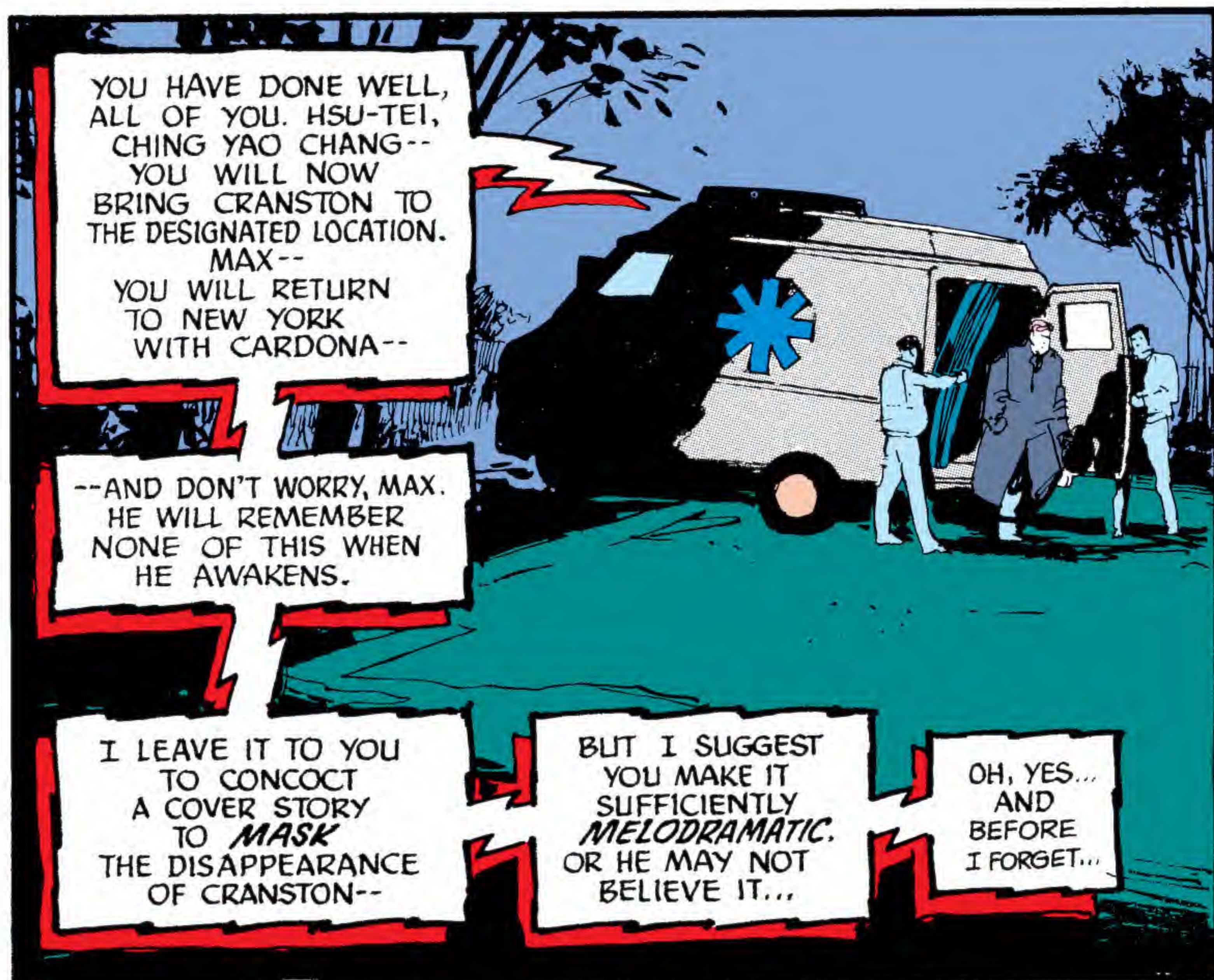
YES, FATHER HAS QUITE A WAY WITH WORDS.



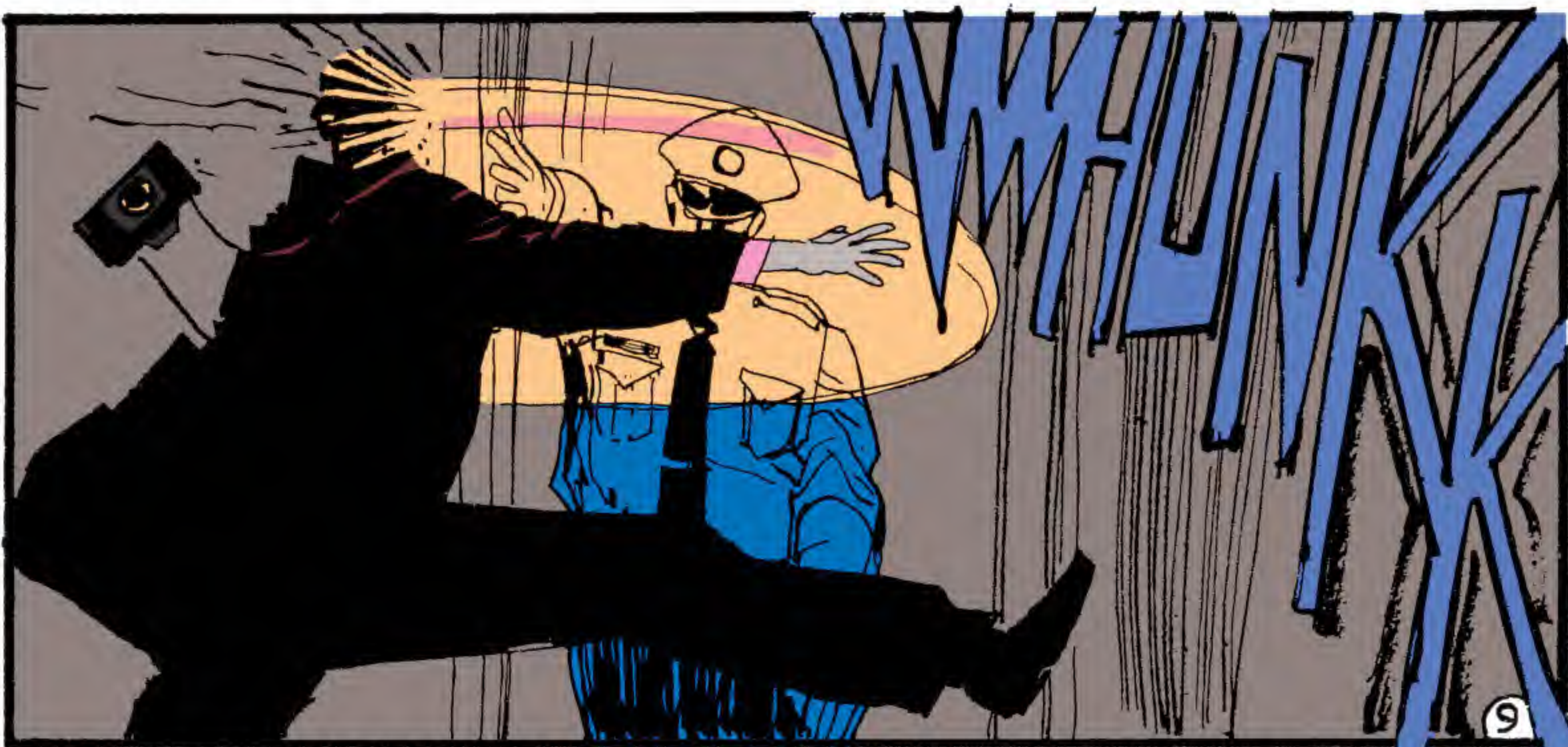
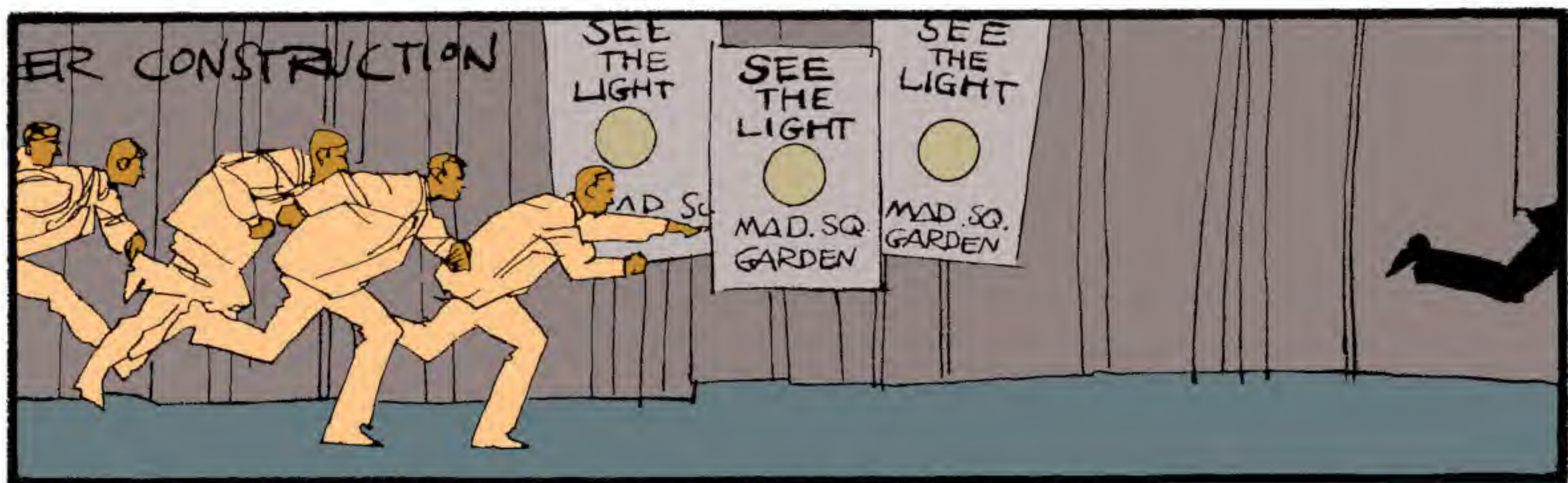
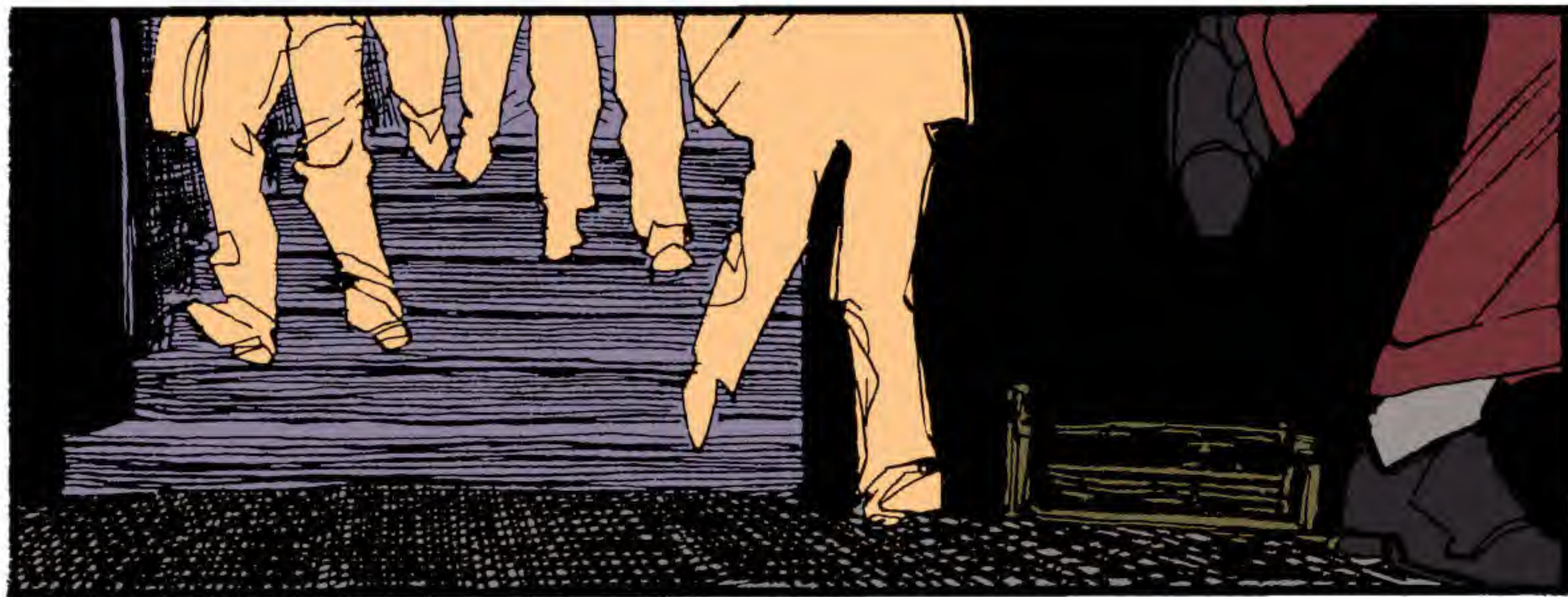
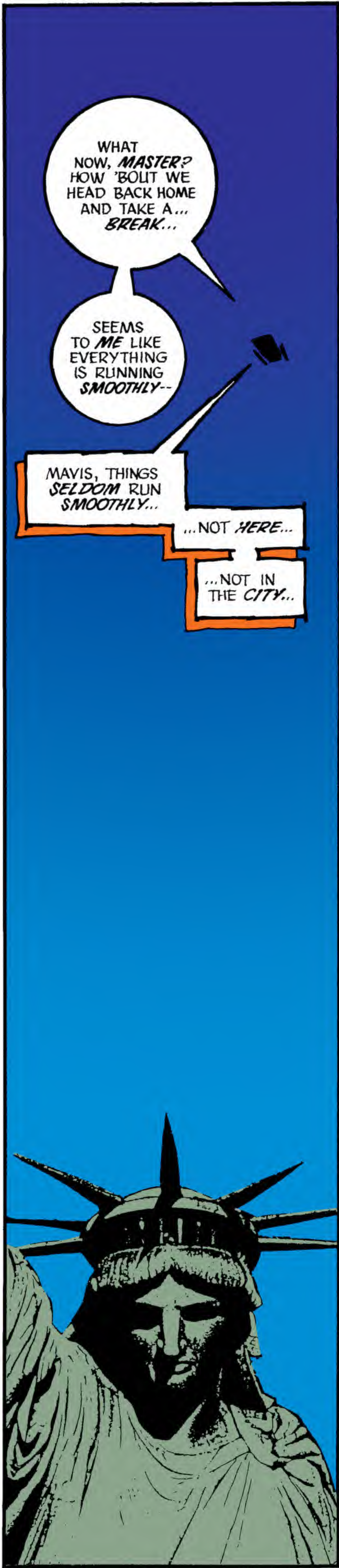
AND NOW, FATHER?

NOW, PULL OVER, HSIU-TEI.

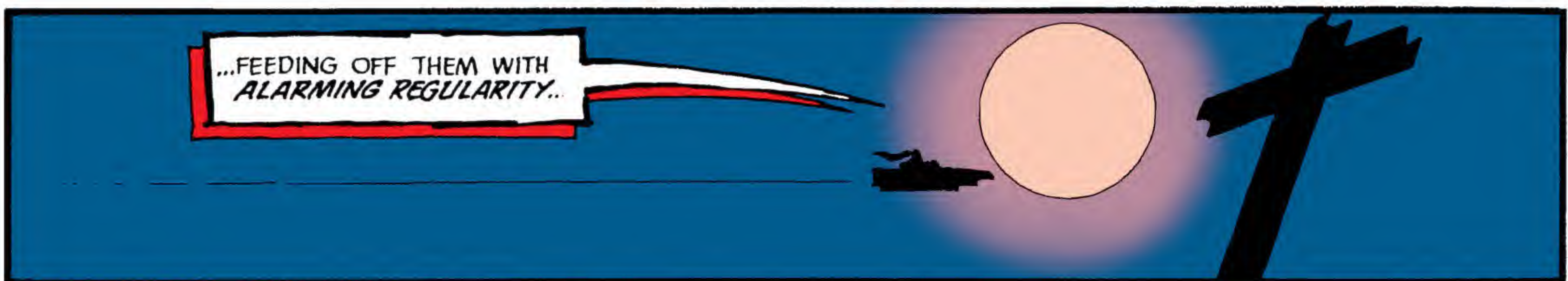
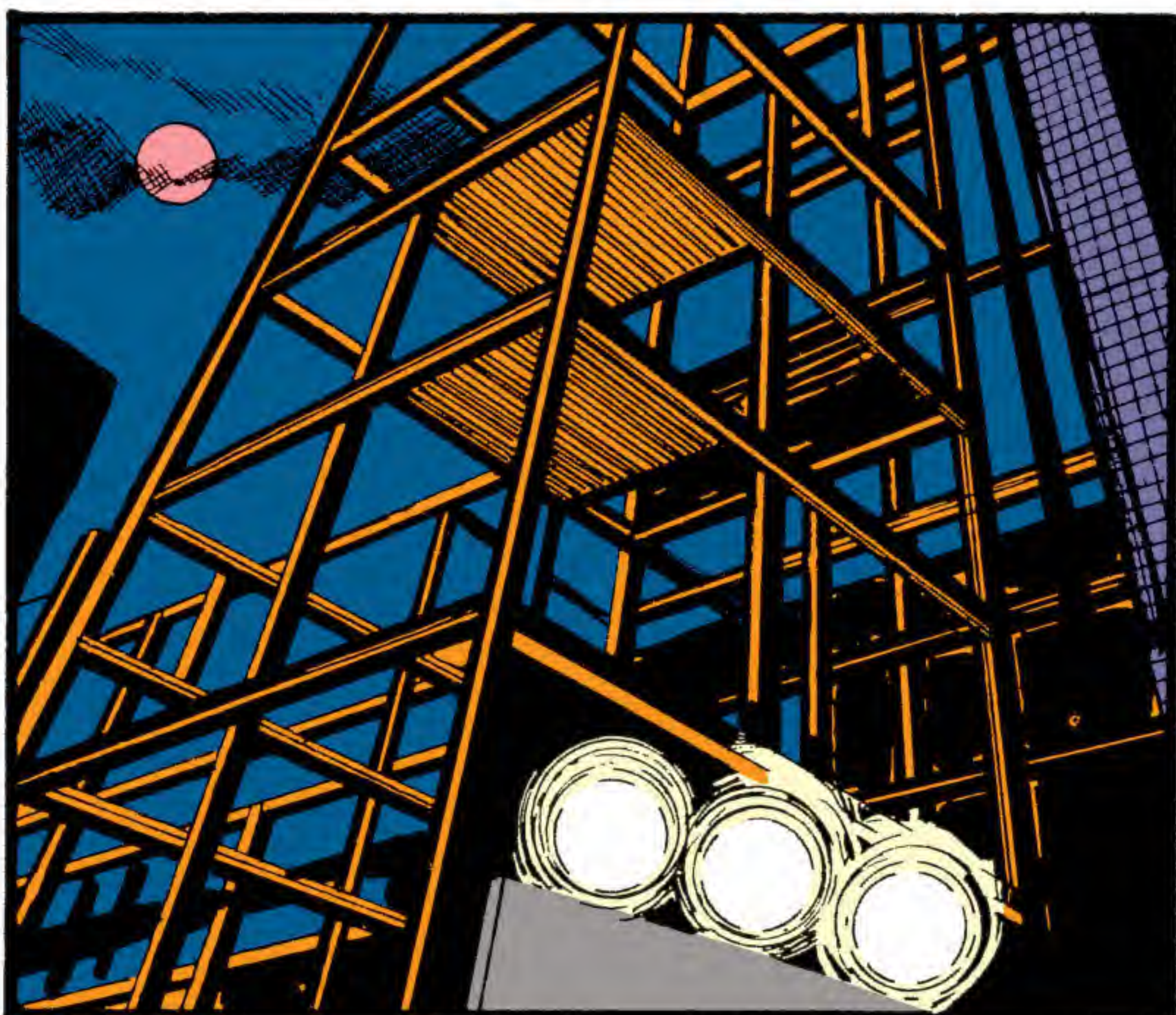
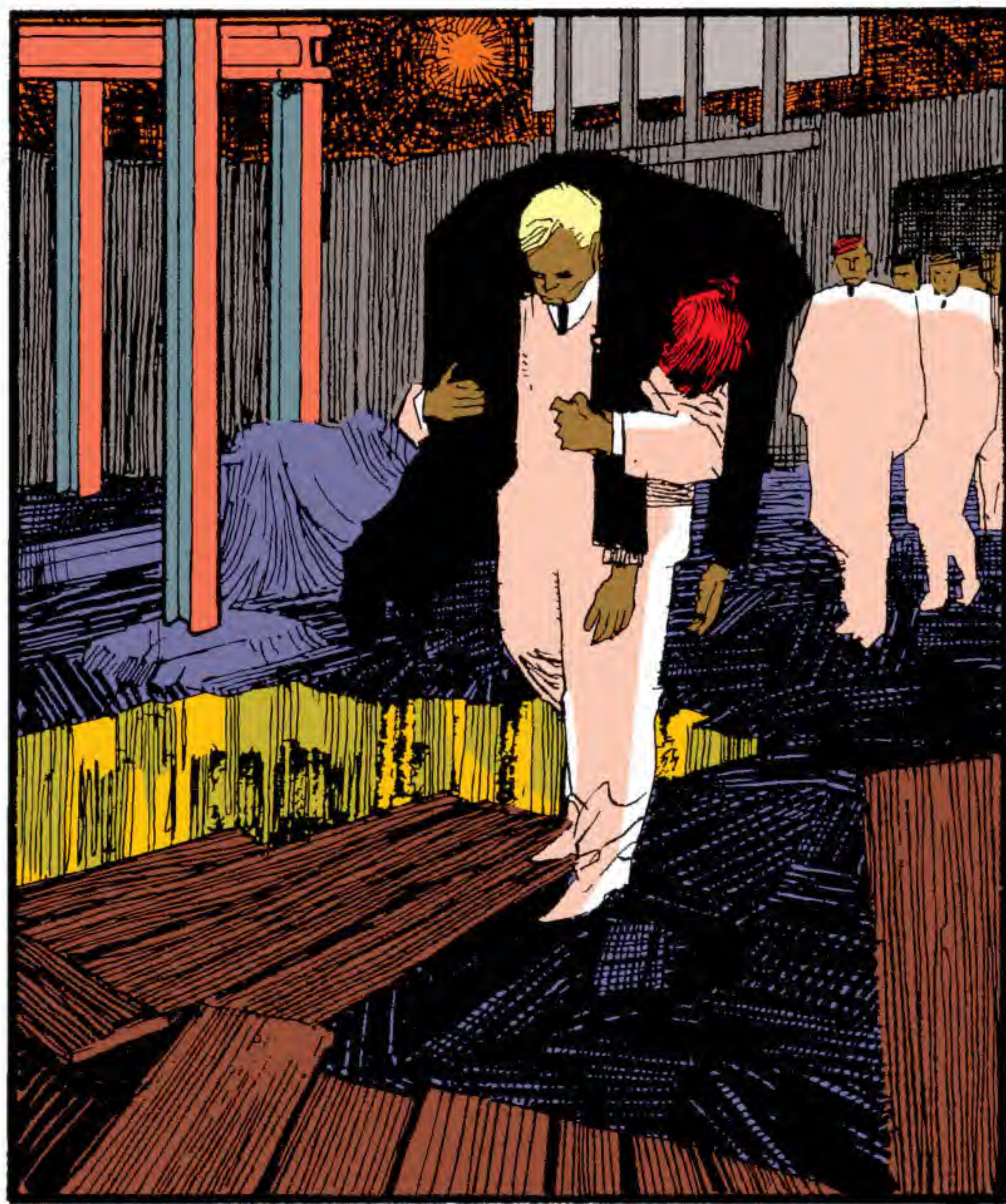




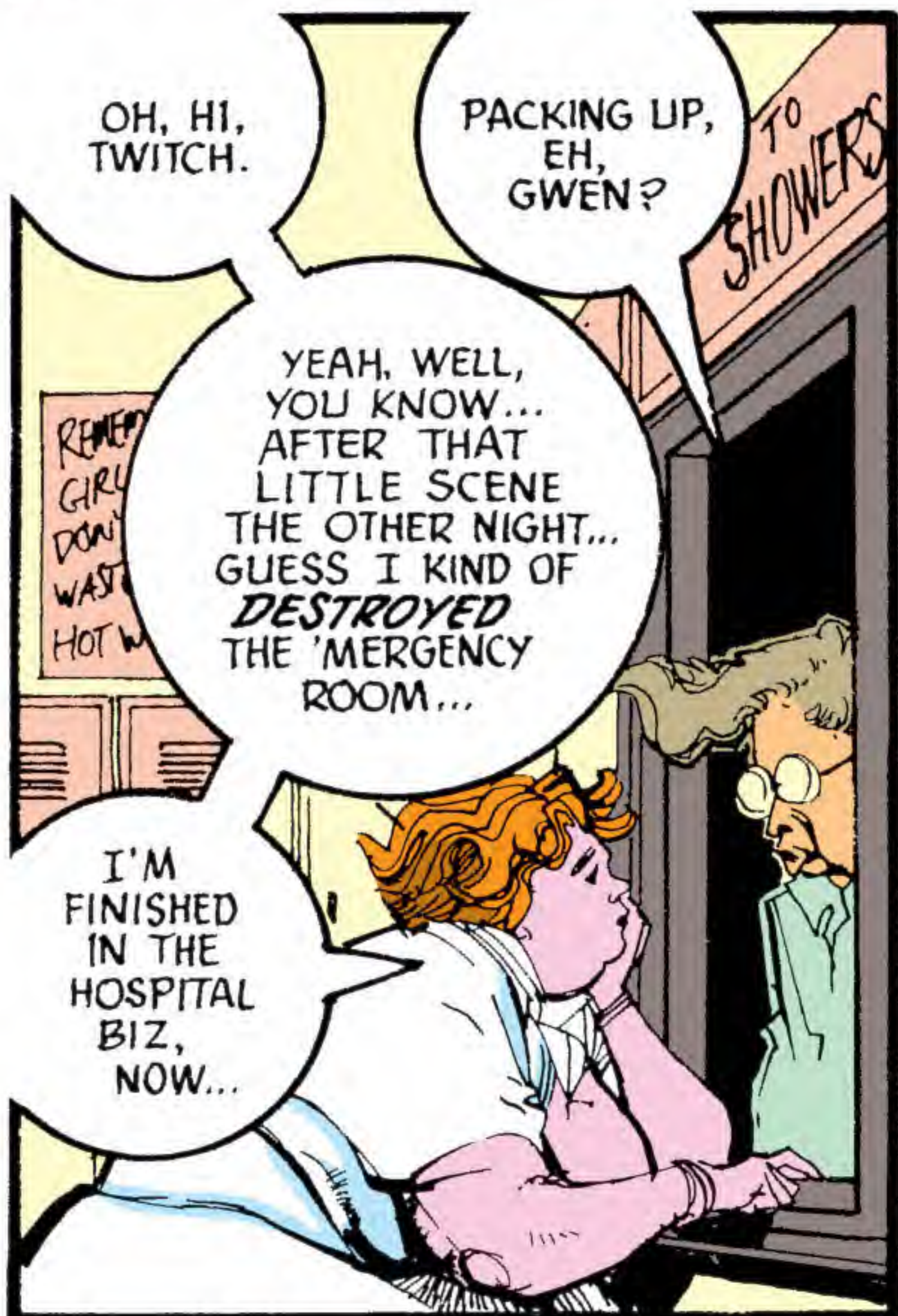




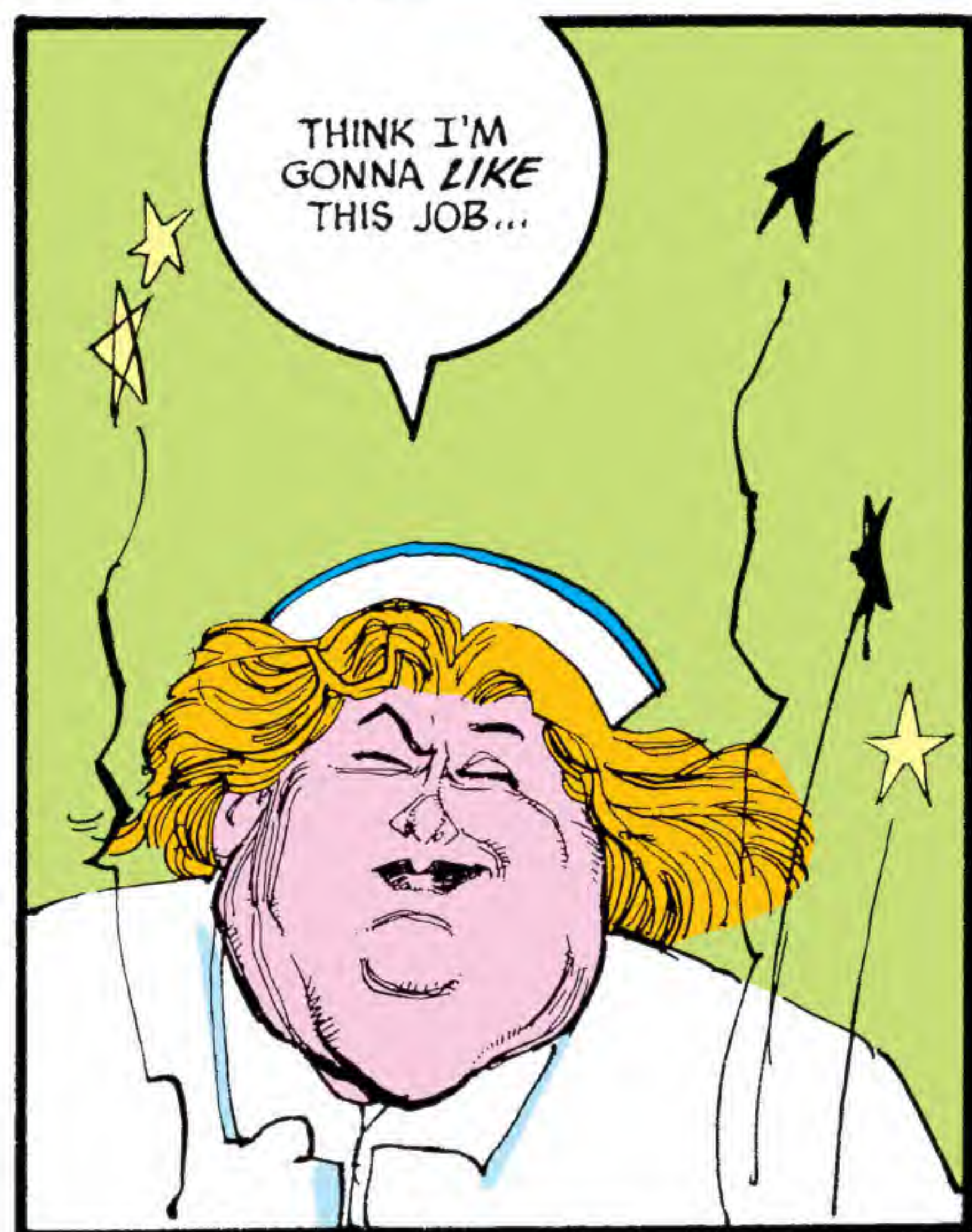
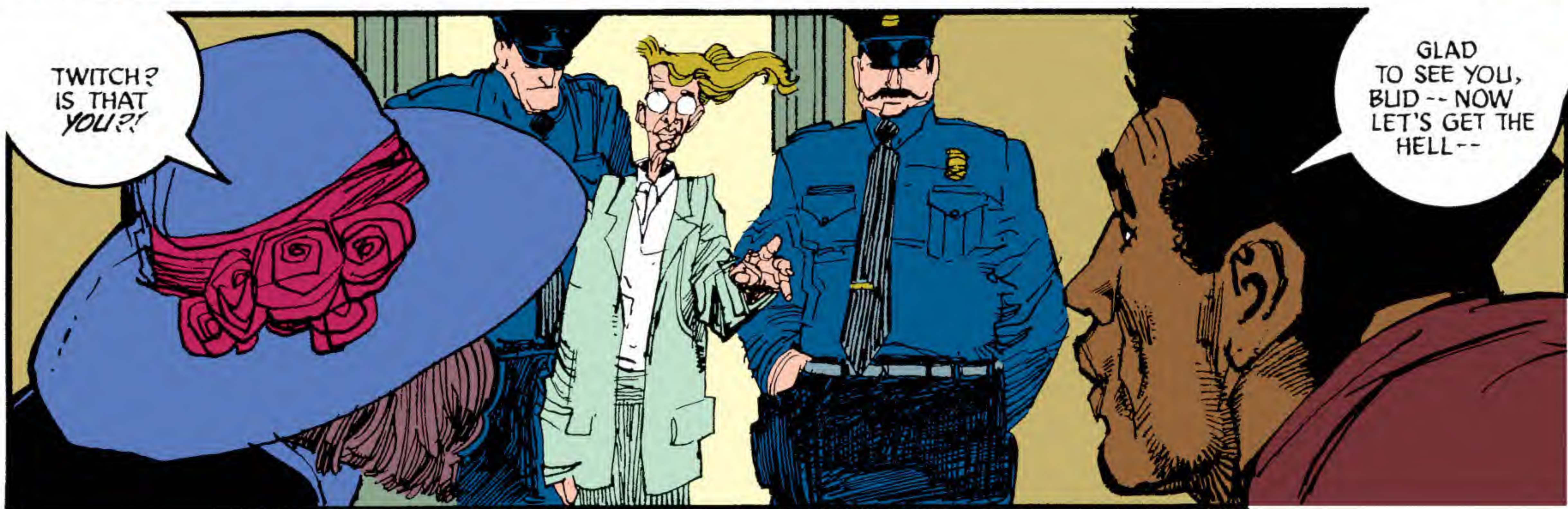
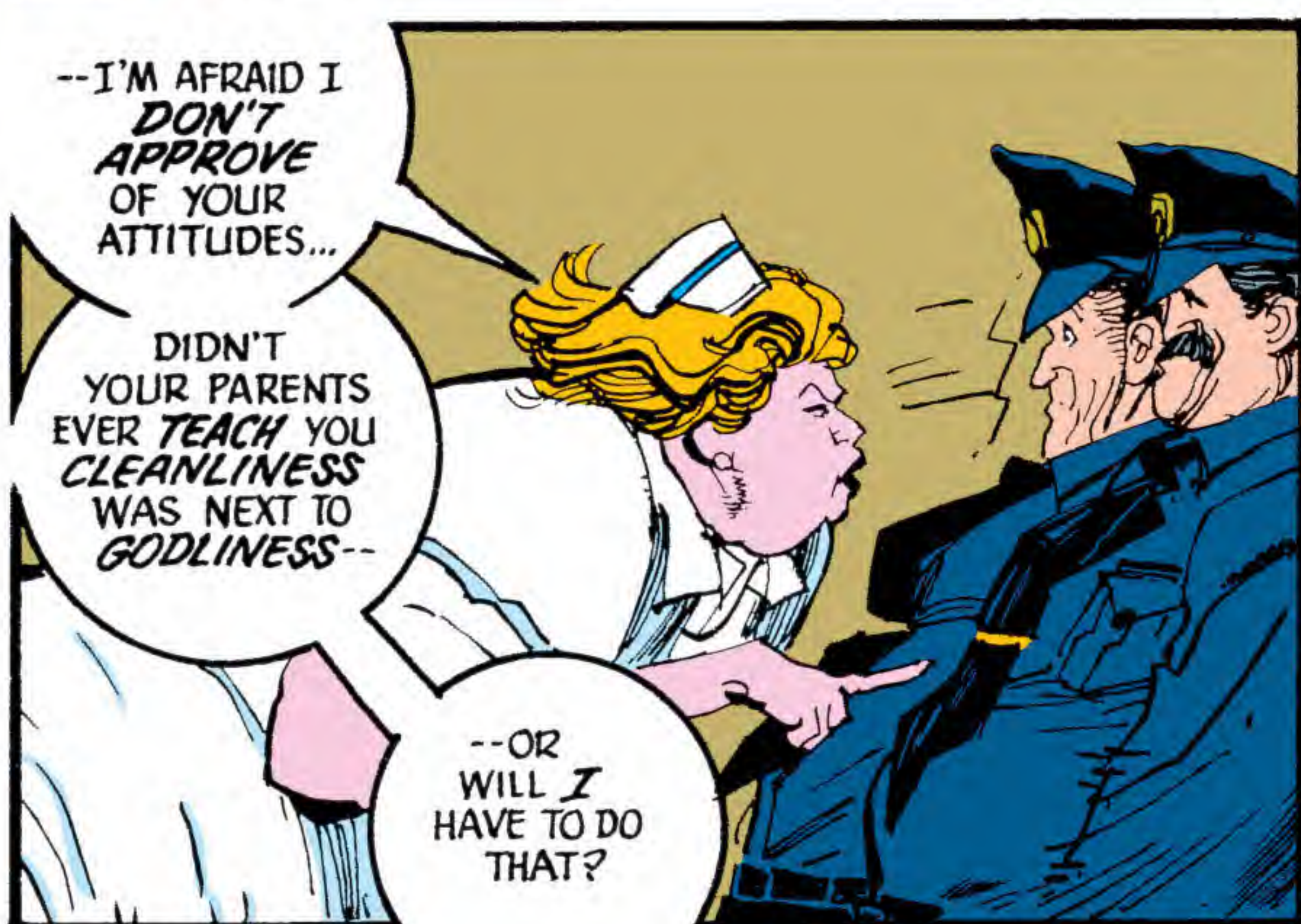
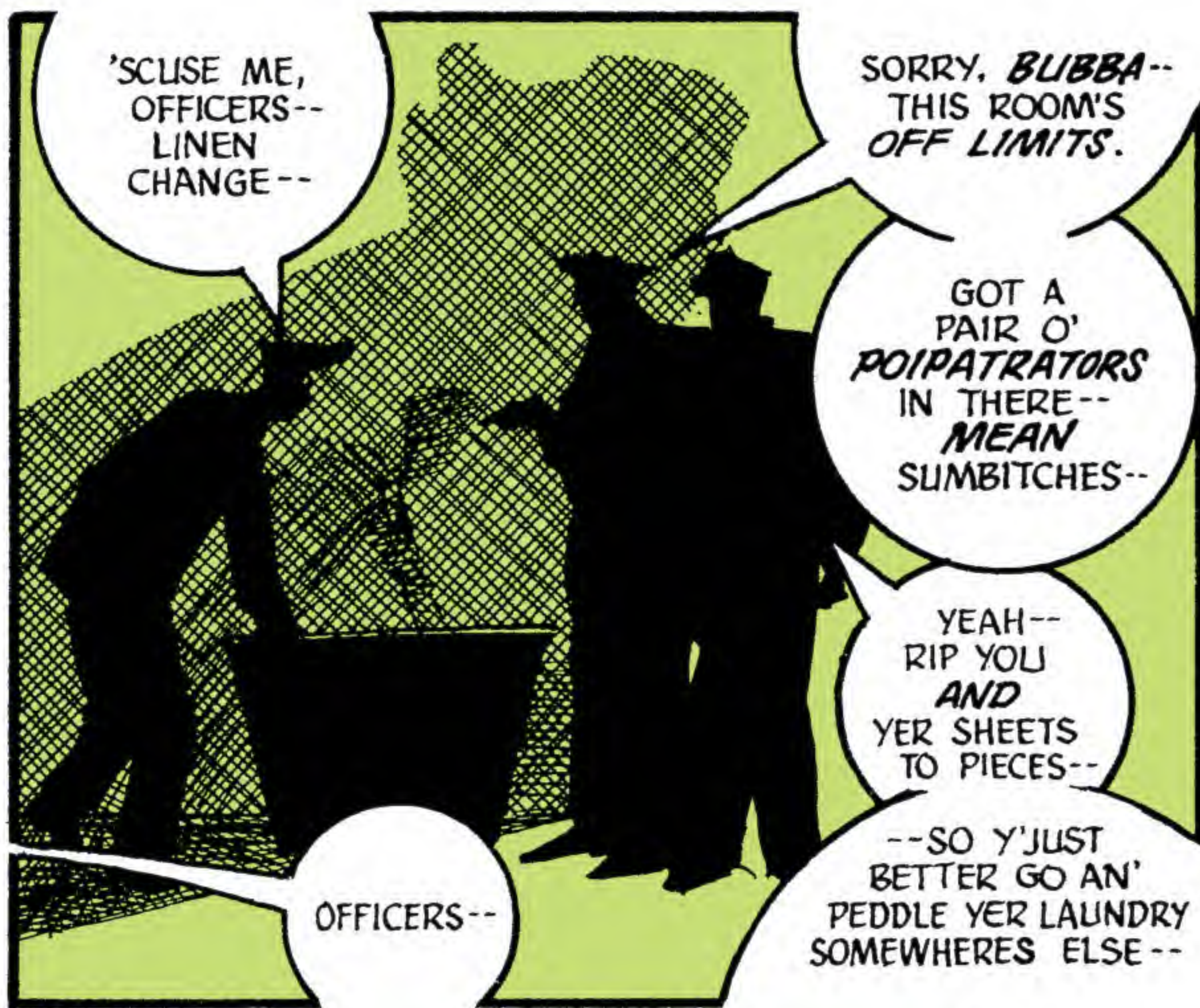




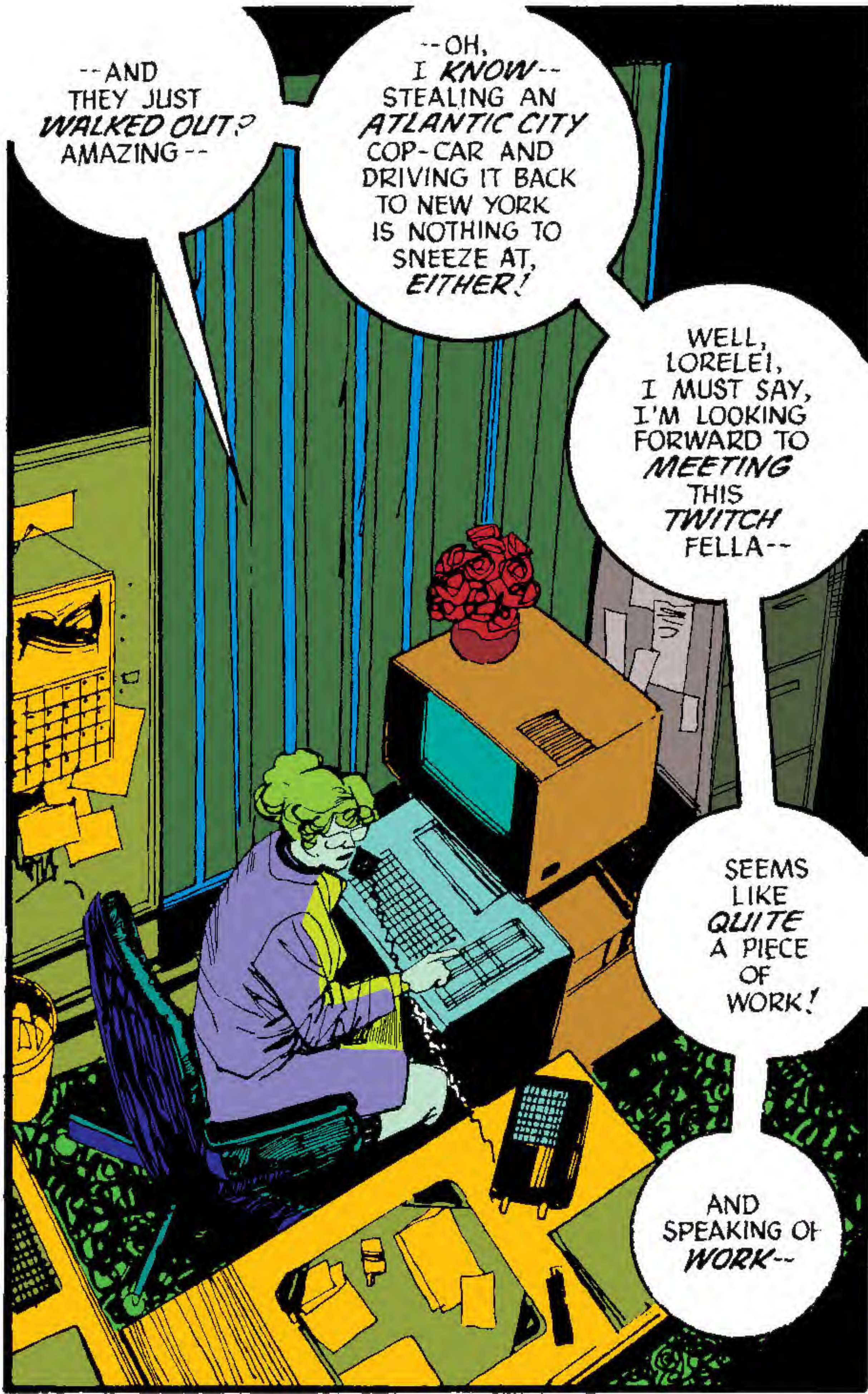












--AND THEY JUST WALKED OUT? AMAZING--

--OH, I *KNOW*-- STEALING AN ATLANTIC CITY COP-CAR AND DRIVING IT BACK TO NEW YORK IS NOTHING TO SNEEZE AT, *EITHER!*

WELL, LORELEI, I MUST SAY, I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING THIS TWITCH FELLA--

SEEMS LIKE QUITE A PIECE OF WORK!

AND SPEAKING OF WORK--

--YES, LORELEI... AS PER THE MASTER'S INSTRUCTIONS--

--I'M CLOSING THE FILE ON HIS OLD AGENTS EVEN AS WE SPEAK!

THAT LOOKS LIKE ALL OF THEM... EXCEPT...

NAME	AGE	STATUS
SHREUNITZ, MOE	AGE 81	CLOSED
YORKE, OTIS	AGE 68	CLOSED
DRUKE, JERICHO	AGE 79	CLOSED
BURKE, CLYDE	AGE 78	CLOSED
LeBAUE, CHANCE	AGE 65	CLO
MARSLAND, CLIFFORD	AGE 73	
SAYRE, RUPERT	AGE 82	
DUNCAN, BRUCE	AGE 59	
TINSLEY, WALTER	AGE 75	
MURRAY, FRANK	AGE 83	



HMMM... THAT ORIENTAL GUY... THE DOCTOR-- WHAT WAS HIS --

--YEAH... TAM... ROY TAM...

'S FUNNY... DOESN'T SEEM TO BE LISTED WITH THE OTHERS...

LET'S SEE NOW...

TAKE IT FROM THE TOP...

Window Search Format Font

ORIGINAL INCIDENT REPORT

ENTER APROX DATE: +/- 3/87

ENTER INCIDENT TYPE: HOMICIDE

ENTER QUANTITY?: +/- 10

ENTER STATE CODE: CA

ENTER CITY CODE: SF

SUPPLEMENTARY DATA

VIOLENT? Y

RELIGIOUS? ?

SEXUAL? N

MARITAL? Y

PRE-MEDITATED? Y

PROCESSING NOW PLEASE WAIT

HMM. STARTING TO NARROW DOWN.

Window Search Format Font

COMPLETE: READOUT? Y

TO SCREEN/ DISK? S

COMMENCE READOUT...

MASS HOMICIDES: CA: SF: +/- 3/87

LOCATION	DATE	DOS
1. ROXY SKATE-A-RAMA	3/3/87	09
2. KEY ADULT THEATER	3/9/87	12
3. B.A.R.T. EXPRESS	3/15/87	11
4. TAM BODYWORKS	3/22/87	10
5. ASST. TENDERLOIN	3/18/87	13
6. " "	3/26/87	13
7. " "	3/29/87	11

CHOOSE ONE PLEASE 4

DAMN! NOT THERE!

THEN WHO ARE THESE GUYS?

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LIST RE

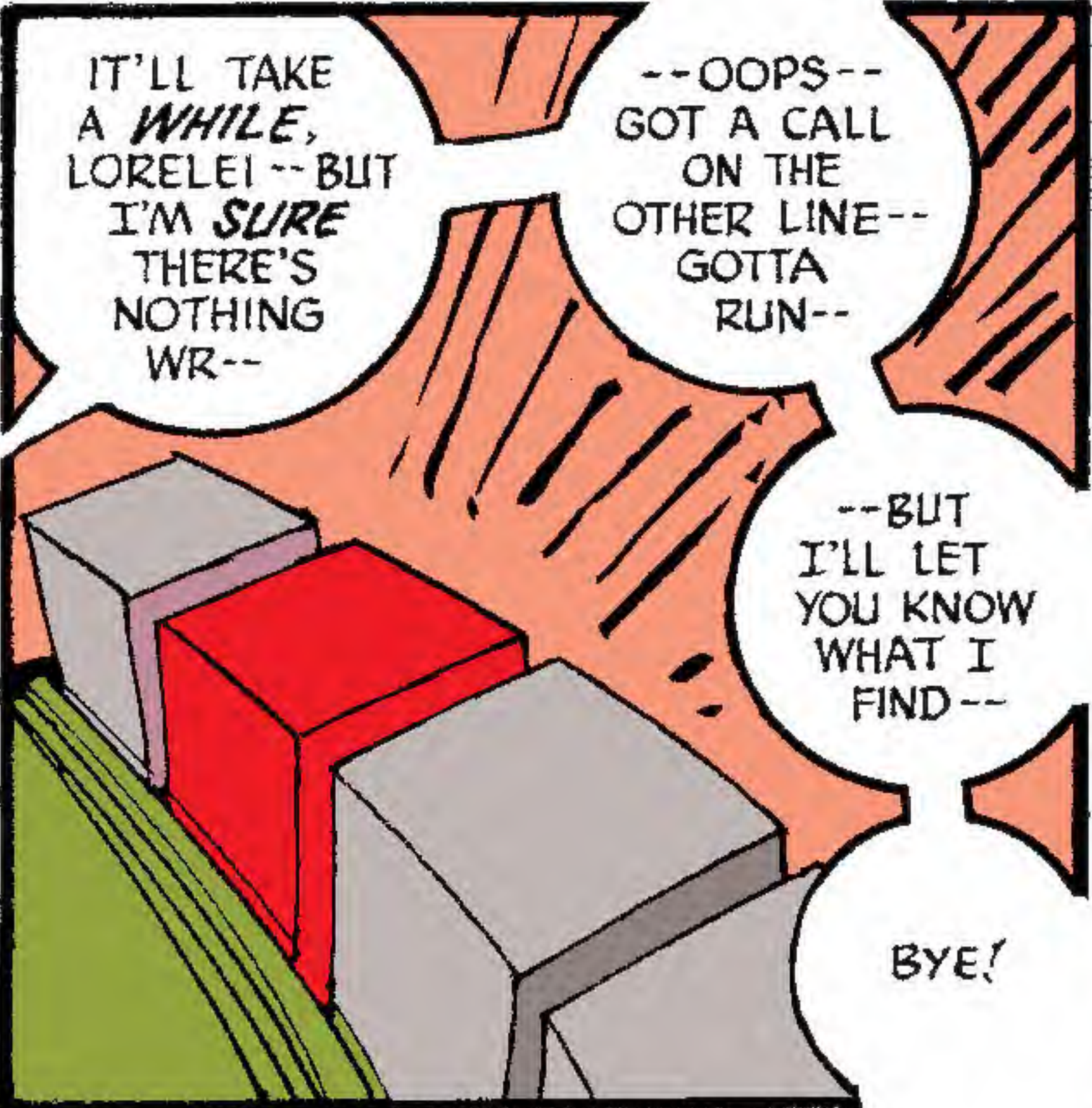
NAME	AGE
ABRAMS, JOHN	33
CANEIL, FRANK	24
ERICSON, JOSHUA	28
FIELDS, MARYANN	27
HYCOFF, LILLIAN	44
KELOID, DESMOND	53
MORRIS, HAROLD	43
PERNOD, JACQUES	21
RAYMOND, WILLARD	36
REN, ALBERT	30

LIST DONE

! SORT REQUEST? Y

TRY THE OCC-SORT...

PLEASE WAIT



IT'LL TAKE A WHILE, LORELEI-- BUT I'M SURE THERE'S NOTHING WR--

--OOPS-- GOT A CALL ON THE OTHER LINE-- GOTTA RUN--

--BUT I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHAT I FIND--

BYE!



LOCKHEART, CRIME STATISTICS DIVISION--

OH, HI, HARRY-- YES, I'M FINE-- HE'S FINE--

EVERYONE'S FI--

UH, DAD-- GOTTA RUN--

Window Search Format Font

SORT COMMENCE

OCC BODYWORKS: COMPLETE

LISTING...

ABRAMS, J... COMP SYSTEMS ENGINEER NISSETCO

CANEIL, F... COMP SYSTEMS DESIGNER NISSETCO

ERICSON, J... MICROCHIP DESIGNER... NISSETCO

FIELDS, M... MARKETING DIRECTOR... NISSETCO

HYCOFF, L... COMP SOFTWARE DESIGN NISSETCO

KELOID, D... COMP SYSTEMS PROGRAM NISSETCO

MORRIS, H... SR UP CONSUMER DIV... NISSETCO

PERNOD, J... COMP SOFTWARE DESIGN NISSETCO

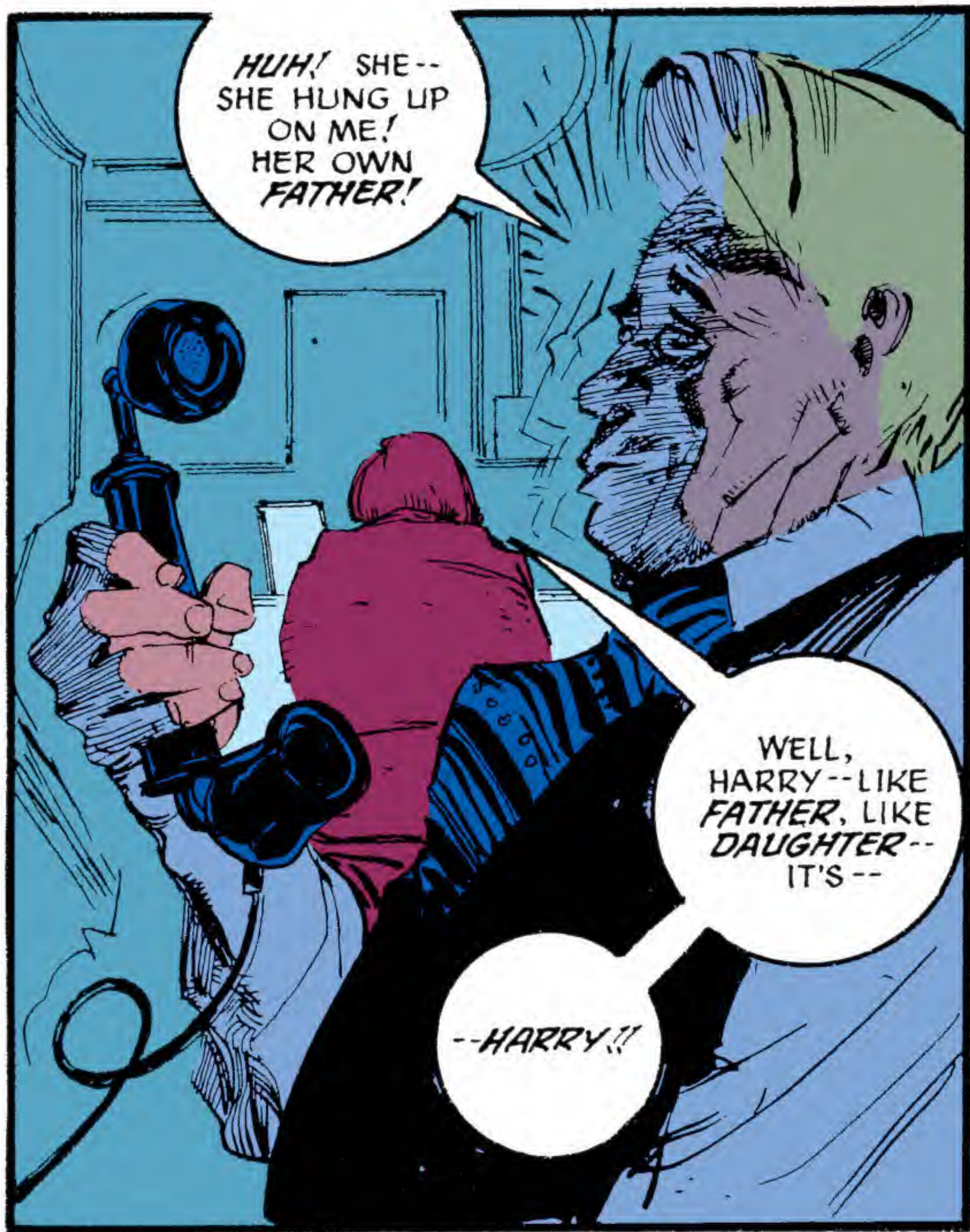
RAYMOND, W... COMP SYSTEMS PROGRAM NISSETCO

REN, A... NEURAL SYSTEM ANALYST NISSETCO

LISTING COMPLETE...

NEXT SORT?

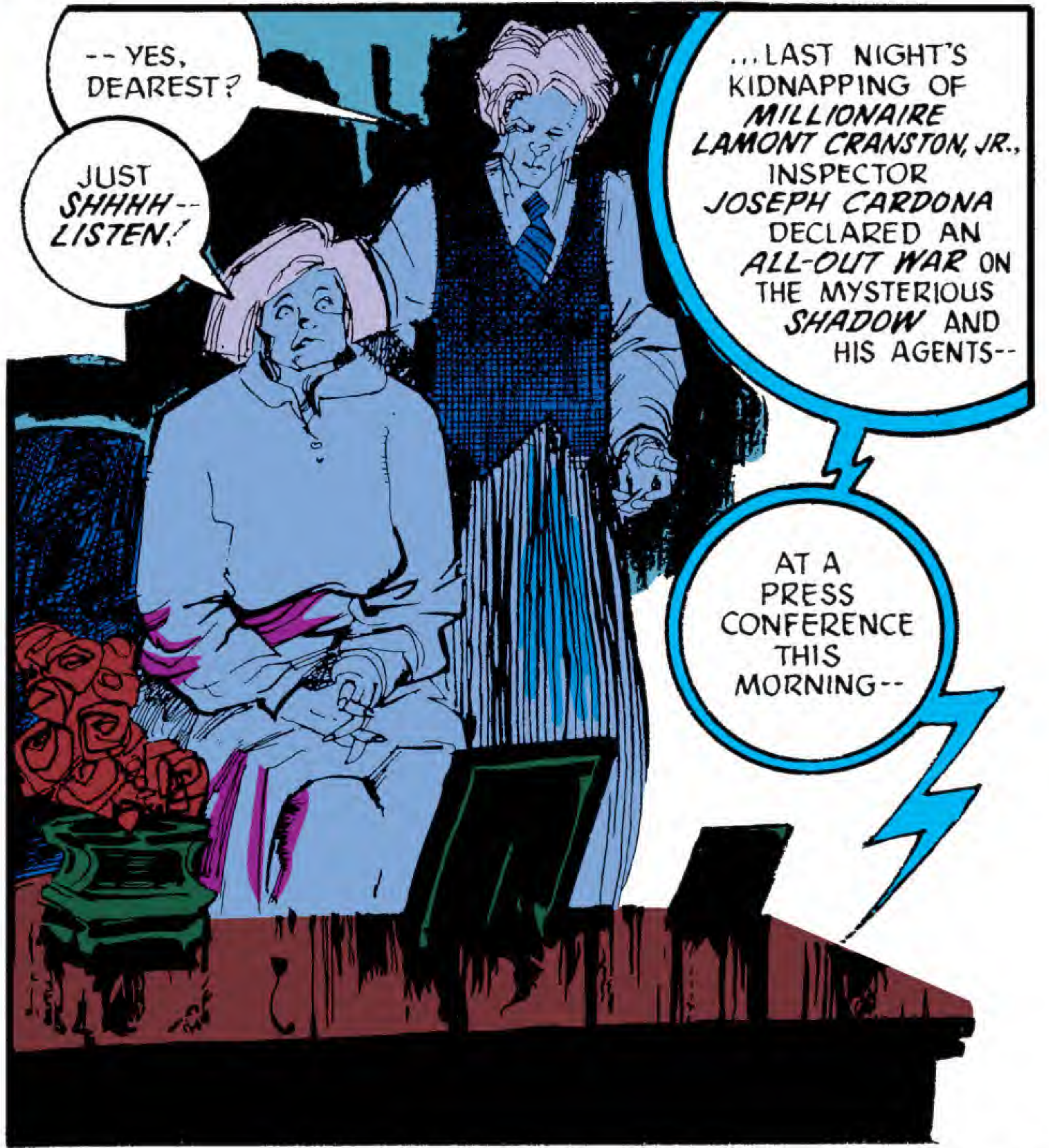




HUH! SHE--  
SHE HUNG UP  
ON ME!  
HER OWN  
FATHER!

WELL,  
HARRY--LIKE  
FATHER. LIKE  
DAUGHTER--  
IT'S--

--HARRY!!

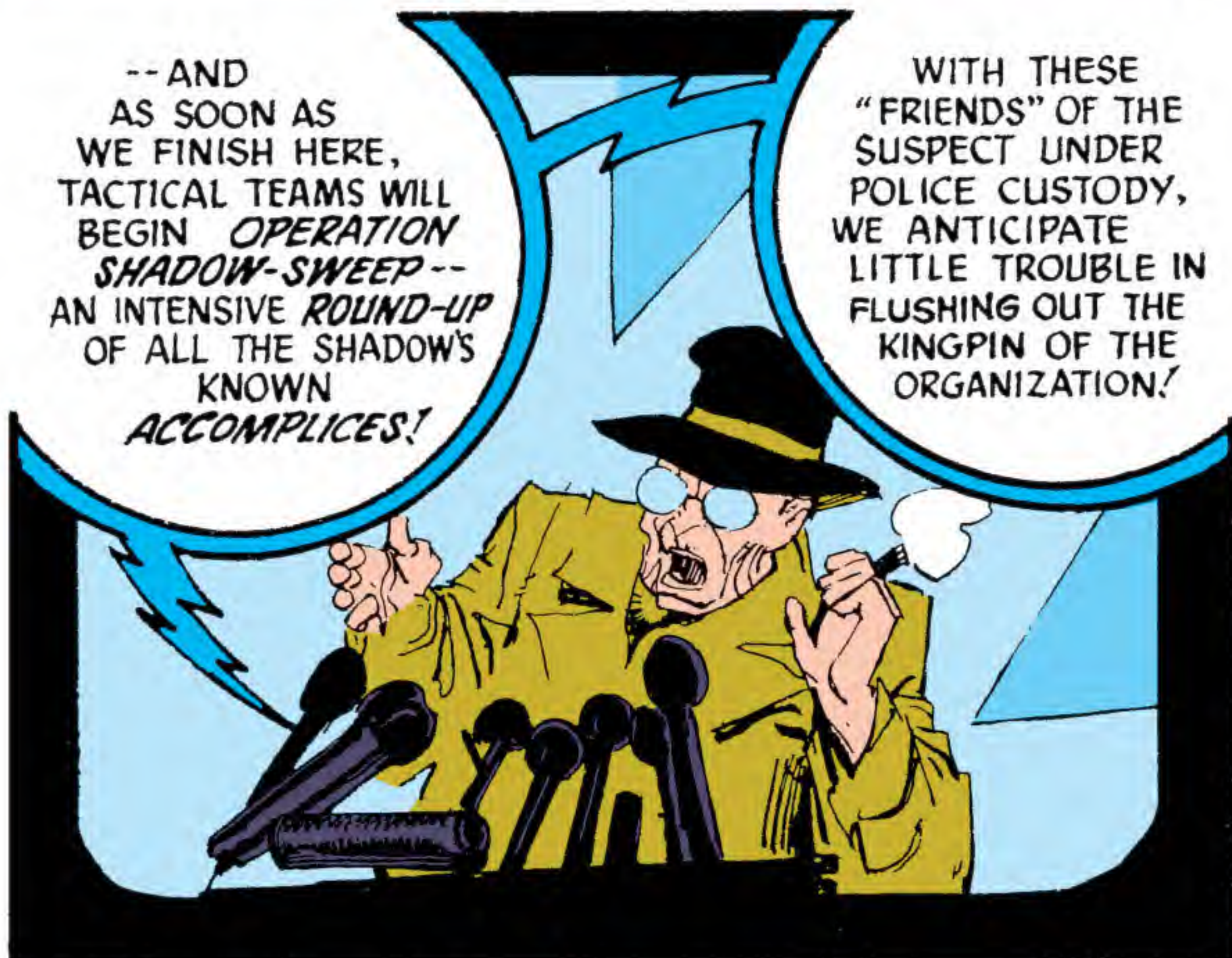


-- YES,  
DEAREST?

JUST  
SHHHH--  
LISTEN!

...LAST NIGHT'S  
KIDNAPPING OF  
MILLIONAIRE  
LAMONT CRANSTON, JR.,  
INSPECTOR  
JOSEPH CARDONA  
DECLARED AN  
ALL-OUT WAR ON  
THE MYSTERIOUS  
SHADOW AND  
HIS AGENTS--

AT A  
PRESS  
CONFERENCE  
THIS  
MORNING--



--AND  
AS SOON AS  
WE FINISH HERE,  
TACTICAL TEAMS WILL  
BEGIN *OPERATION  
SHADOW-SWEEP*--  
AN INTENSIVE *ROUND-UP*  
OF ALL THE SHADOW'S  
KNOWN  
ACCOMPLICES!

WITH THESE  
"FRIENDS" OF THE  
SUSPECT UNDER  
POLICE CUSTODY,  
WE ANTICIPATE  
LITTLE TROUBLE IN  
FLUSHING OUT THE  
KINGPIN OF THE  
ORGANIZATION!



THAT *BASTARD!*  
HE *KNOWS* MOST OF  
US FROM THE OLD DAYS.  
HE MUST KNOW  
*EXACTLY* WHERE  
TO LOOK FOR  
US--

WE'VE  
GOT TO GET  
OUT OF HERE,  
MARGO--  
BEFORE--



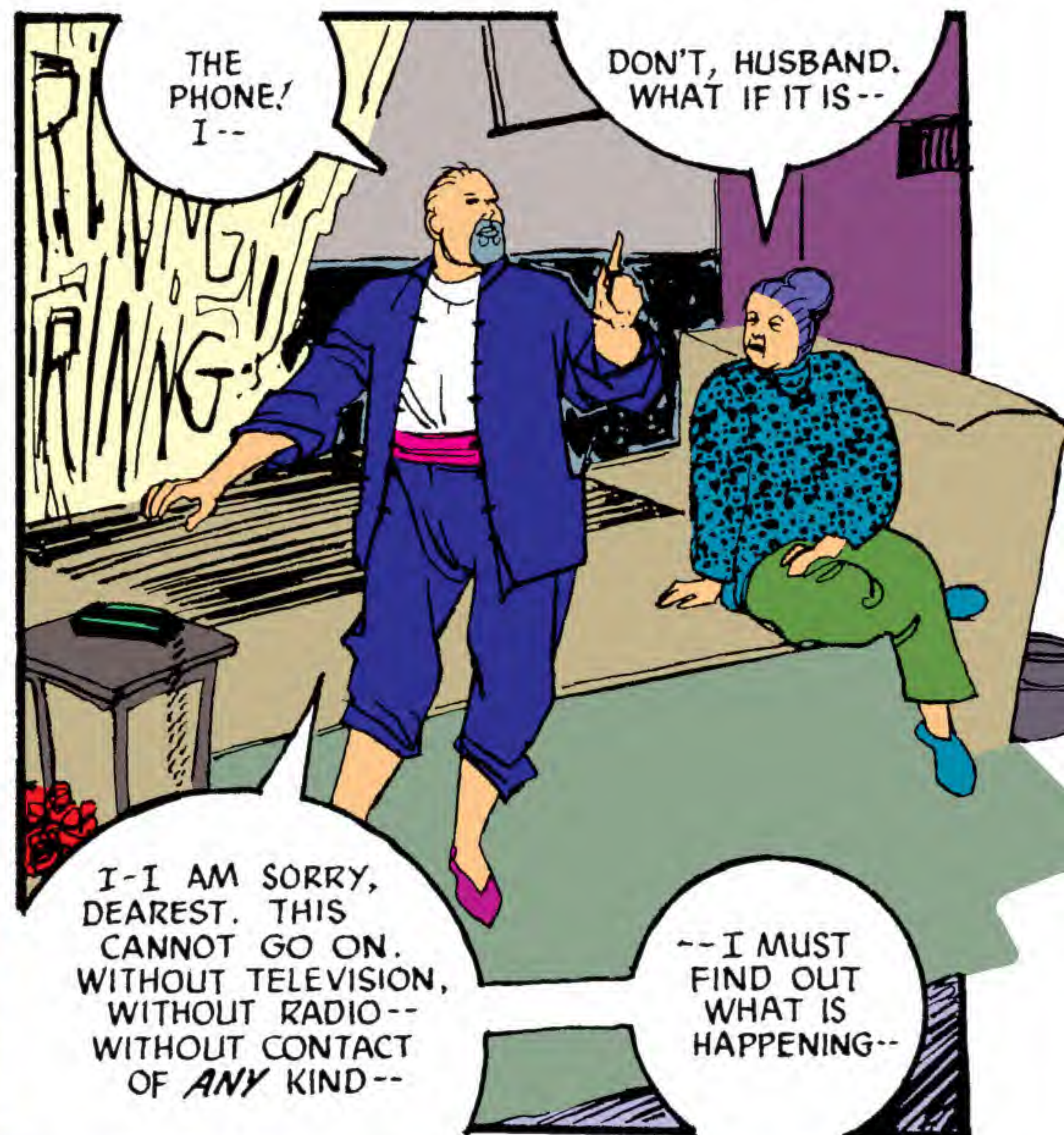
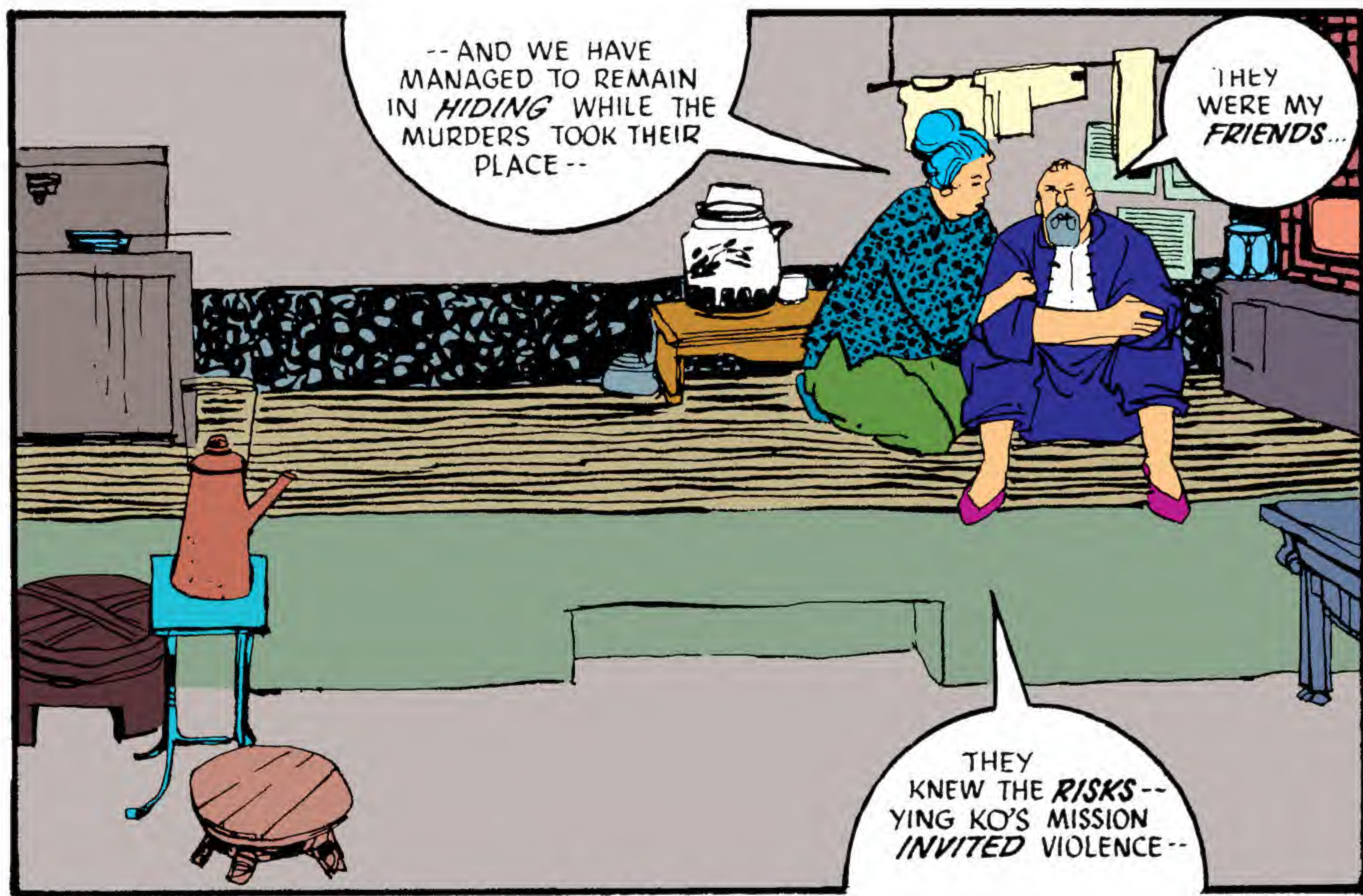
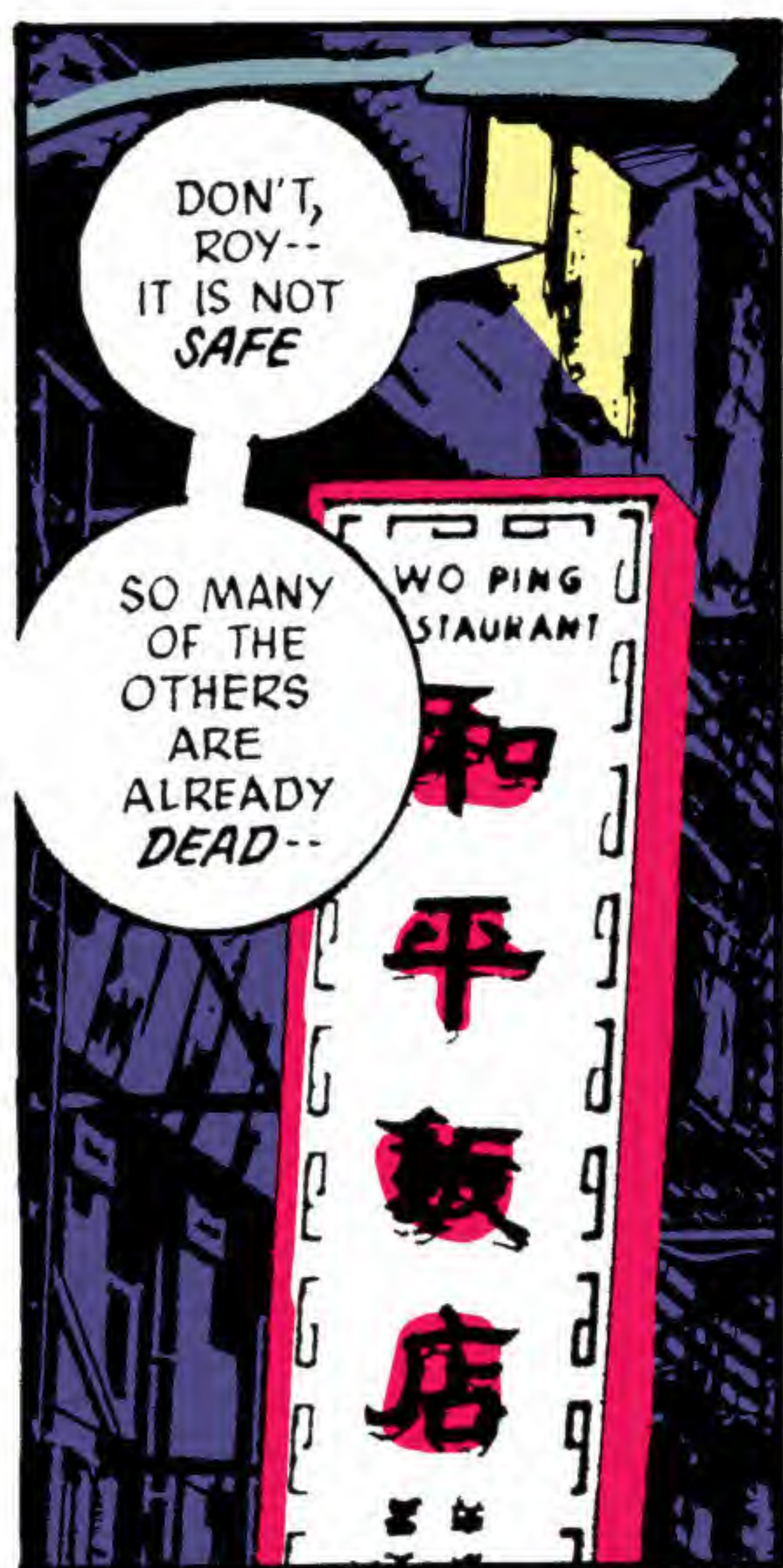
-- THEY--



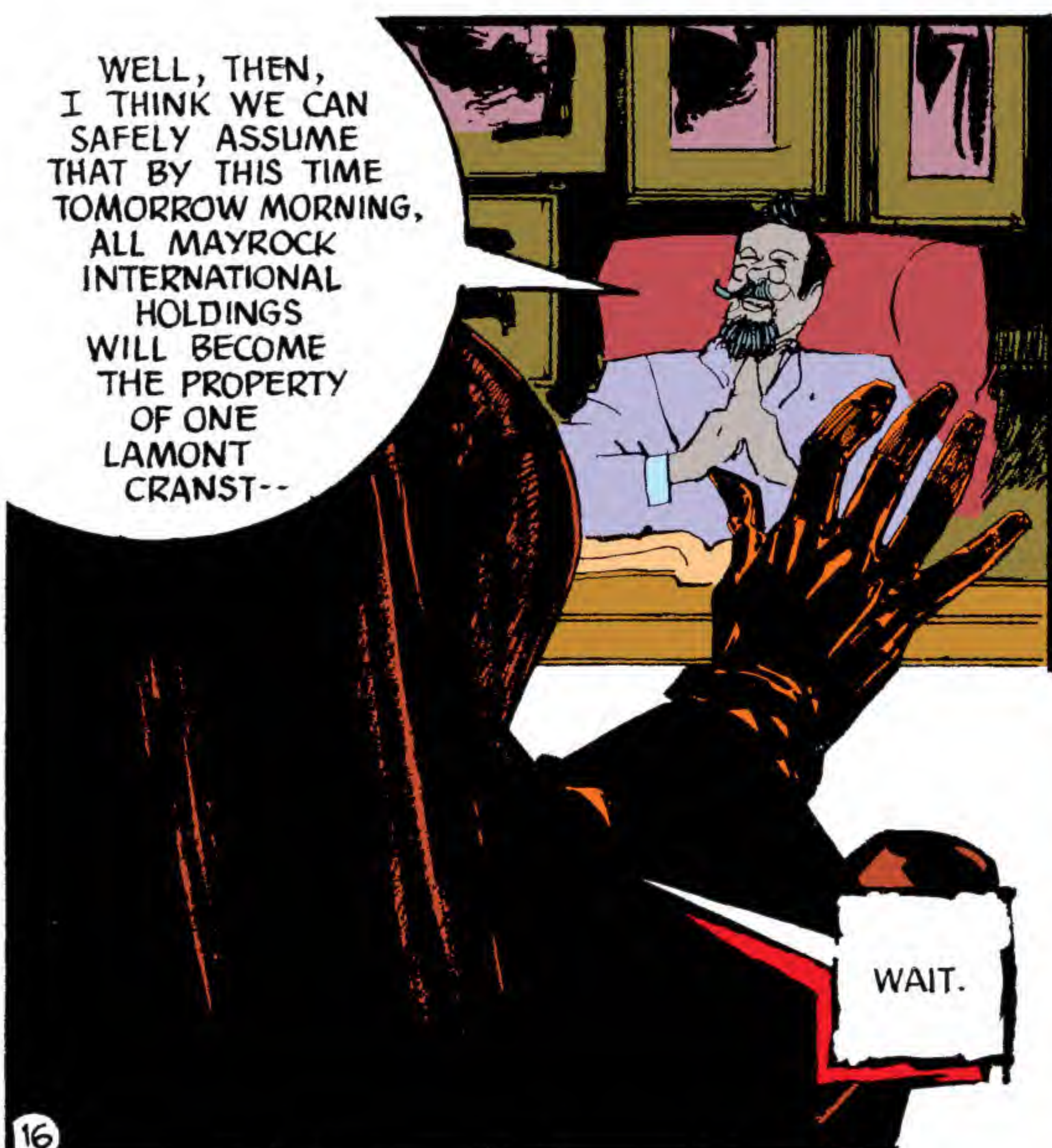
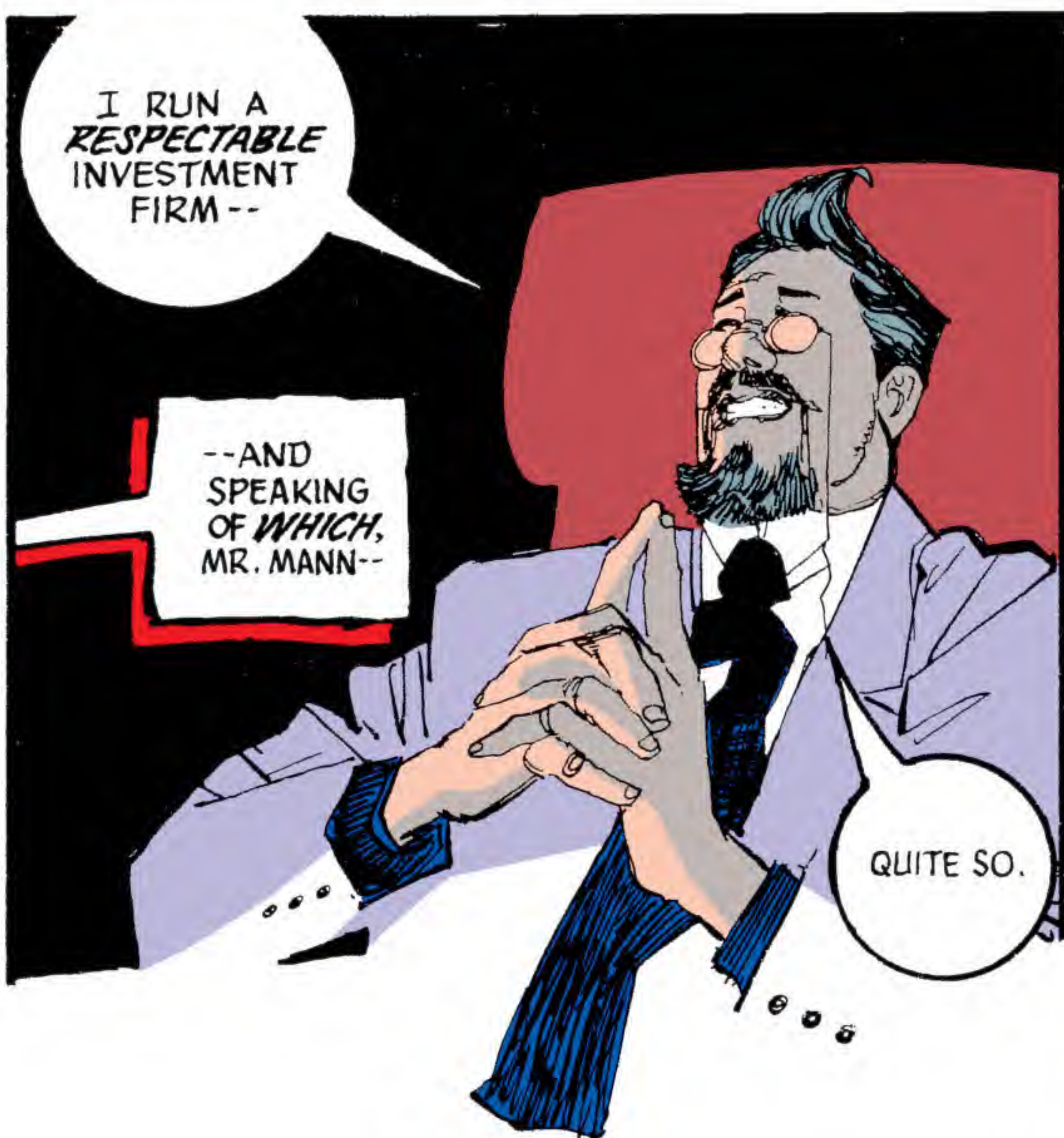
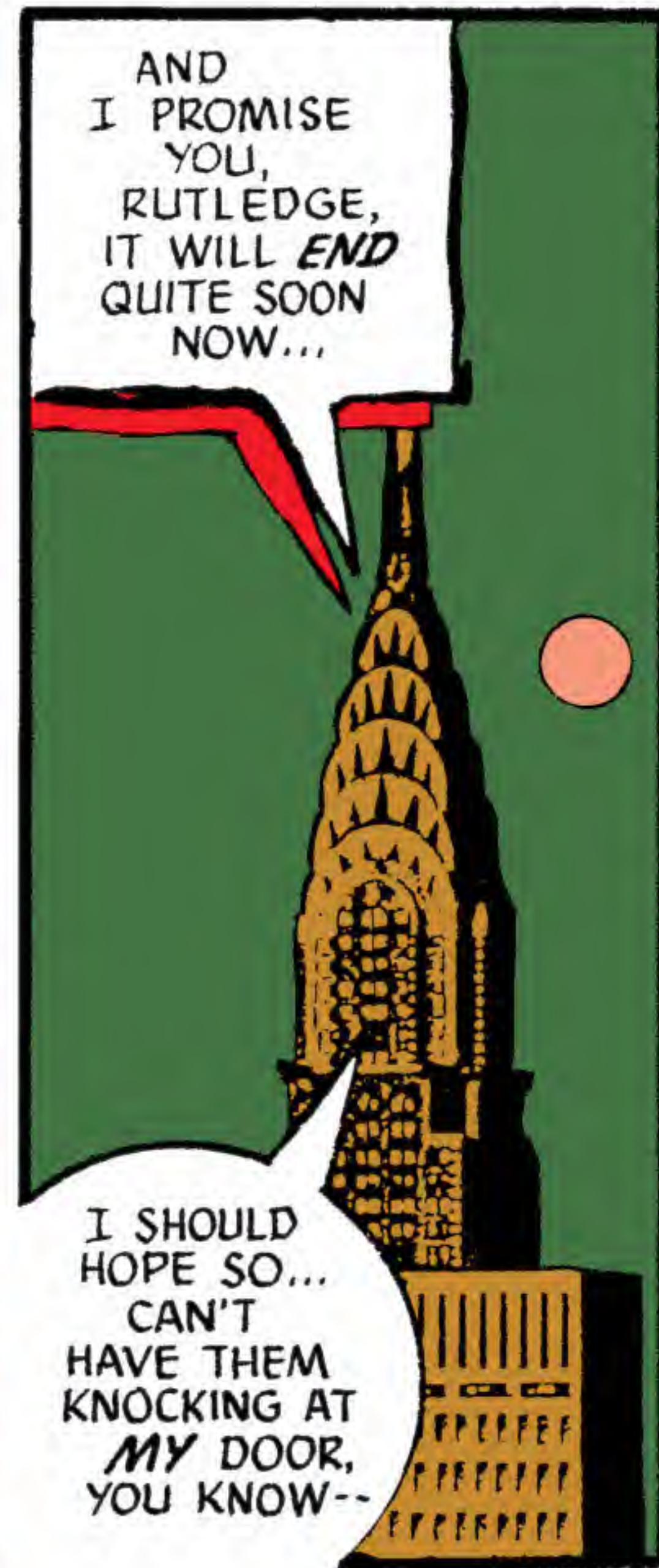
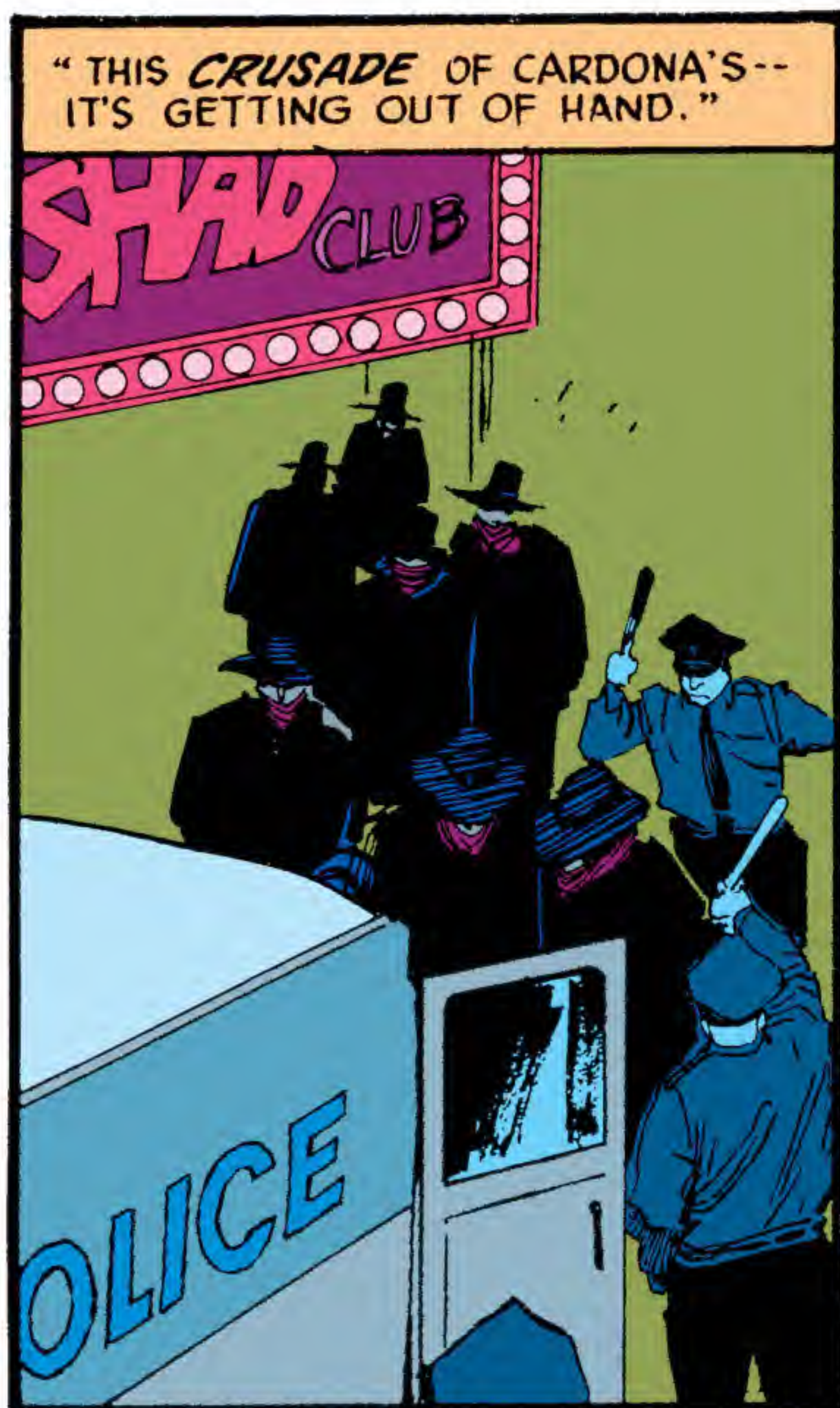
-- ARRIVE...

OH FOR  
HEAVEN'S  
SAKE...











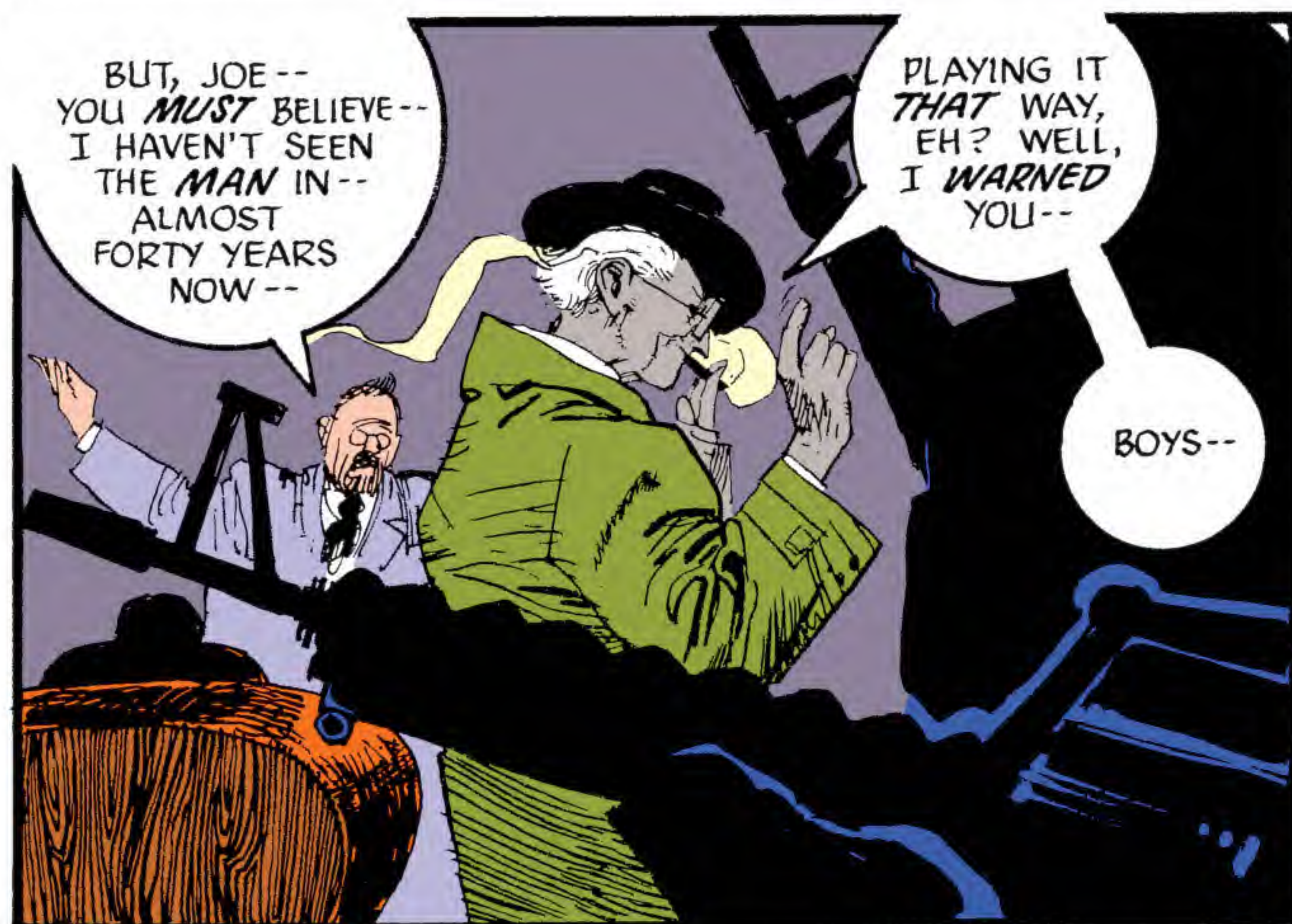


WHY,  
AS I LIVE  
AND  
BREATHE!

JOE CARDONA!  
HOW HAVE YOU  
BEEN? AND  
WHAT BRINGS  
*YOU* HERE  
AT THIS  
UNGODLY--

CUT  
THE CRAP,  
MANN!  
YOU KNOW  
WHY I'M HERE--  
WHO I'M  
LOOKING  
FOR--

-- AND UNLESS  
YOU WANT  
TO JOIN YOUR  
*BUDDIES*  
DOWNTOWN--



BUT, JOE--  
YOU *MUST* BELIEVE--  
I HAVEN'T SEEN  
THE *MAN* IN--  
ALMOST  
FORTY YEARS  
NOW--

PLAYING IT  
*THAT* WAY,  
EH? WELL,  
I *WARNED*  
YOU--

BOYS--



THAT'S  
NOT  
NECESSARY,  
JOE...

RUTLEDGE MANN  
SPEAKS THE *TRUTH*--  
HE KNOWS *NOTHING*  
ABOUT THE *SHADOW*.  
SEEK HIM  
*ELSEWHERE*  
IF  
YOU WISH--

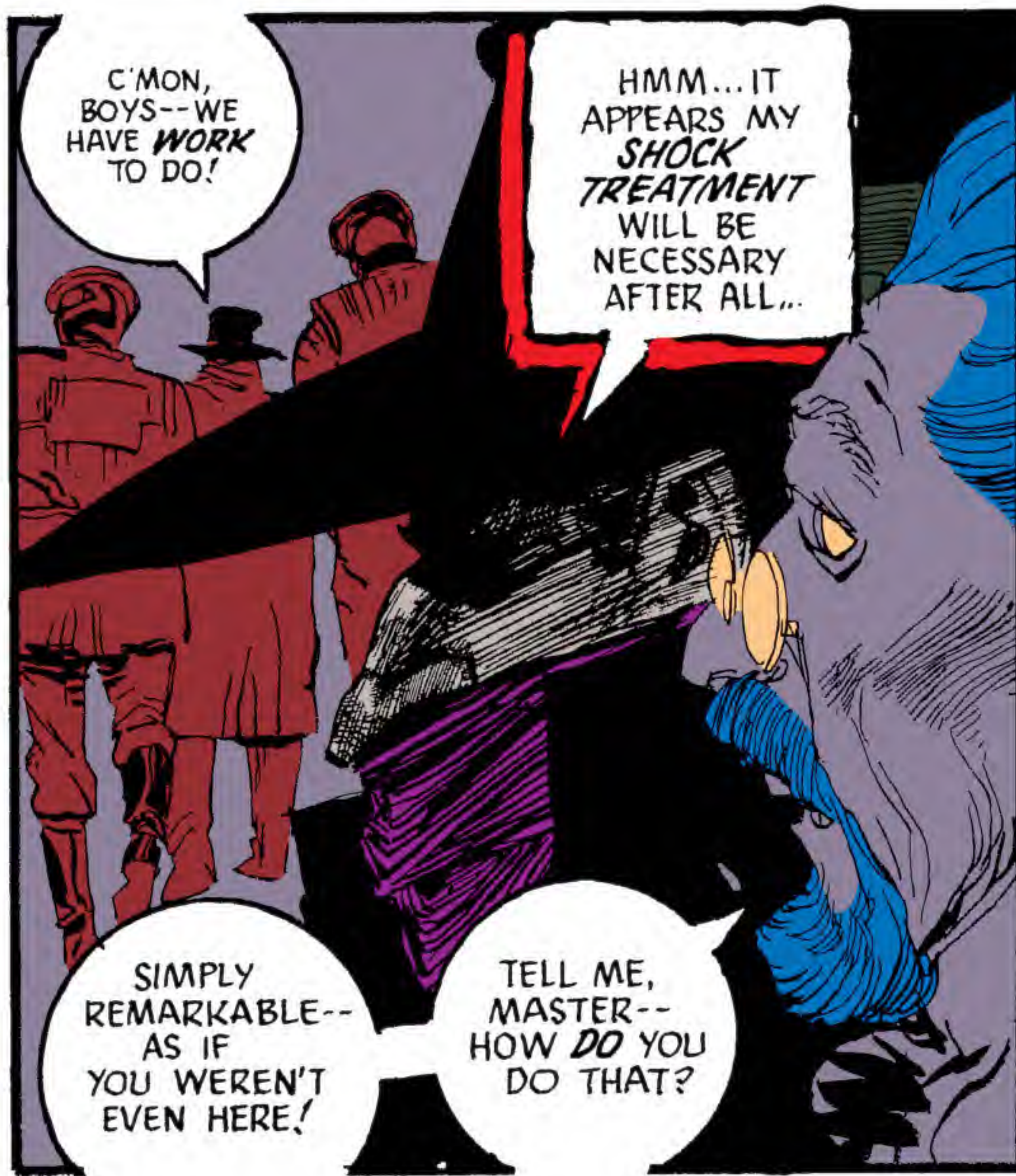
I--I--

--BUT  
STEER  
CLEAR OF  
*HERE*...



YES,  
MAS--

*AHEMN!*  
WELL,  
SORRY TO HAVE  
*BOTHERED*  
YOU,  
RUTLEDGE...  
WE'LL HAVE THAT  
*DOOR*  
FIXED UP  
FIRST THING  
IN THE  
MORNING--



C'MON,  
BOYS--WE  
HAVE *WORK*  
TO DO!

HMM...IT  
APPEARS MY  
*SHOCK*  
*TREATMENT*  
WILL BE  
NECESSARY  
AFTER ALL...

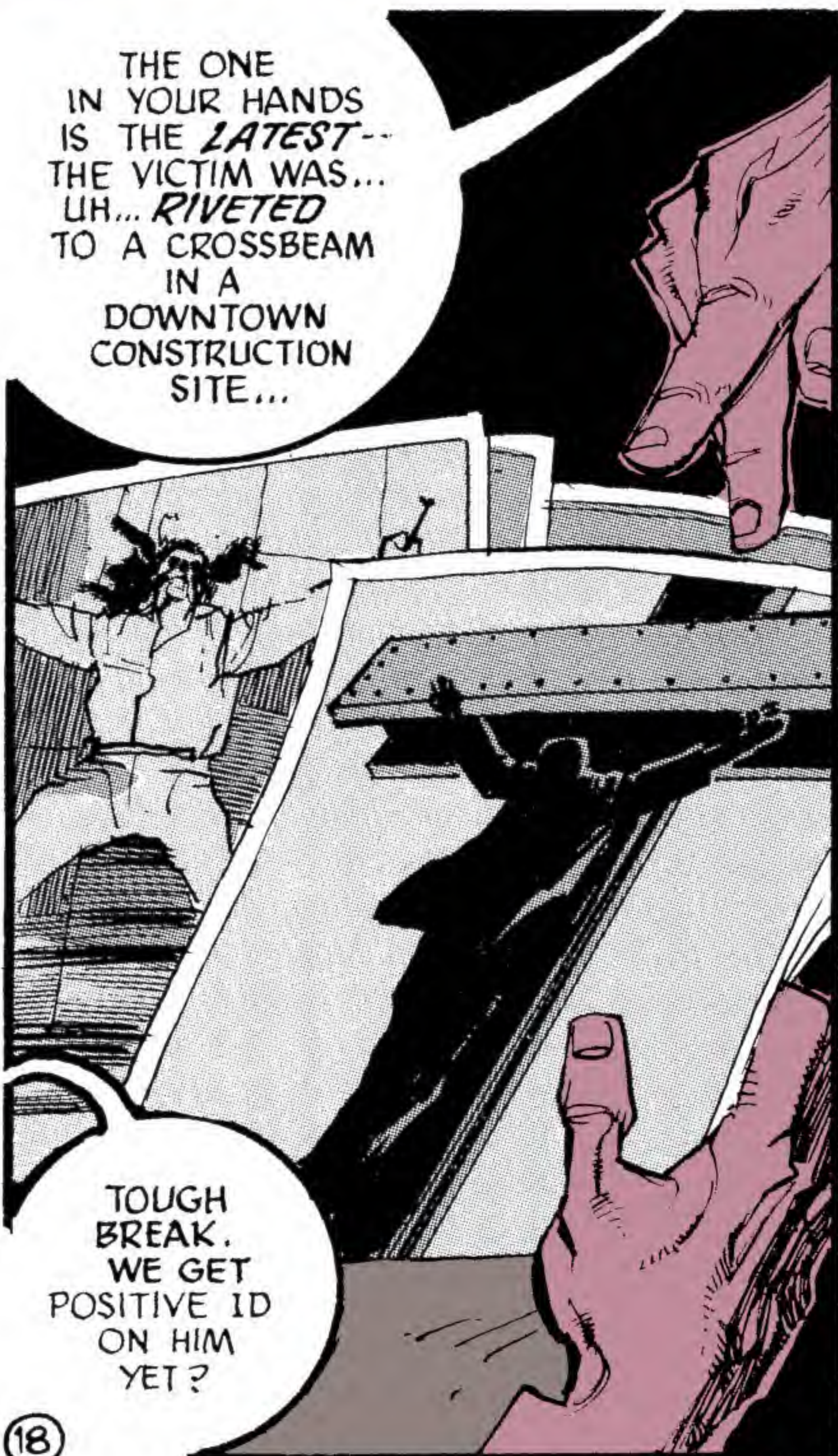
SIMPLY  
REMARKABLE--  
AS IF  
YOU WEREN'T  
EVEN HERE!

TELL ME,  
MASTER--  
HOW *DO* YOU  
DO THAT?

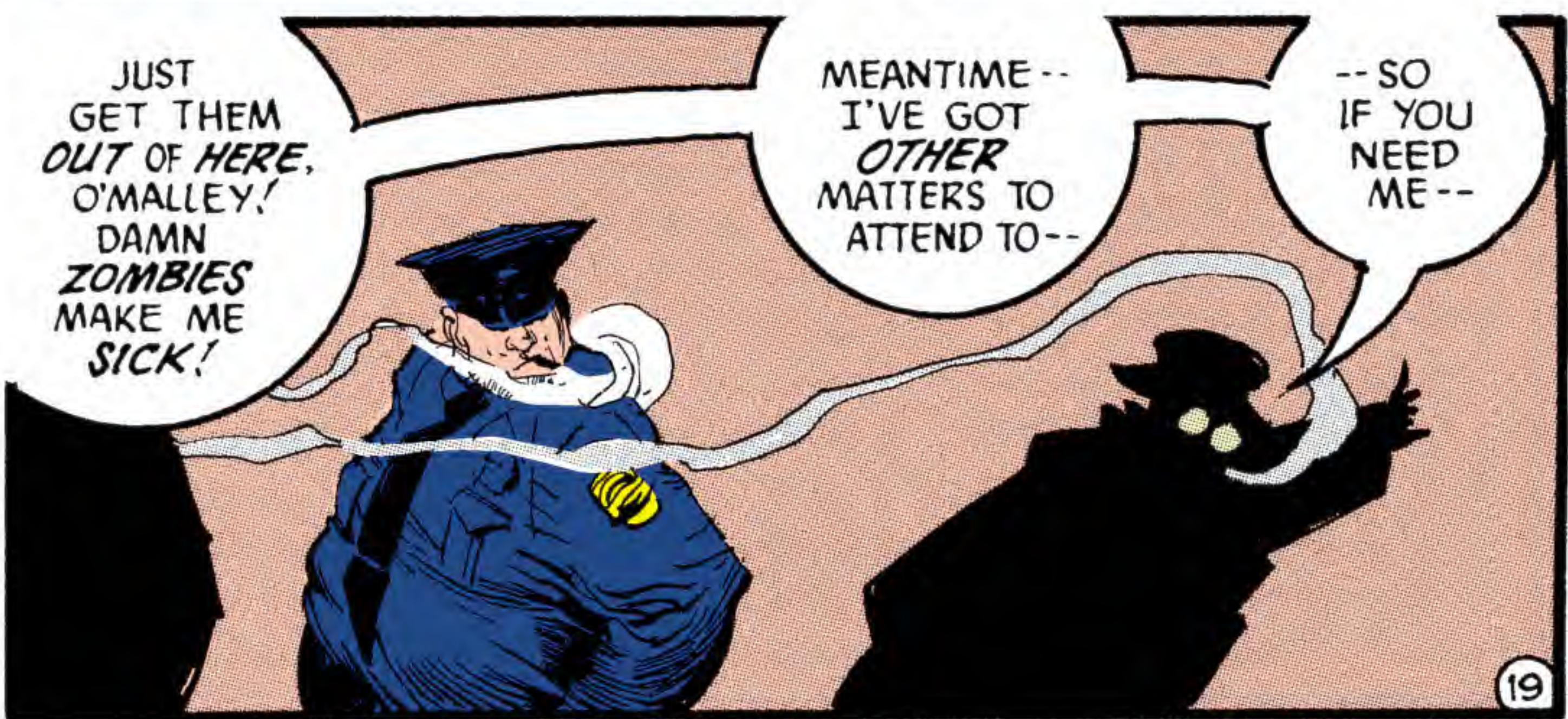
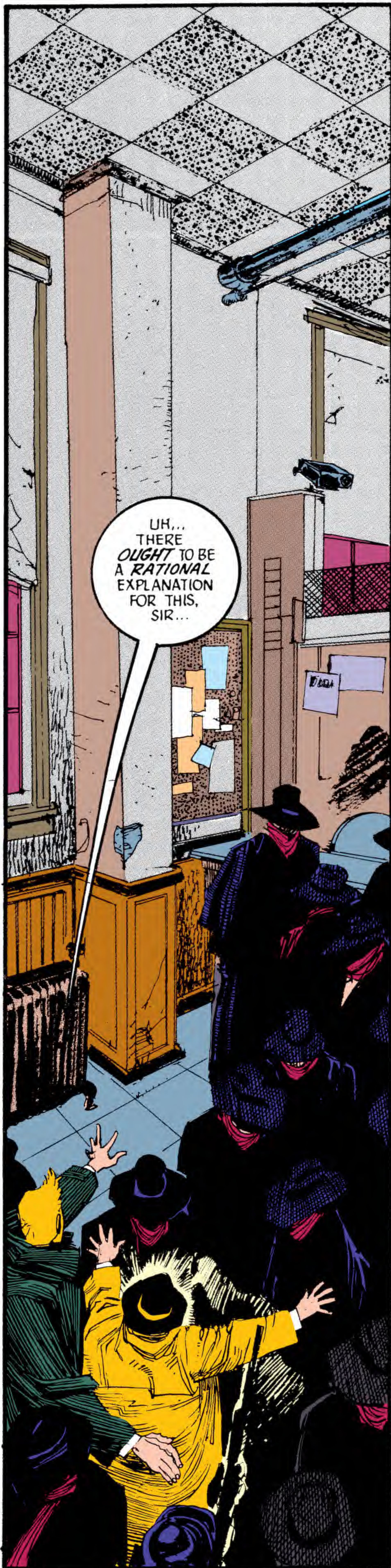


PRACTICE...











--I'M IN THE *MORGUE*--

--APPRECIATE YOU LEAVING YOUR MEN OUTSIDE, INSPECTOR. AS YOU CAN SEE, IT ALREADY IS A BIT... *CROWDED* IN HERE...

FORENSICS UNIT

--YEAH, JOBSEN-- AND IT *STINKS* IN HERE, TOO--

CAN'T YOU DO *ANYTHING* ABOUT THAT *SMELL*-- WHAT THE *HELL* IS IT--?

IT'S, UH... A RATHER *NATURAL* ODOR, REALLY. DECAY, YOU SEE--IT'S UNAVOIDABLE IN THIS BUSINESS.

BUT THIS ROOM IS *AIRTIGHT*-- *SOUNDPROOF*, TOO, THOUGH THINGS ARE *ALWAYS* PRETTY *QUIET* IN HERE...

CHRIST.

NOW, LET'S SEE-- THIS IS THE ONE...

WORKED ON HIM *MYSELF*-- CRUCIFIXION, WITH A NEAT EYELID SLICE-- GETTING MORE COMMON EVERY DAY NOW--

~NNGGHHH~ THESE DRAWERS *STICK* SOMETIMES-- WHEN THE ~UGGH~ *GASES* BUILD UP--

MAX, GIVE MR. JOBSEN A HAND--

SURE, SIR--

OOOPS.

~UNNFFF~

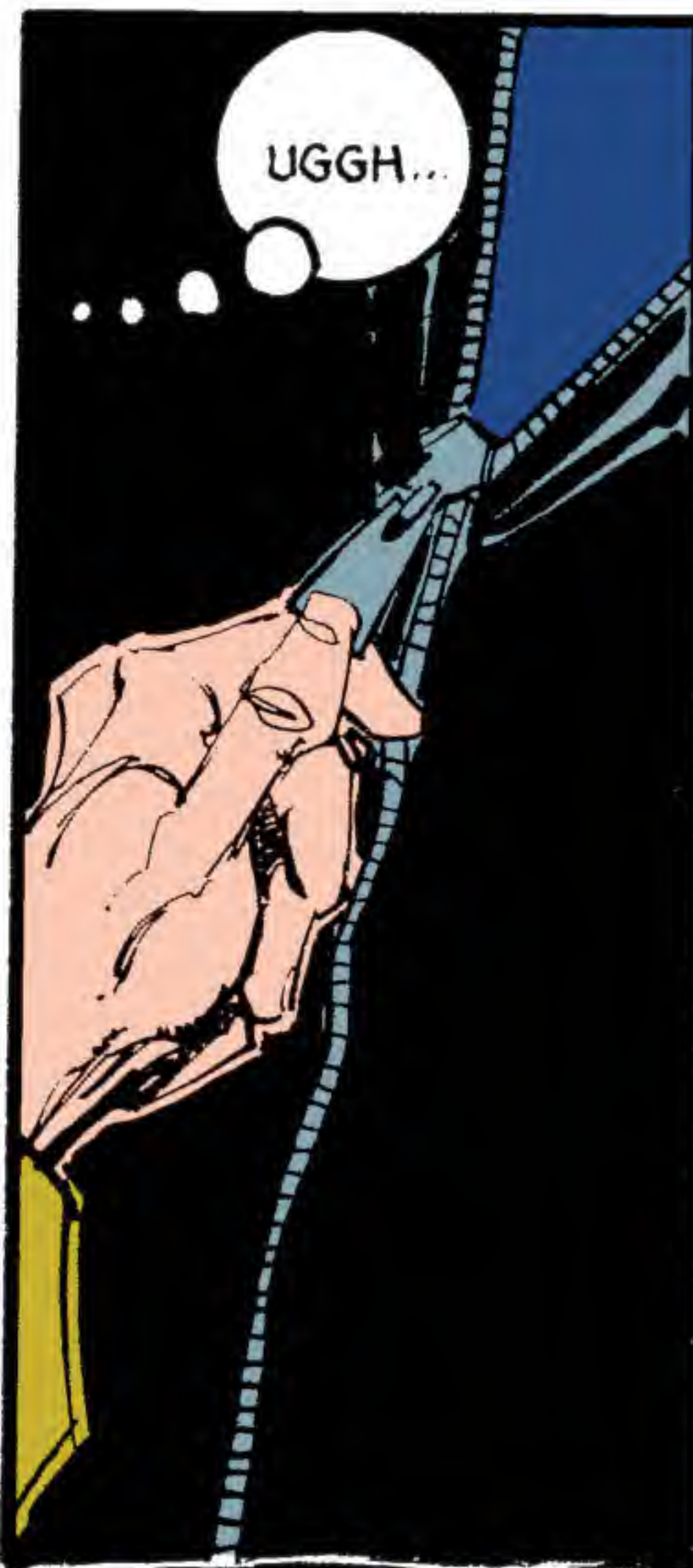
MAX, SOMETIMES I *WONDER* ABOUT YOU. *REALLY*.

YES, SIR...

I...UH... THINK I SHOULD GO AND GET SOME HELP.

DO THAT.

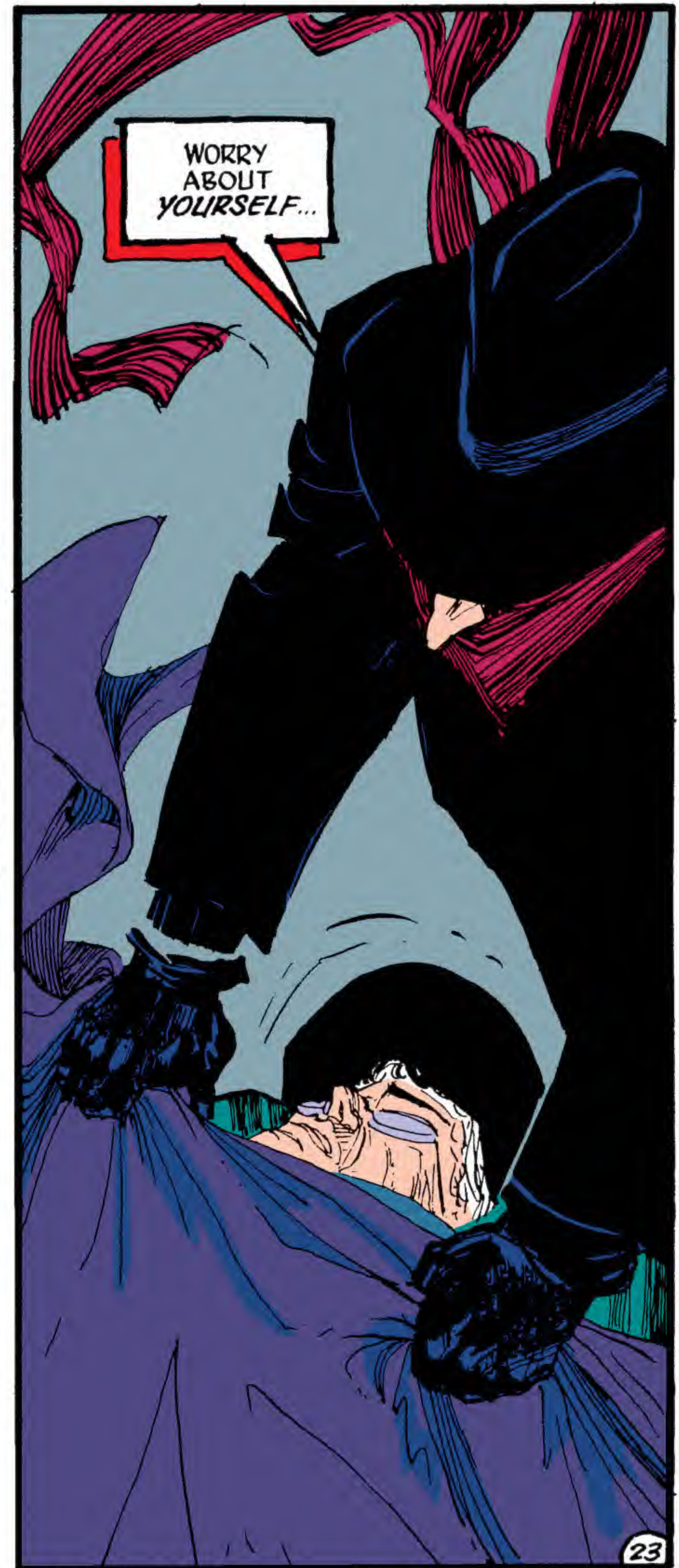
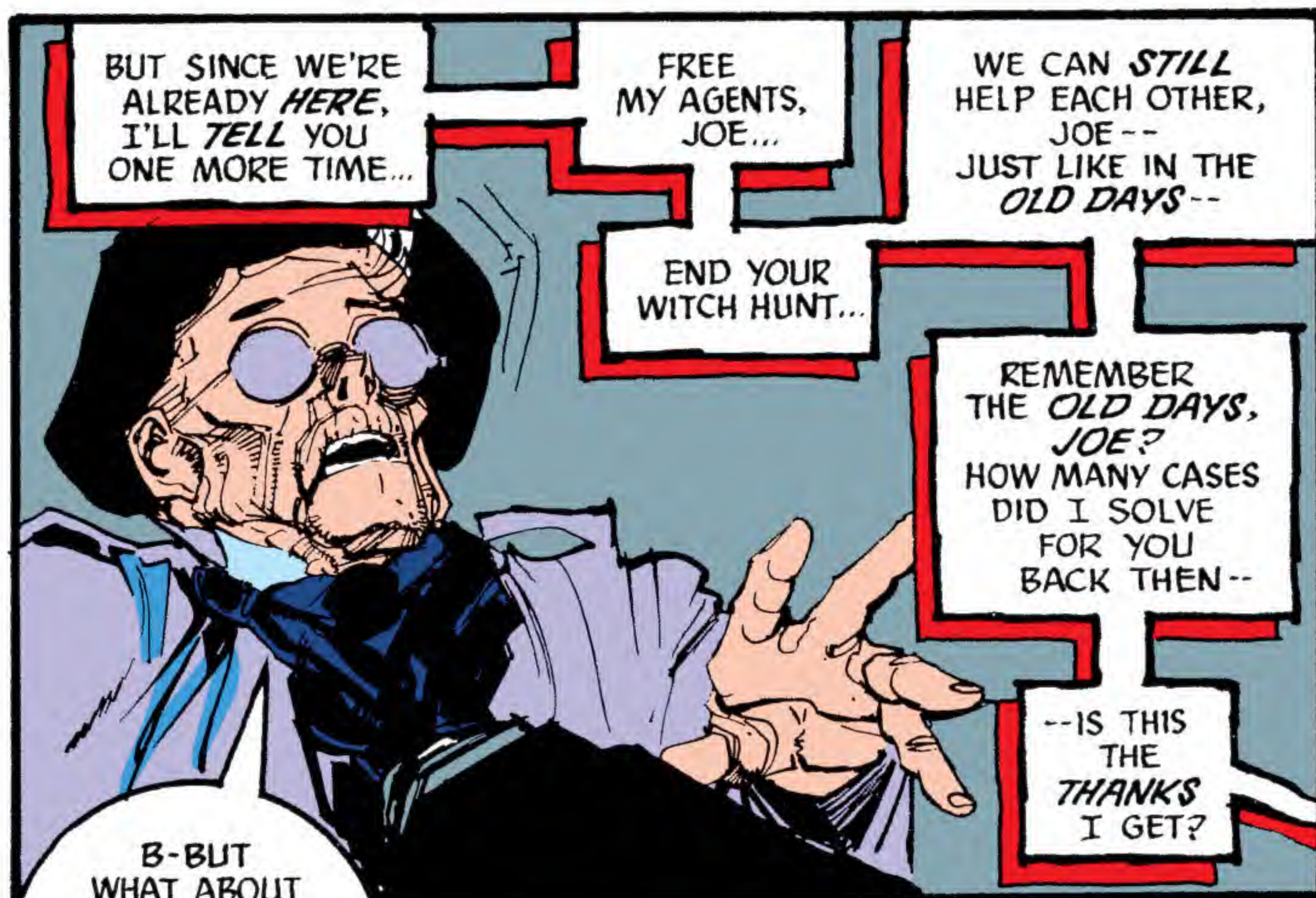




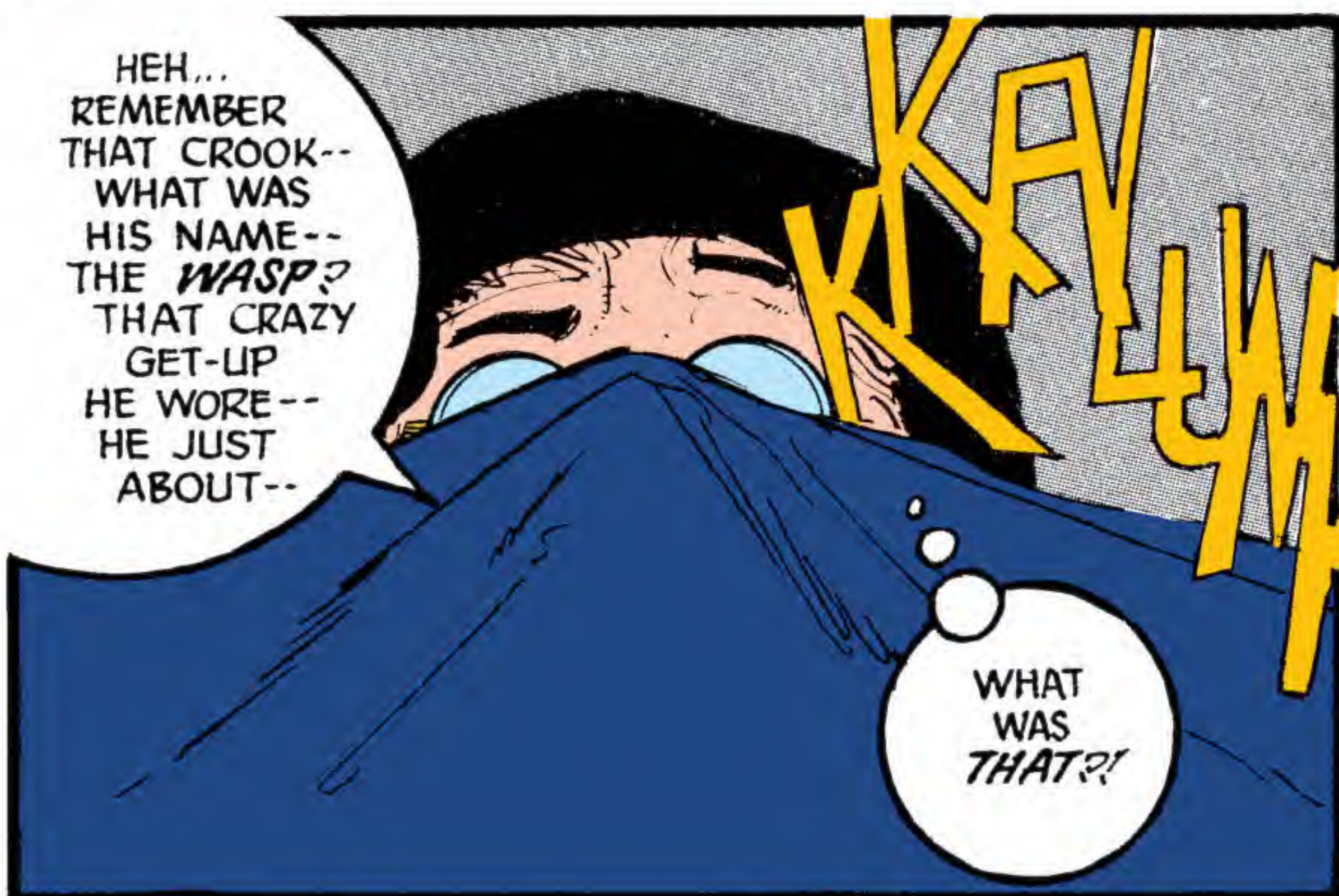




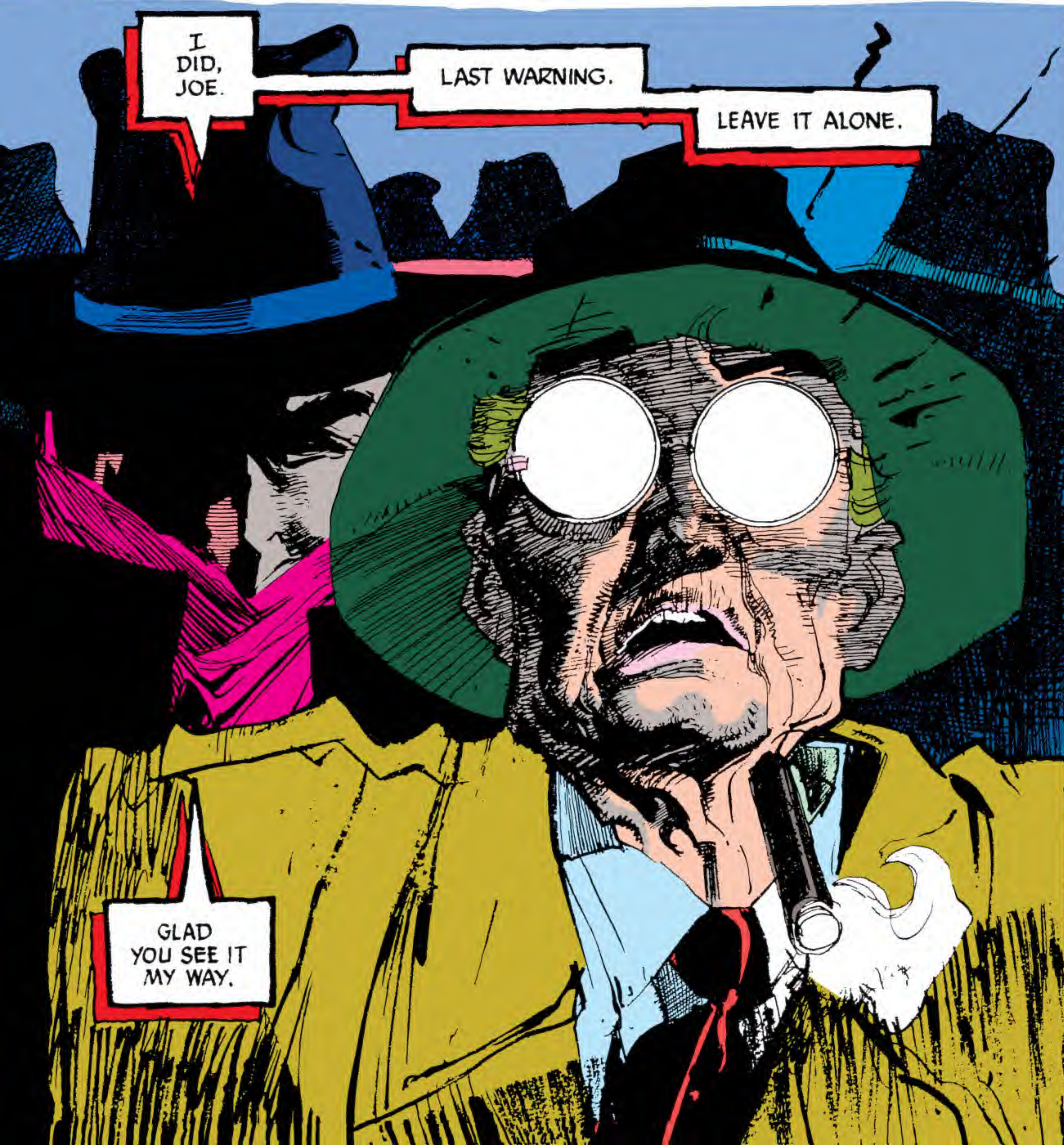




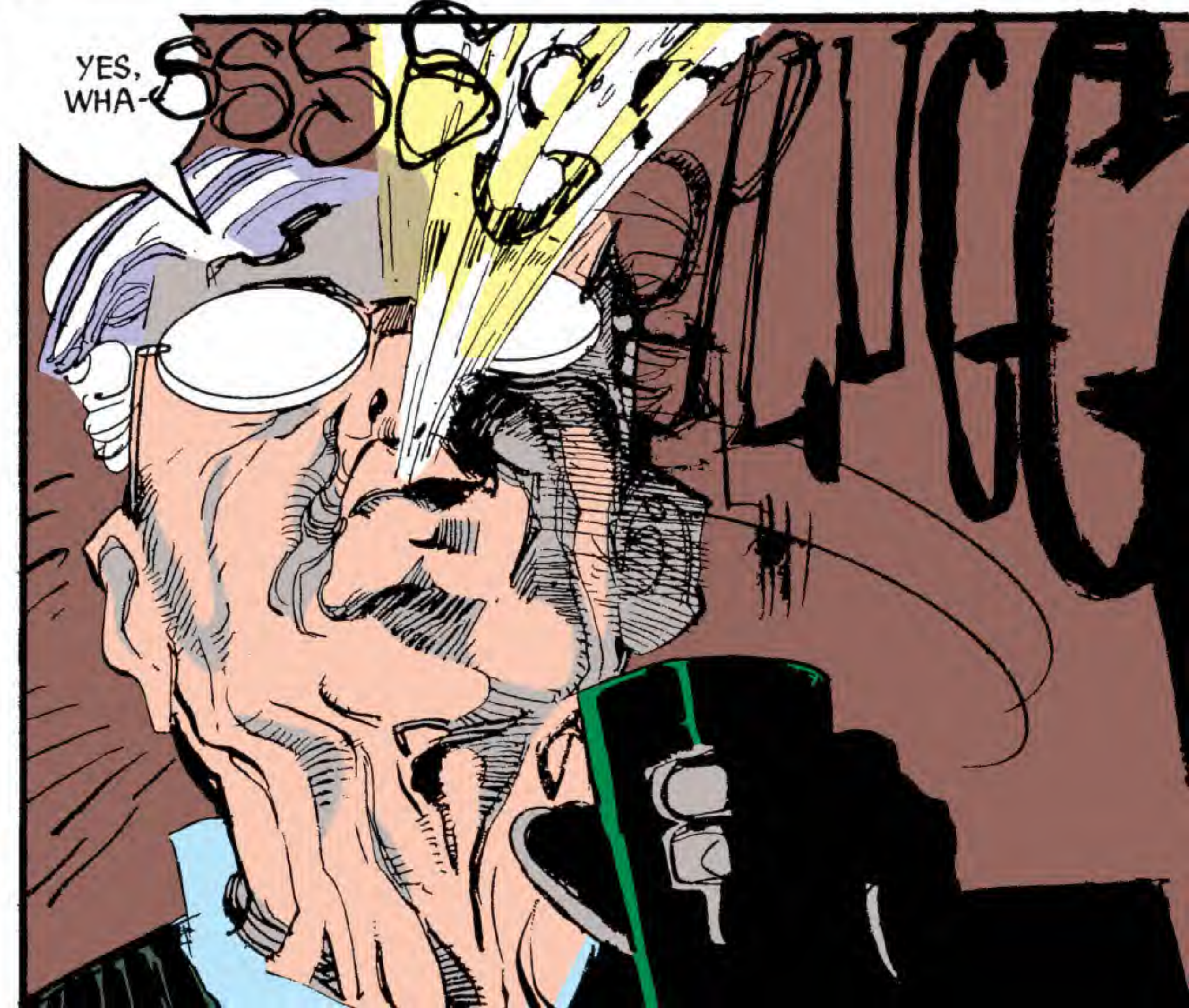
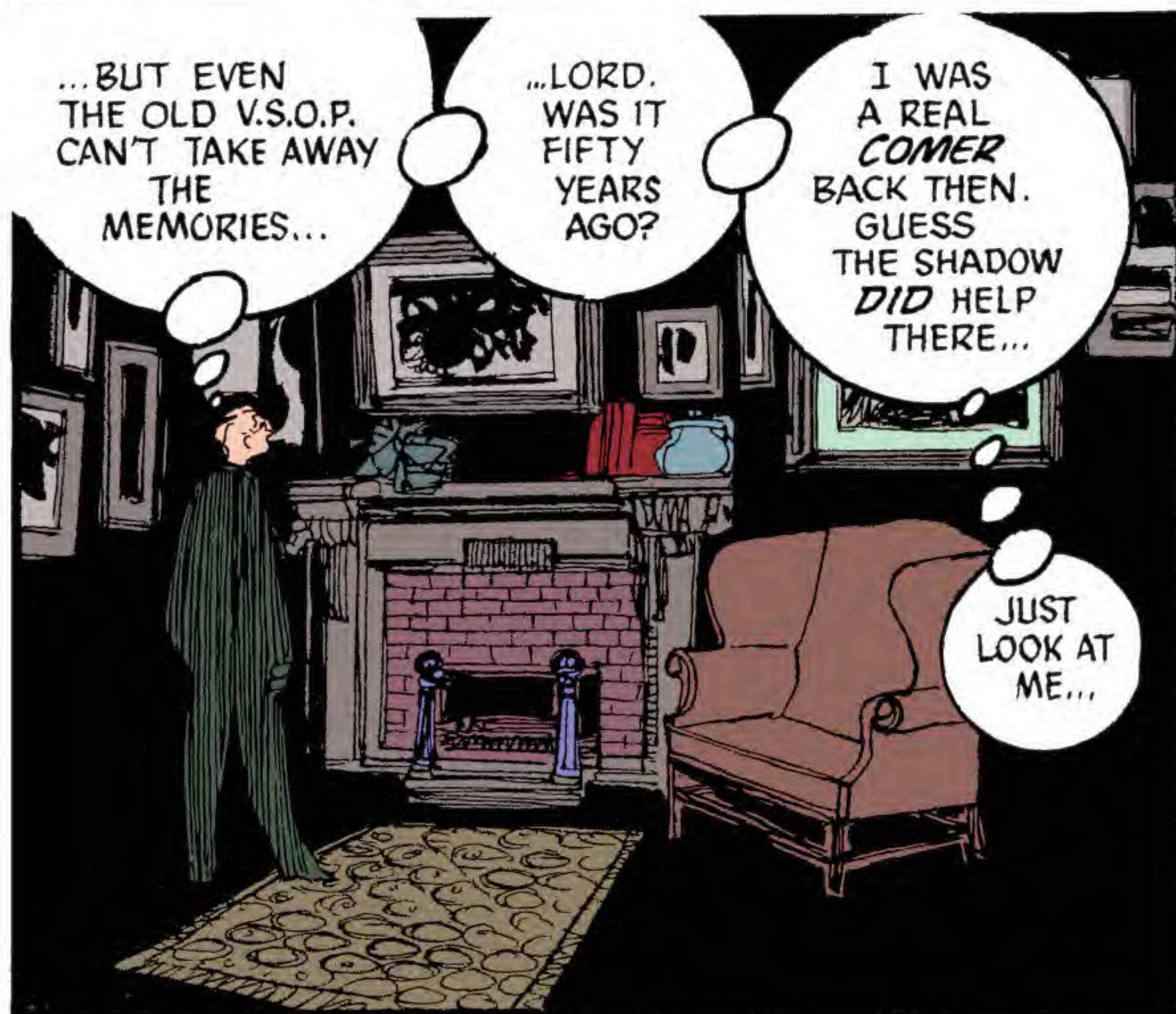
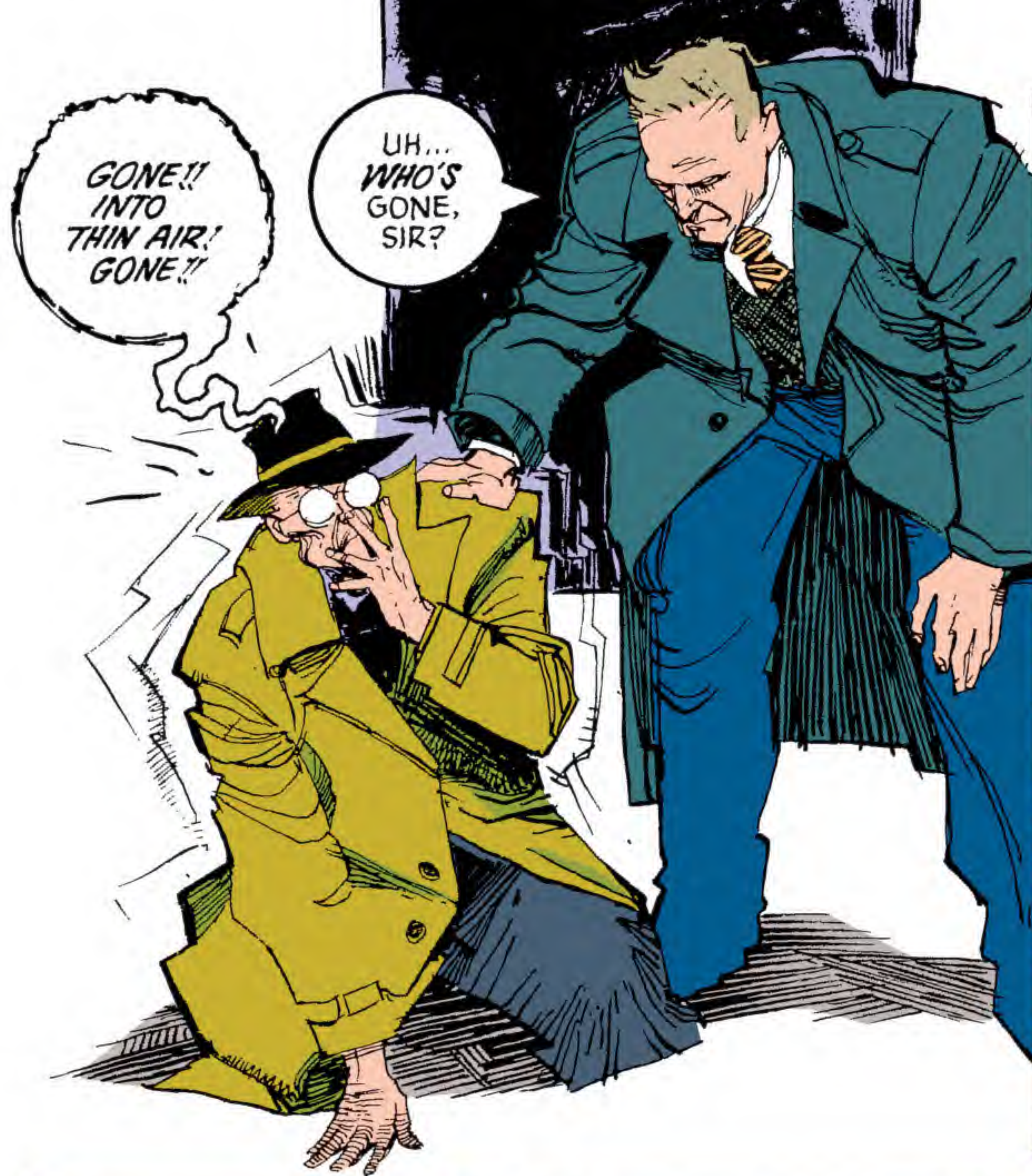








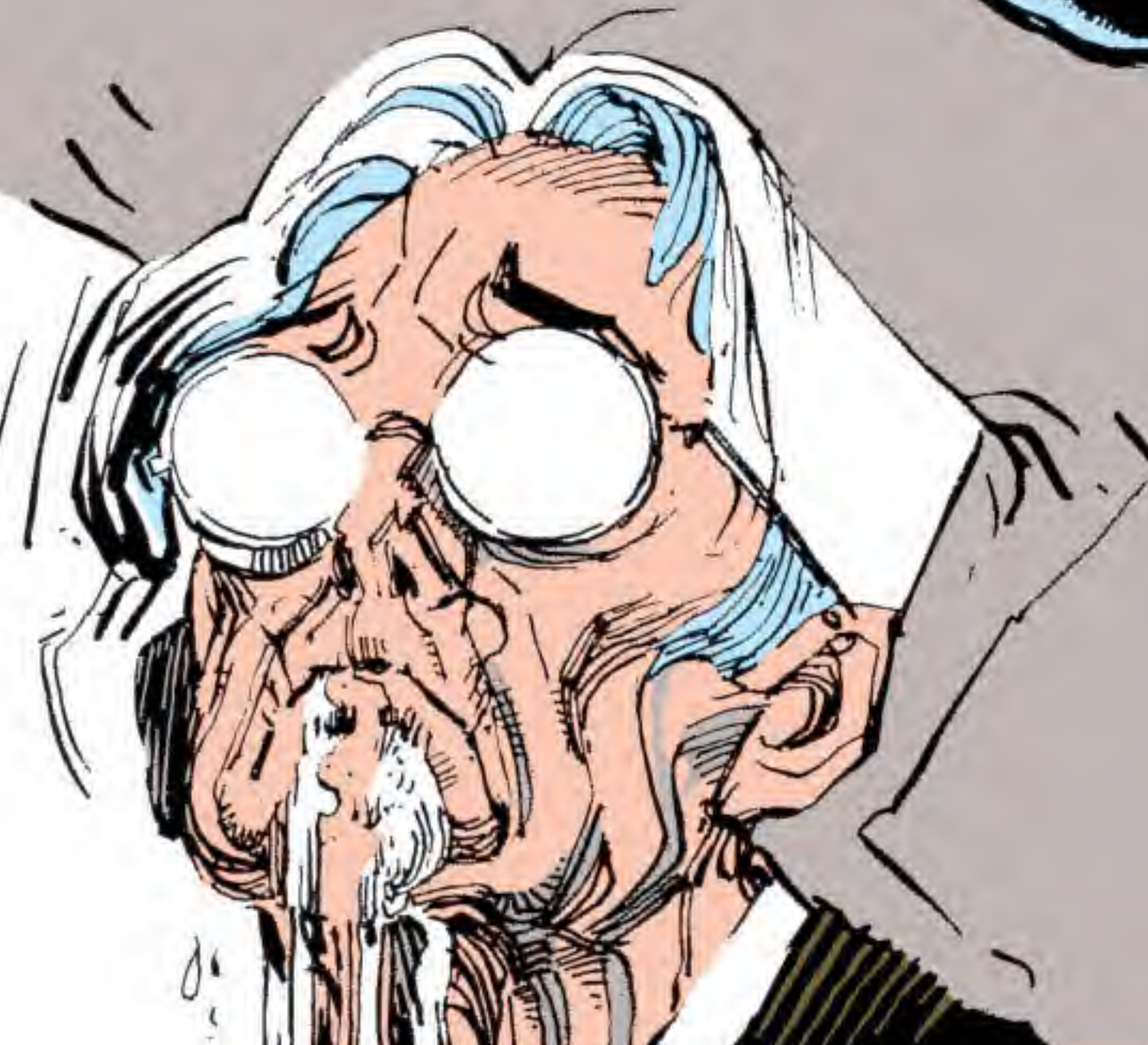








JOE!  
I TAKE IT,  
THEN,  
YOU'RE *GLAD*  
TO SEE ME?



HOW DID YOU--  
WHAT DID YOU--  
I MEAN-- YOU--  
YOU--YOU'RE  
*ALIVE!!*

YES, INDEED,  
JOE--AND FEELING  
*BETTER*  
THAN EVER,  
I MIGHT  
ADD!

WHU-WHAT  
THE HELL  
*HAPPENED*  
TO  
YOU?!

BIT OF  
*NASTY BUSINESS*,  
REALLY. A FELLOW  
NAMED *MAYROCK*  
MANAGED TO  
*SEIZE*  
FATHER'S *ASSETS*  
WHILE  
I WAS IN THE  
*ORIENT*.

I WENT TO  
ATLANTIC CITY  
TO GET THEM  
*BACK*.  
MR. MAYROCK  
WAS... AHH...  
*LESS THAN*  
COOPERATIVE.

I GATHER  
YOU *SAW* THE  
RESULTS OF OUR  
"NEGOTIATIONS"...

YES--BUT  
WHAT ABOUT  
THE *SHADOW*?!  
I THOUGHT  
*HE--*

THAT'S  
THE MOST  
*AMAZING* THING  
ABOUT IT!  
THE *SHADOW*  
ACTUALLY  
CAME TO MY  
*DEFENSE!*

--AND PERFORMED  
SOME OF THE MOST  
*REMARKABLE*  
RECONSTRUCTIVE  
SURGERY  
I'VE EVER  
SEEN!

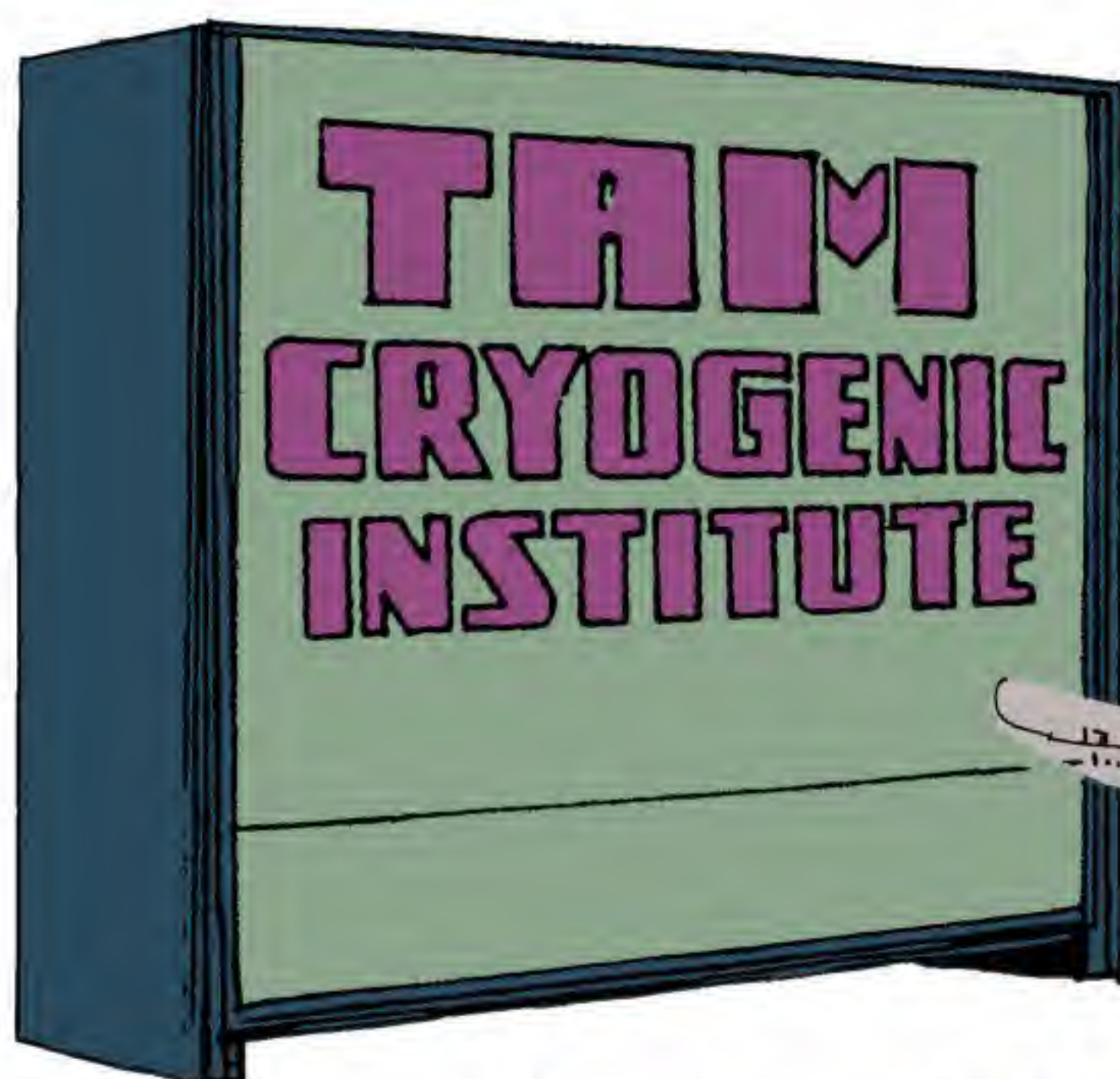
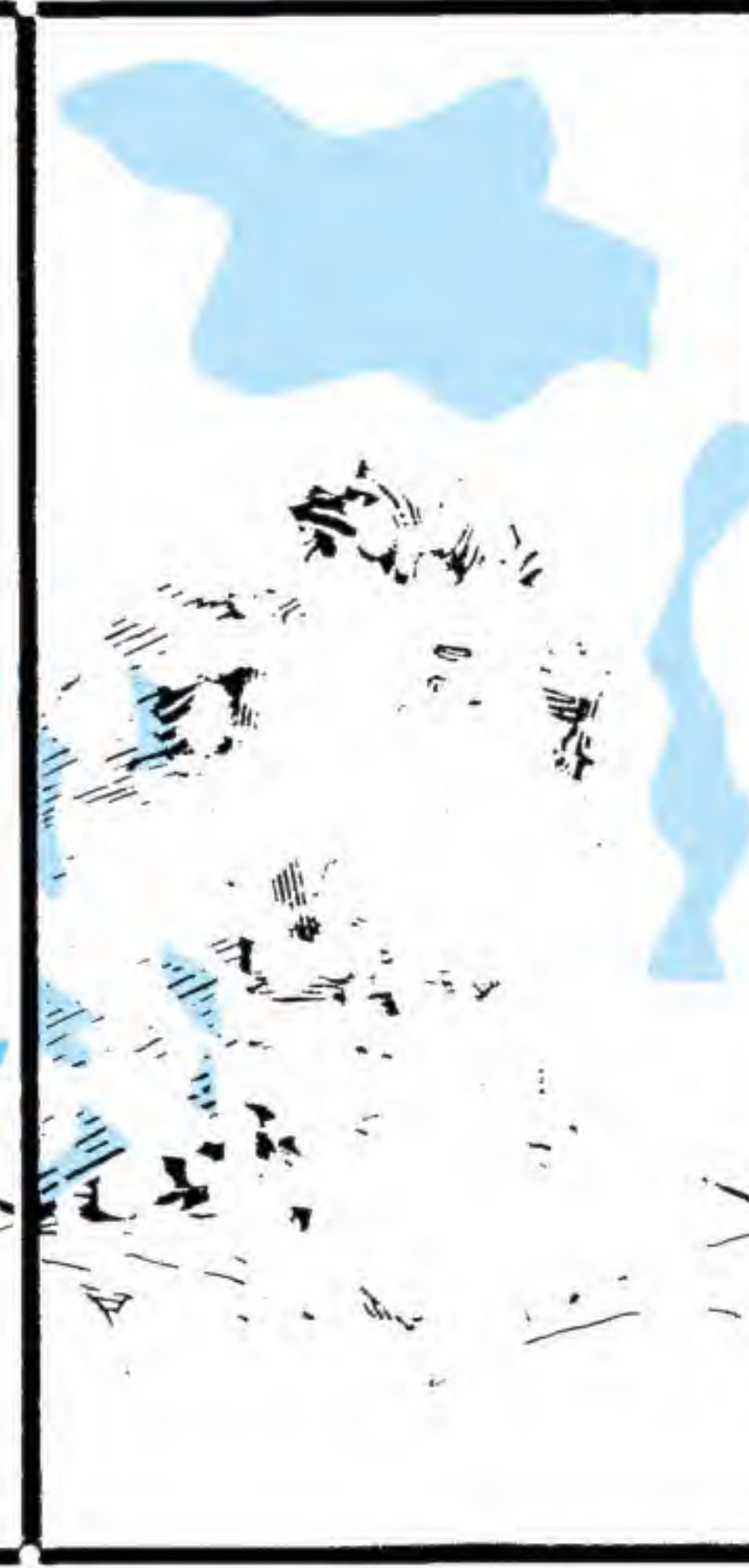
DON'T KNOW  
*HOW* HE DID IT--  
AND FRANKLY,  
I DON'T *CARE*.  
THE SIMPLE  
FACT IS,  
JOE--

APPARENTLY,  
THIS MAYROCK FELLOW  
WAS PLAYING FOR  
RATHER *LARGE* STAKES--  
HAD A  
*NUCLEAR BOMB*  
UP ON THE ROOF  
OF  
DAD'S CASINO?!

AND AFTER  
THE *SHADOW*  
*DISPATCHED*  
MAYROCK AND  
HIS BOMB, HE  
"KIDNAPPED"  
ME--



"--LAMONT CRANSTON, JR.  
IS AS *GOOD* AS *NEW*!"



"...FOR LIFE."



NEXT: **BLAZING APOSTLES!**







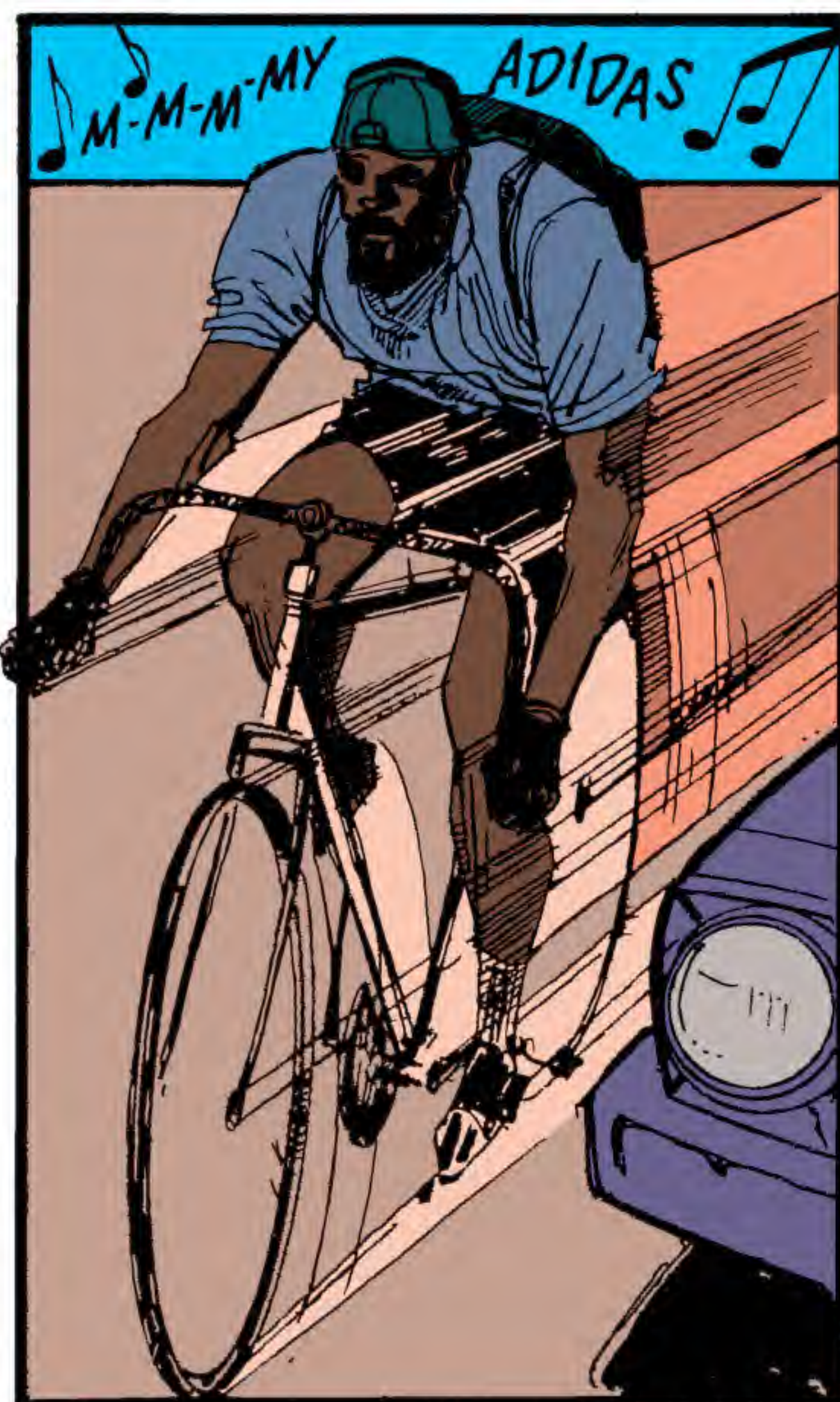




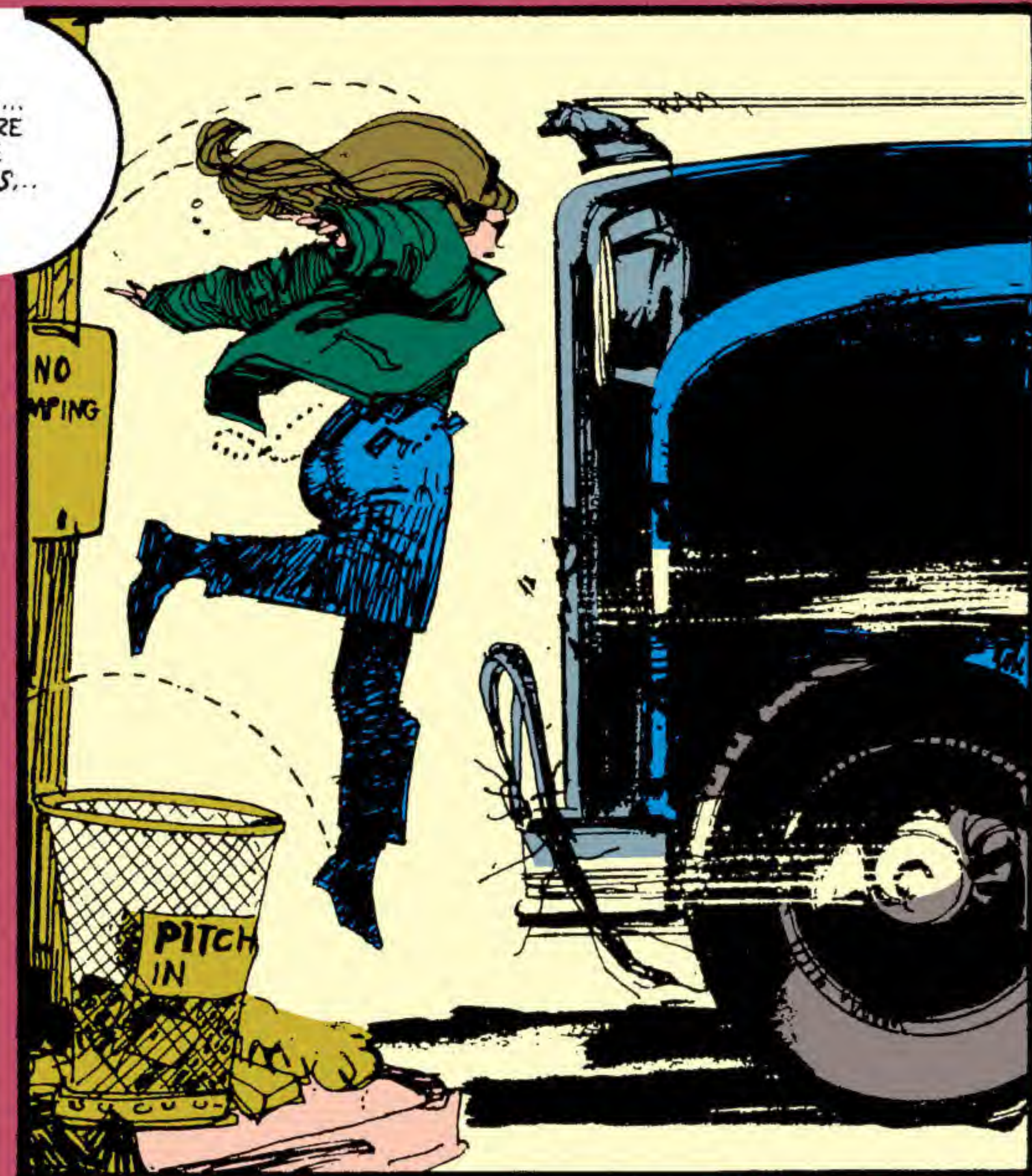
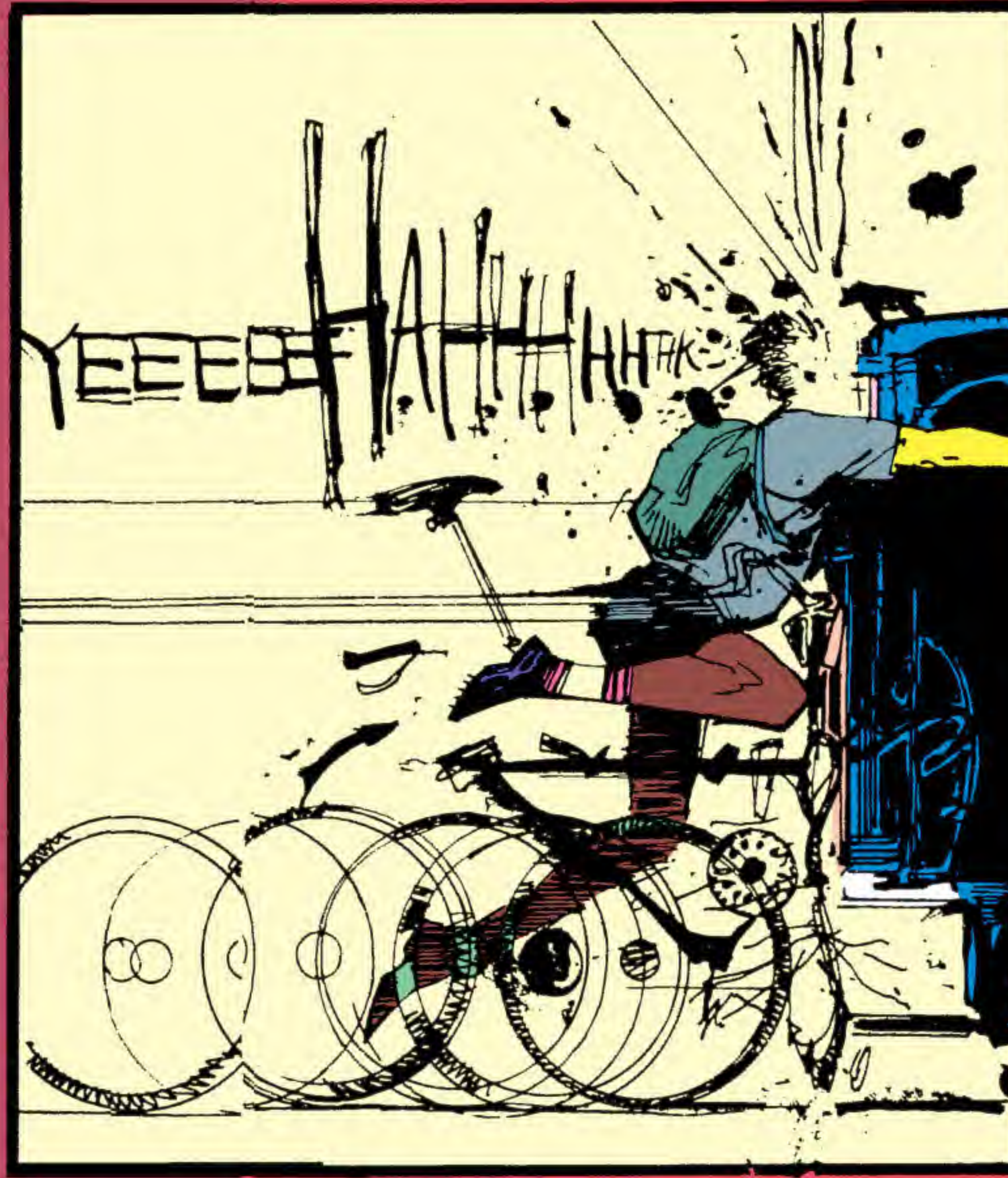
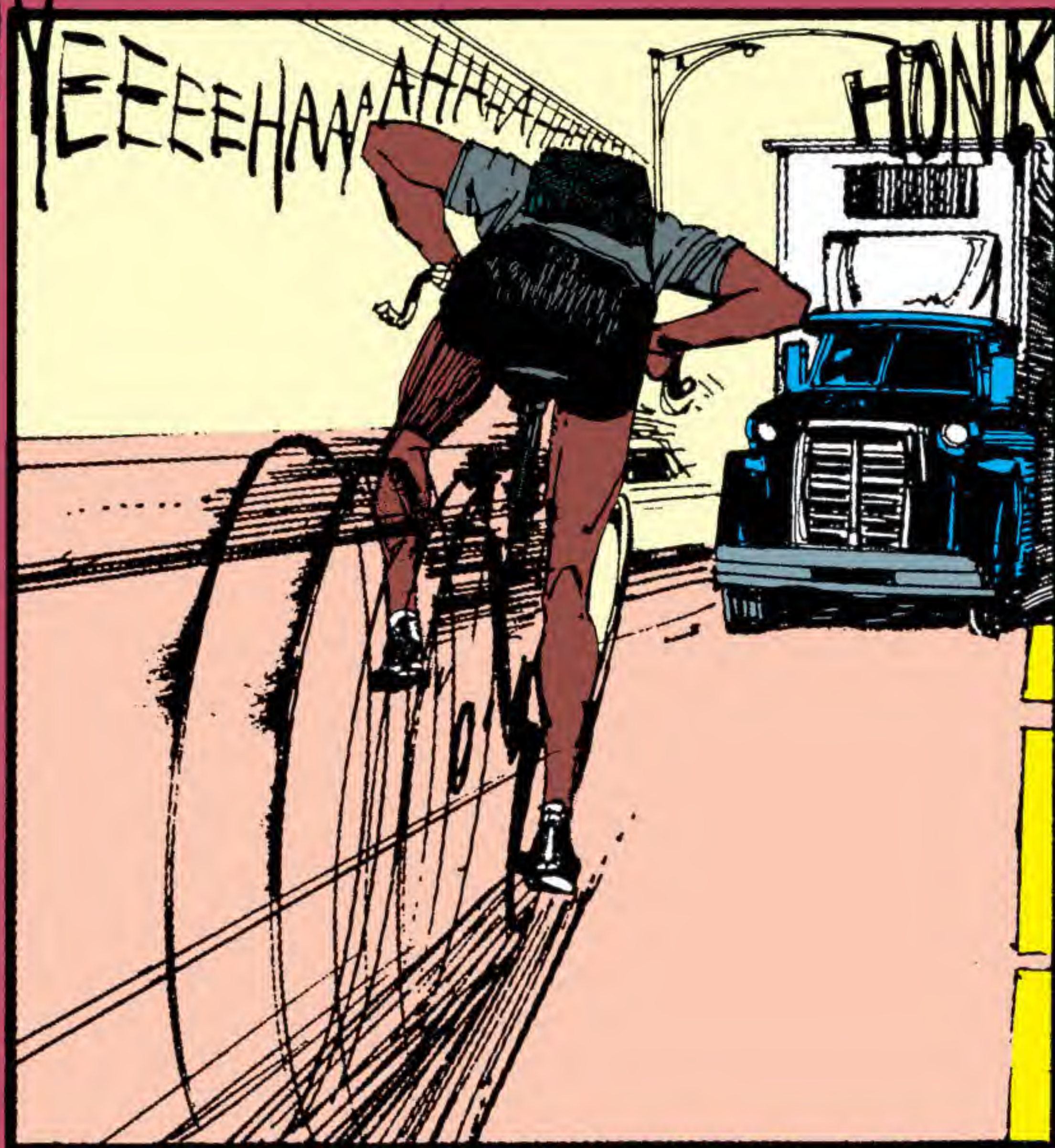
NEW YORK 12:30 P.M.

NISS/ETCO

OBSERVE







A MOMENTARY DIVERSION, BROUGHT TO YOU BY:  
**HELPER & SIENKIEWICZ**  
**& LAPPAN & LEWIS & CARLIN**









HARRY,  
THIS IS  
*THE BOWERY*.  
PEOPLE  
COME HERE  
TO *DIE*--

--THIS *ISN'T*  
MY IDEA  
OF A *NIGHT*  
ON THE  
TOWN...

WELL,  
MARGO DEAREST,  
I'M AFRAID I HAVE  
A *CONFESSION*  
TO *MAKE*...



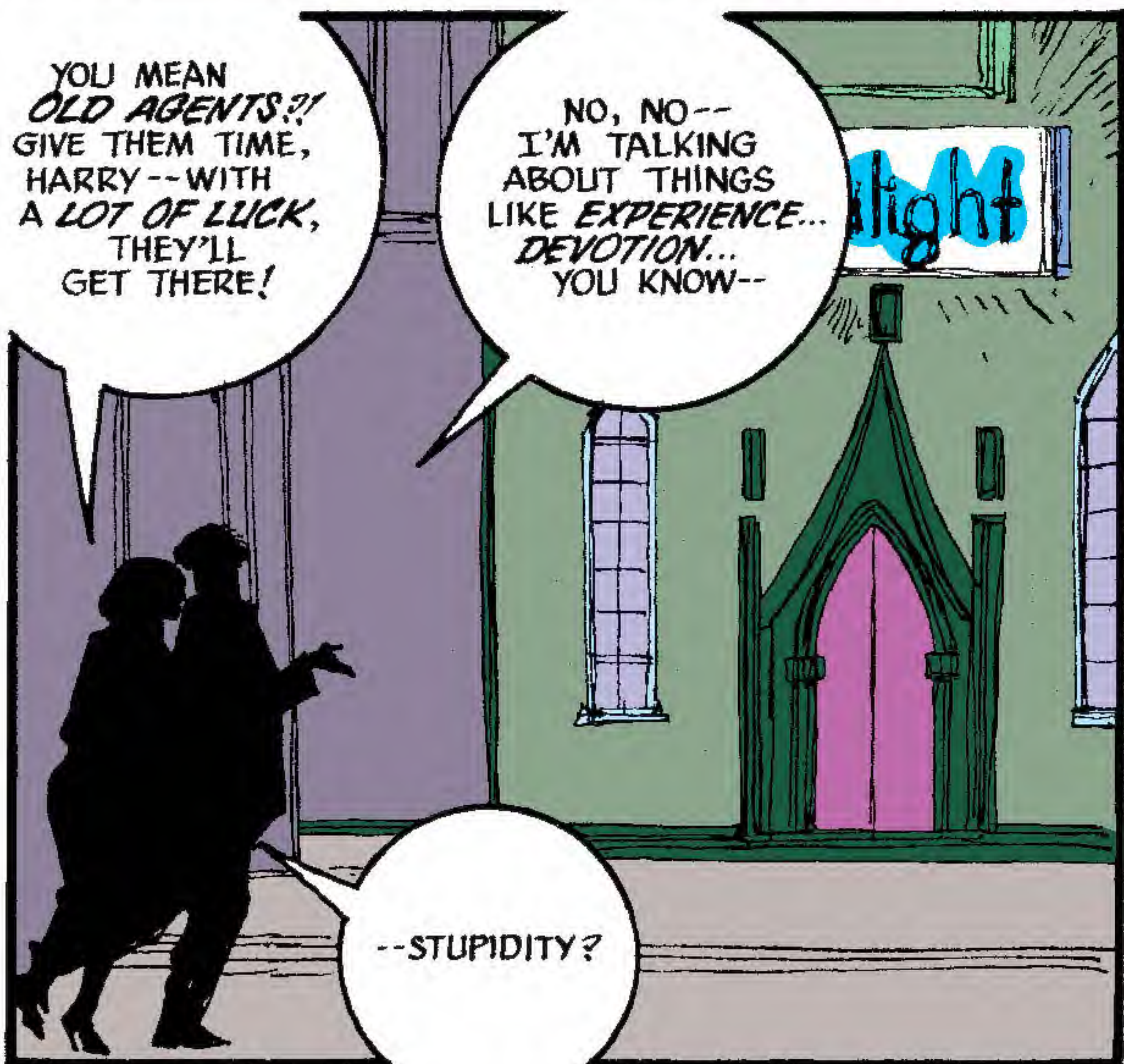
ON  
ASSIGNMENT?!

LOOK...  
LET'S GET THIS  
*STRAIGHT*.  
*YOU*  
WORK FOR HIM--  
*I DON'T*.

I'VE  
RETIRED  
FROM THIS  
BUSINESS--AND  
FOR *OUR* SAKE,  
I SUGGEST  
*YOU* DO  
THE SAME!

BUT--  
BUT--HE  
*NEEDS* ME,  
MARGO--  
HE *NEEDS*  
*US*.

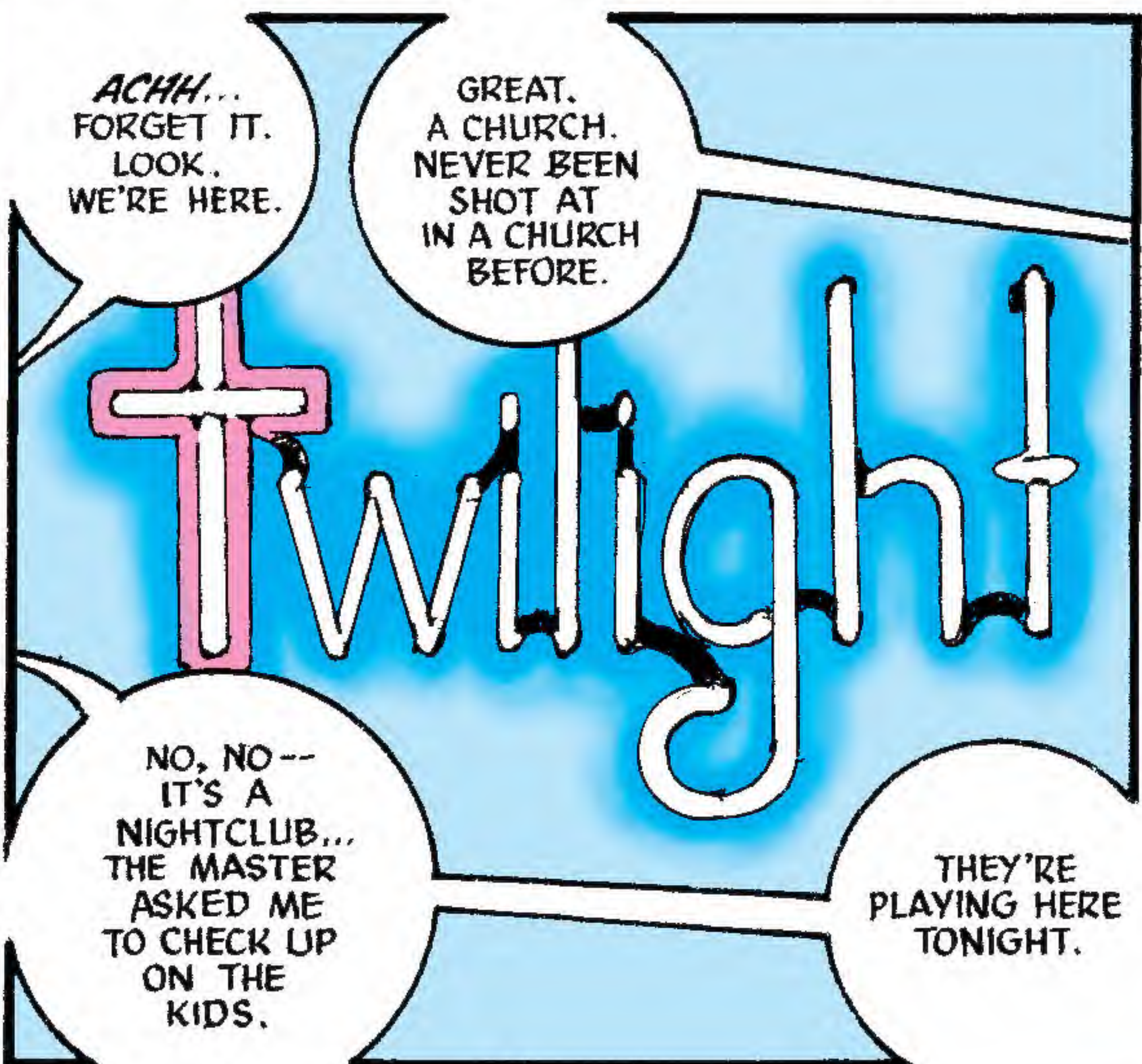
I MEAN--  
THEY  
DON'T MAKE  
AGENTS  
LIKE *US*  
ANYMORE!



YOU MEAN  
*OLD AGENTS*?!  
GIVE THEM TIME,  
HARRY--WITH  
A *LOT OF LUCK*,  
THEY'LL  
GET THERE!

NO, NO--  
I'M TALKING  
ABOUT THINGS  
LIKE *EXPERIENCE*...  
*DEVOTION*...  
YOU KNOW--

--STUPIDITY?



ACHH...  
FORGET IT.  
LOOK.  
WE'RE HERE.

GREAT.  
A CHURCH.  
NEVER BEEN  
SHOT AT  
IN A CHURCH  
BEFORE.

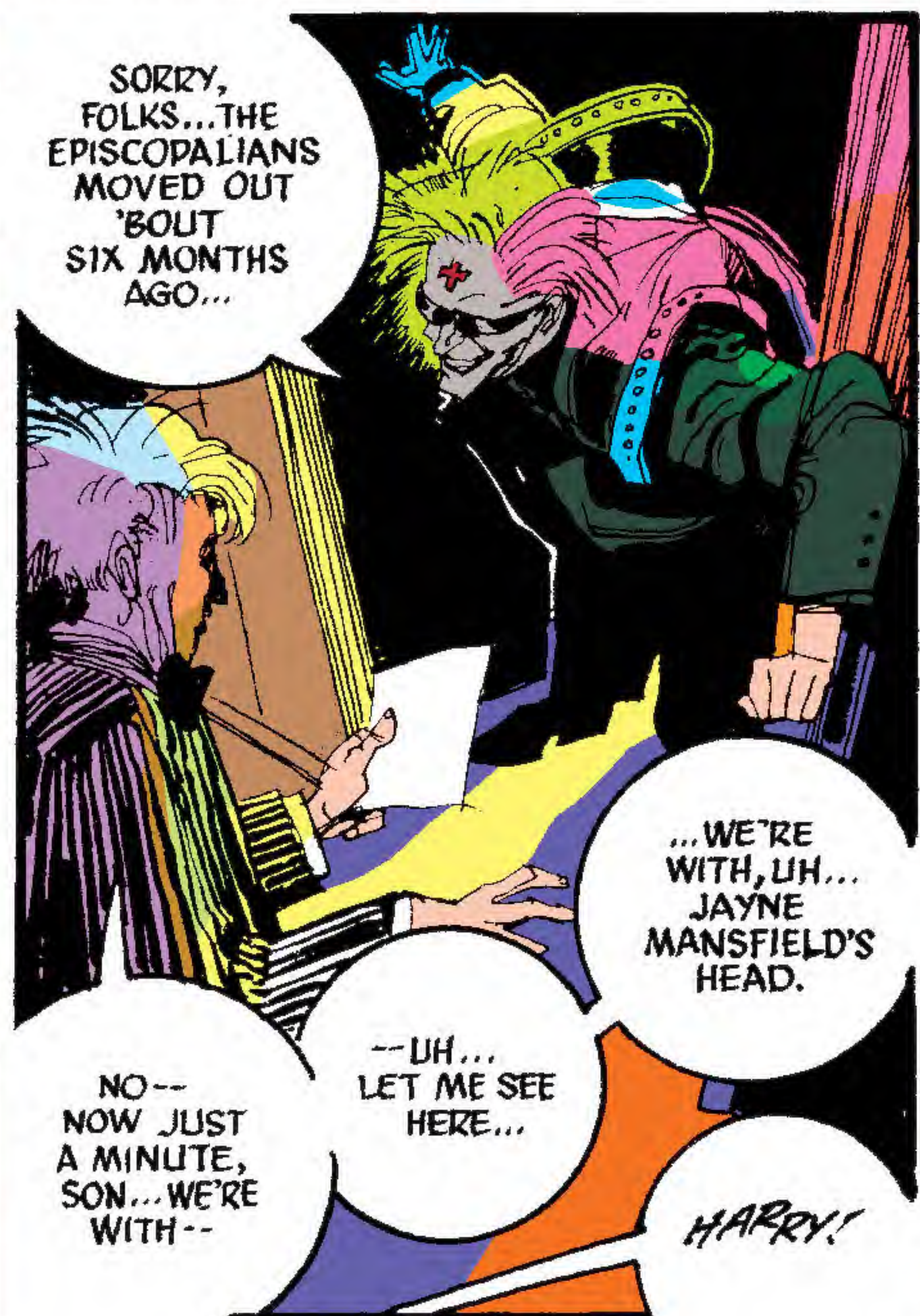
NO, NO--  
IT'S A  
NIGHTCLUB...  
THE MASTER  
ASKED ME  
TO CHECK UP  
ON THE  
KIDS.

THEY'RE  
PLAYING HERE  
TONIGHT.



IN A CHURCH?  
HARRY--THAT'S  
*SACRILEGIOUS*!

BEATS  
GETTING  
SHOT  
AT.



SORRY,  
FOLKS...THE  
EPISCOPALIANS  
MOVED OUT  
'BOUT  
SIX MONTHS  
AGO...

NO--  
NOW JUST  
A MINUTE,  
SON...WE'RE  
WITH--

--UH...  
LET ME SEE  
HERE...

...WE'RE  
WITH, UH...  
JAYNE  
MANSFIELD'S  
HEAD.

HARRY!



OH...  
YOU'RE  
WITH THE *HEAD*,  
HUH?  
WHY DIDN'T YA  
SAY SO--

--C'MON  
IN!



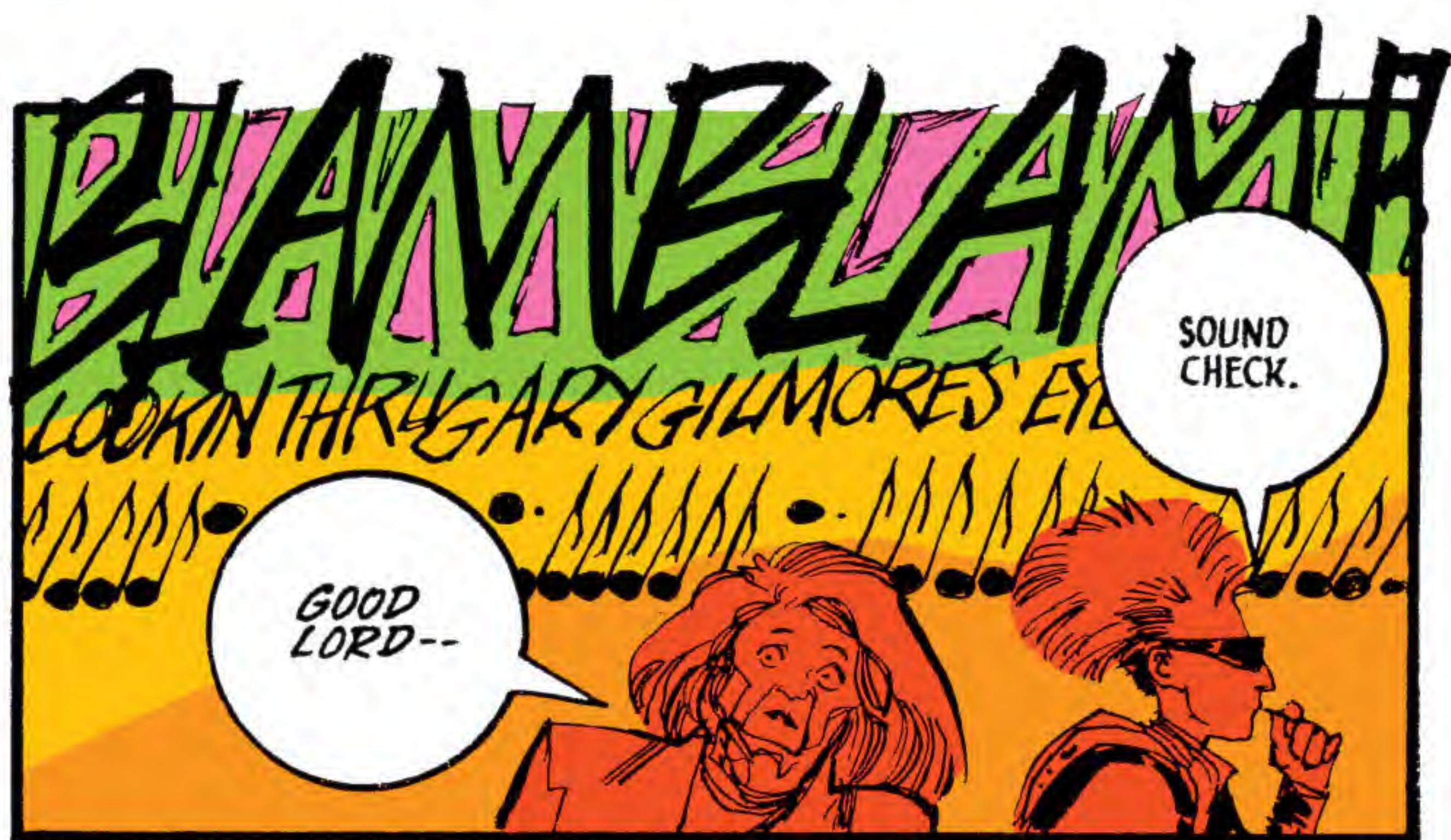


WOULD YOU  
JUST LOOK  
AT THOSE  
THINGS...

PRETTY  
COLORFUL...

YEAH,  
PREVIOUS  
OWNERS TOOK  
MOST OF THE  
OLD STUFF  
WITH 'EM  
WHEN THEY  
SPLIT...

WE, UH...  
DID SOME  
REDECORATING  
AND  
NOW WE--



BLAM BLAM BLAM  
LOOKIN THRU GARY GILMORE'S EYE

GOOD  
LORD--

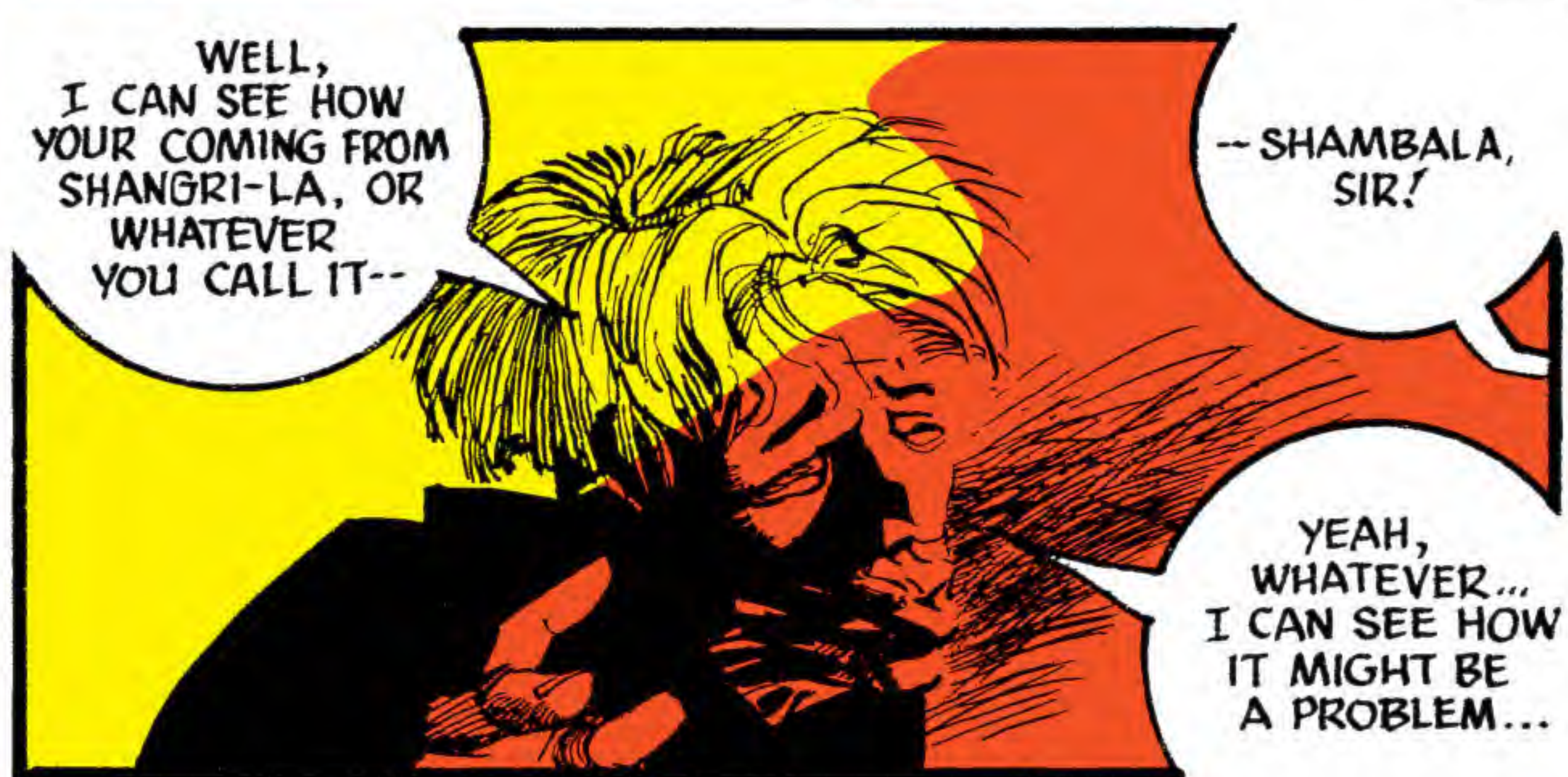
SOUND  
CHECK.



CHING  
YAO--  
HSU-  
TEI!

PLEASE,  
MR. VINCENT--  
WHEN WE ARE  
WITH THE "HEAD,"  
WE USE ONLY OUR  
STAGE NAME.  
AN AMERICAN CUSTOM.  
IT CLOAKS OUR  
TRUE  
IDENTITIES--

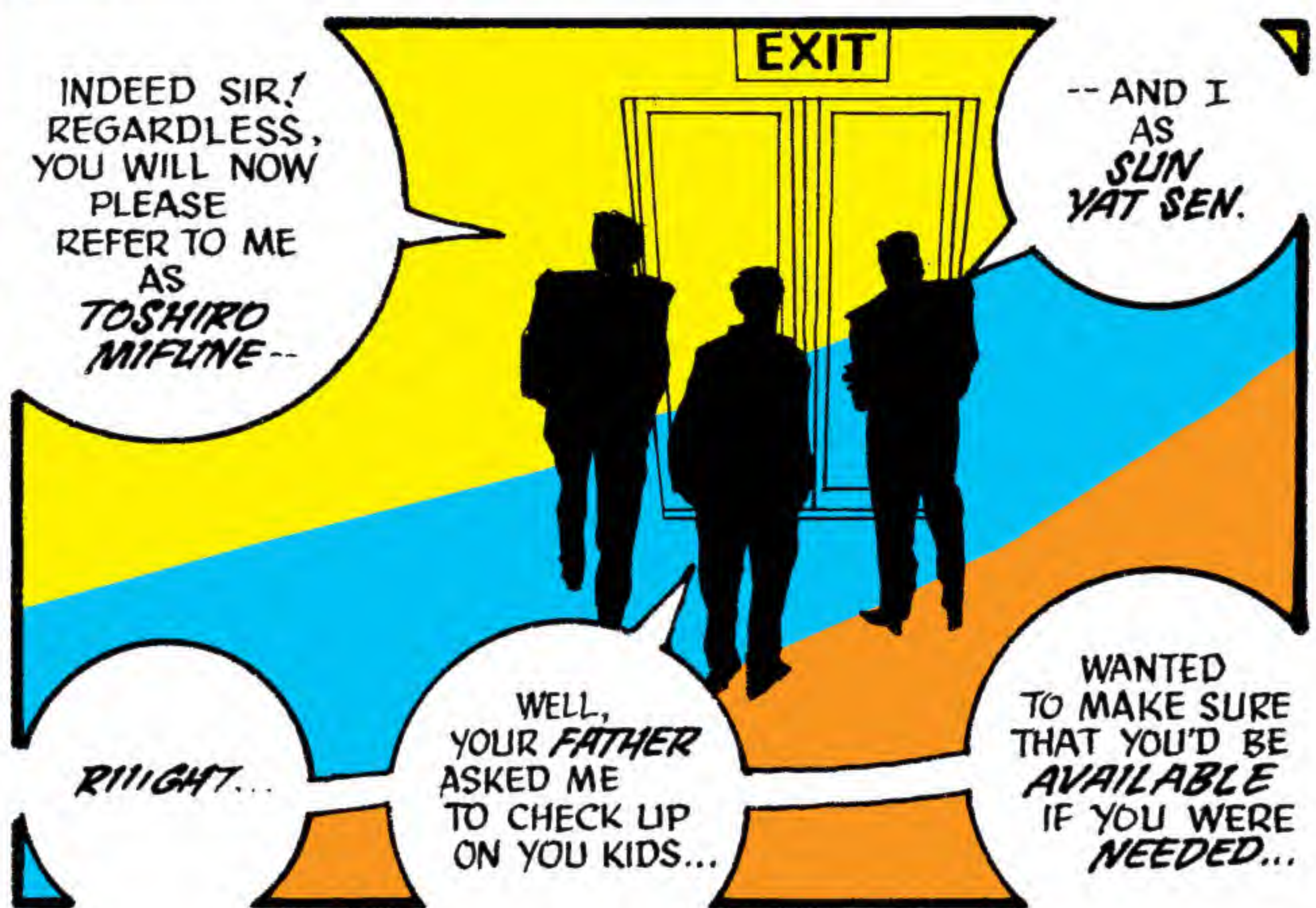
-- AND  
THE FACT  
THAT WE ARE  
ILLEGAL  
ALIENS!



WELL,  
I CAN SEE HOW  
YOUR COMING FROM  
SHANGRI-LA, OR  
WHATEVER  
YOU CALL IT--

-- SHAMBALA,  
SIR!

YEAH,  
WHATEVER...  
I CAN SEE HOW  
IT MIGHT BE  
A PROBLEM...



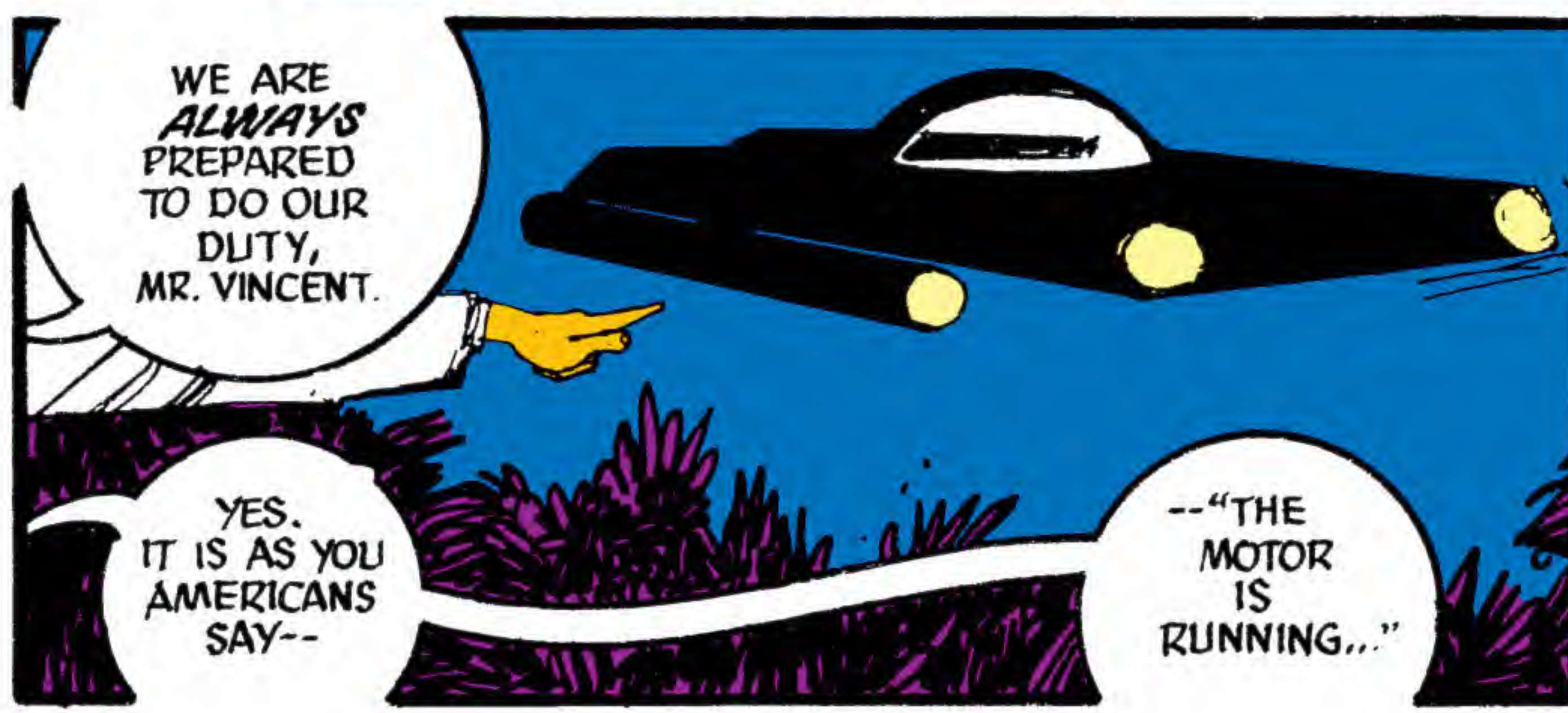
INDEED SIR!  
REGARDLESS,  
YOU WILL NOW  
PLEASE  
REFER TO ME  
AS  
TOSHIRO  
MIFUNE--

-- AND I  
AS  
SUN  
YAT SEN.

RIIIGHT...

WELL,  
YOUR FATHER  
ASKED ME  
TO CHECK UP  
ON YOU KIDS...

WANTED  
TO MAKE SURE  
THAT YOU'D BE  
AVAILABLE  
IF YOU WERE  
NEEDED...

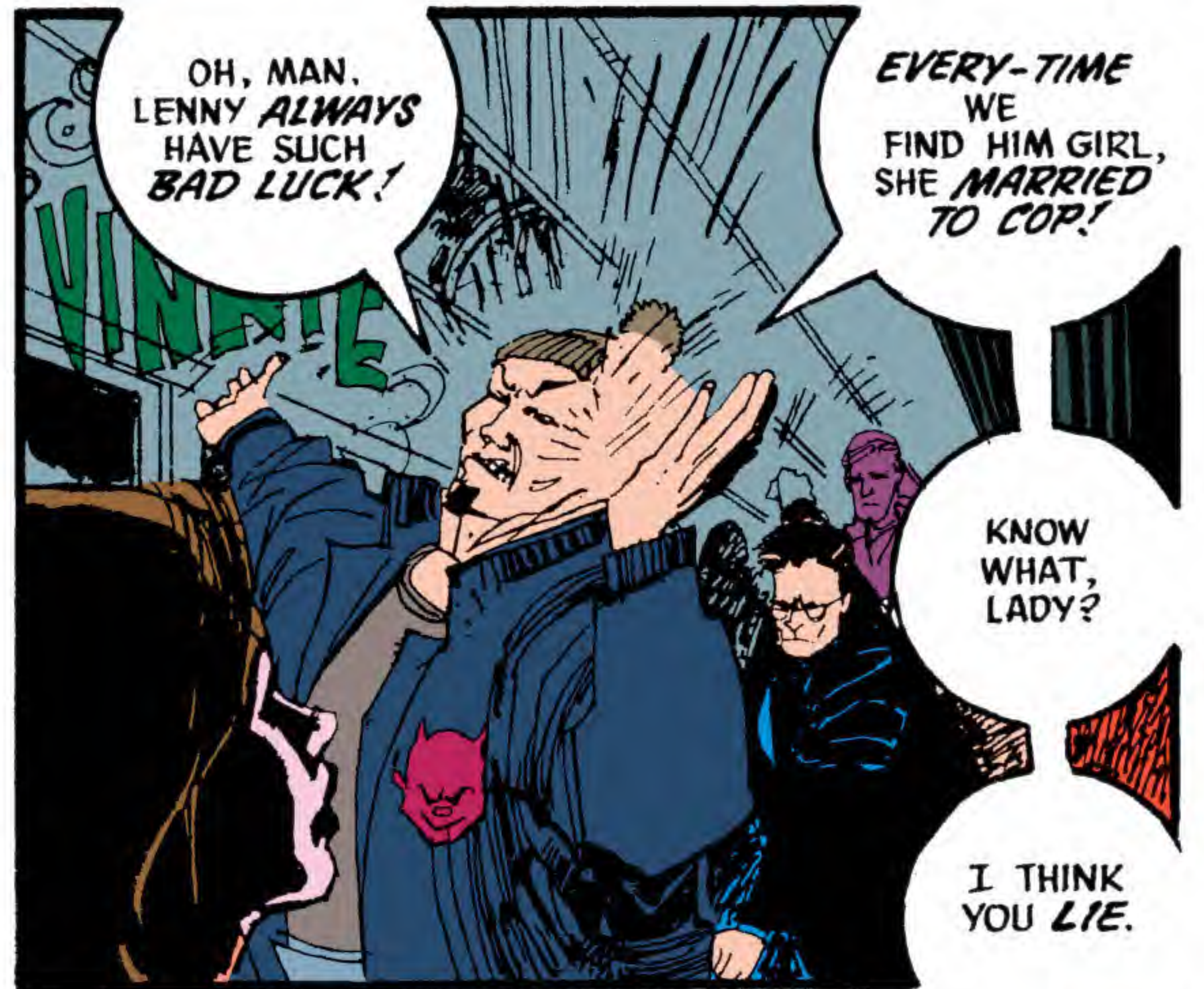


WE ARE  
ALWAYS  
PREPARED  
TO DO OUR  
DUTY,  
MR. VINCENT.

YES.  
IT IS AS YOU  
AMERICANS  
SAY--

--"THE  
MOTOR  
IS  
RUNNING..."









LADY--  
MOVE!!

OHMIGODDD--

HEY! LENNY--  
GEORGE--PACO--  
STOP THEM  
BEFORE--



OH MAN.  
YOU GUYS  
TOO *SLOW*.  
TOO *STUPID*.  
NOW WE  
GOT TO GO  
BACK  
UPTOWN--

--START  
ALL  
OVER  
AGAIN.

MEBBE NOT.  
LOU--LOOKIT  
THIS ONE...



HEY MISTER--  
YOU GOT  
FIVE DOLLARS  
FOR  
ME AND  
MY--

LOU--  
LOOKIT!  
HE'S GOT  
A *GUN*!

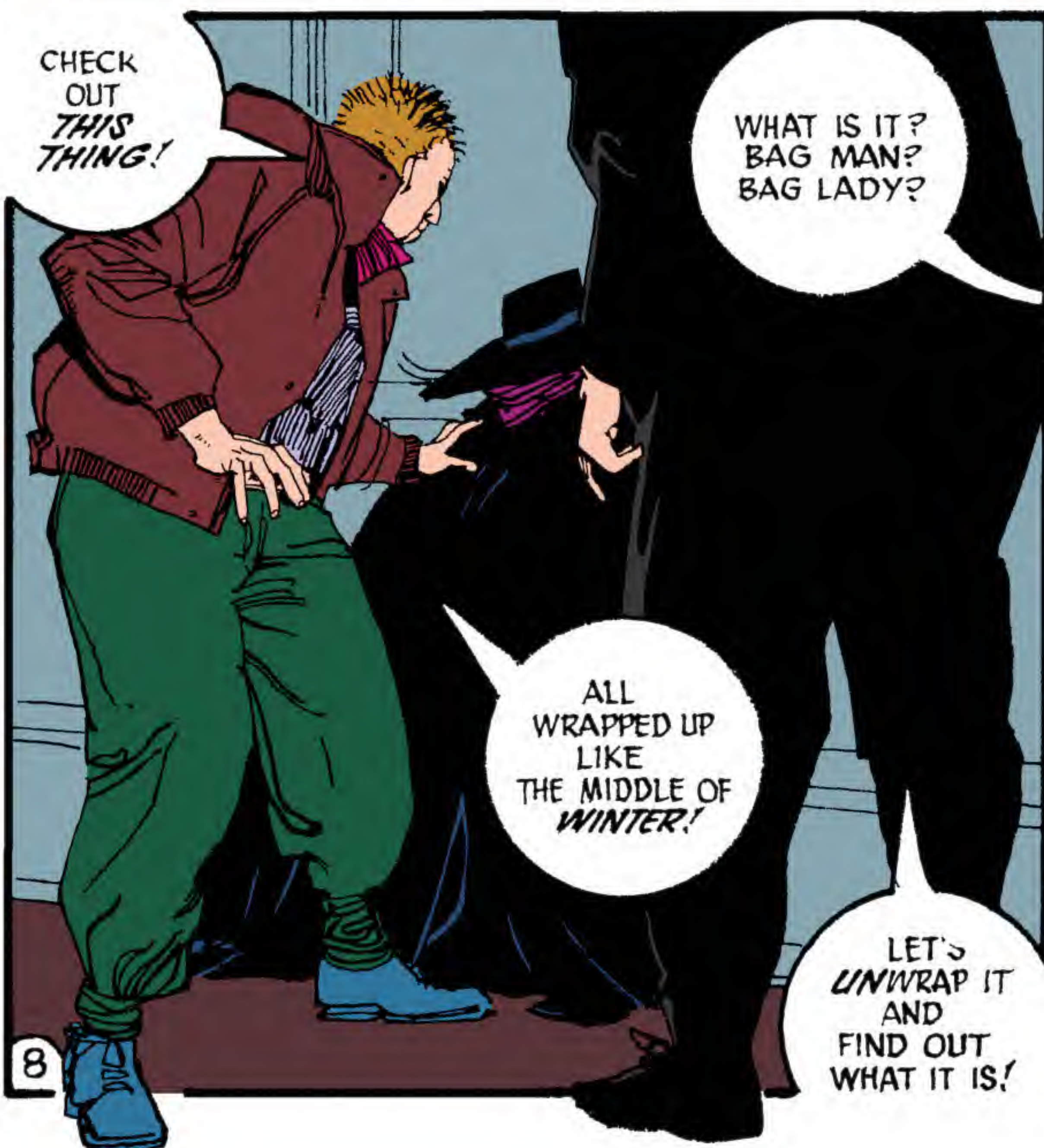
MOTHER OF--



JERK.  
WHAT HE THINK  
HE IS...  
SOME KIND OF  
HERO?

LENNY--  
PUT MY MARK  
ON HIS *BELLY*.  
MAKE IT *DEEP*,  
SO HE --

HEY  
LOU--  
C'MERE!

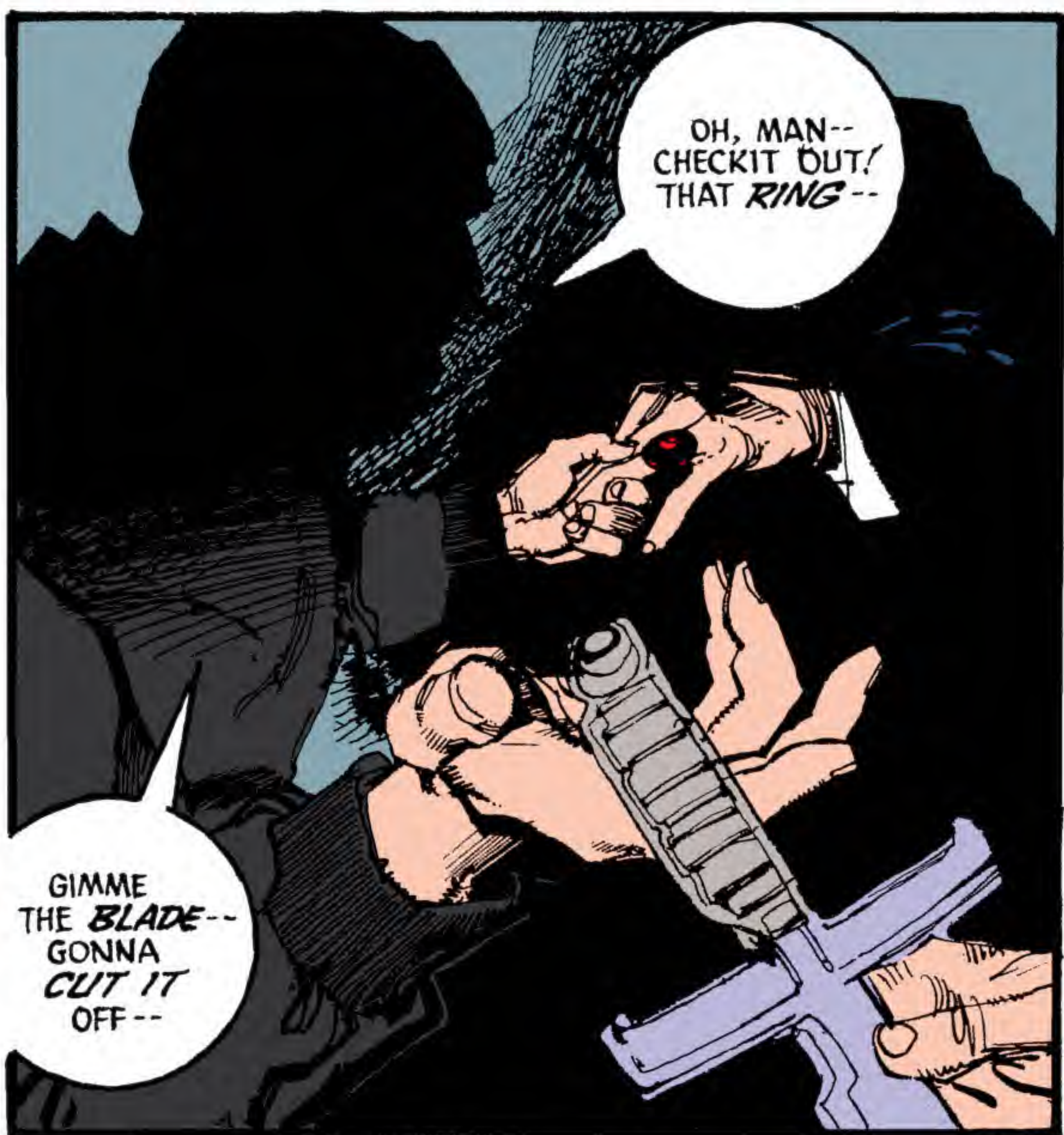


CHECK  
OUT  
*THIS*  
THING!

WHAT IS IT?  
BAG MAN?  
BAG LADY?

ALL  
WRAPPED UP  
LIKE  
THE MIDDLE OF  
*WINTER*!

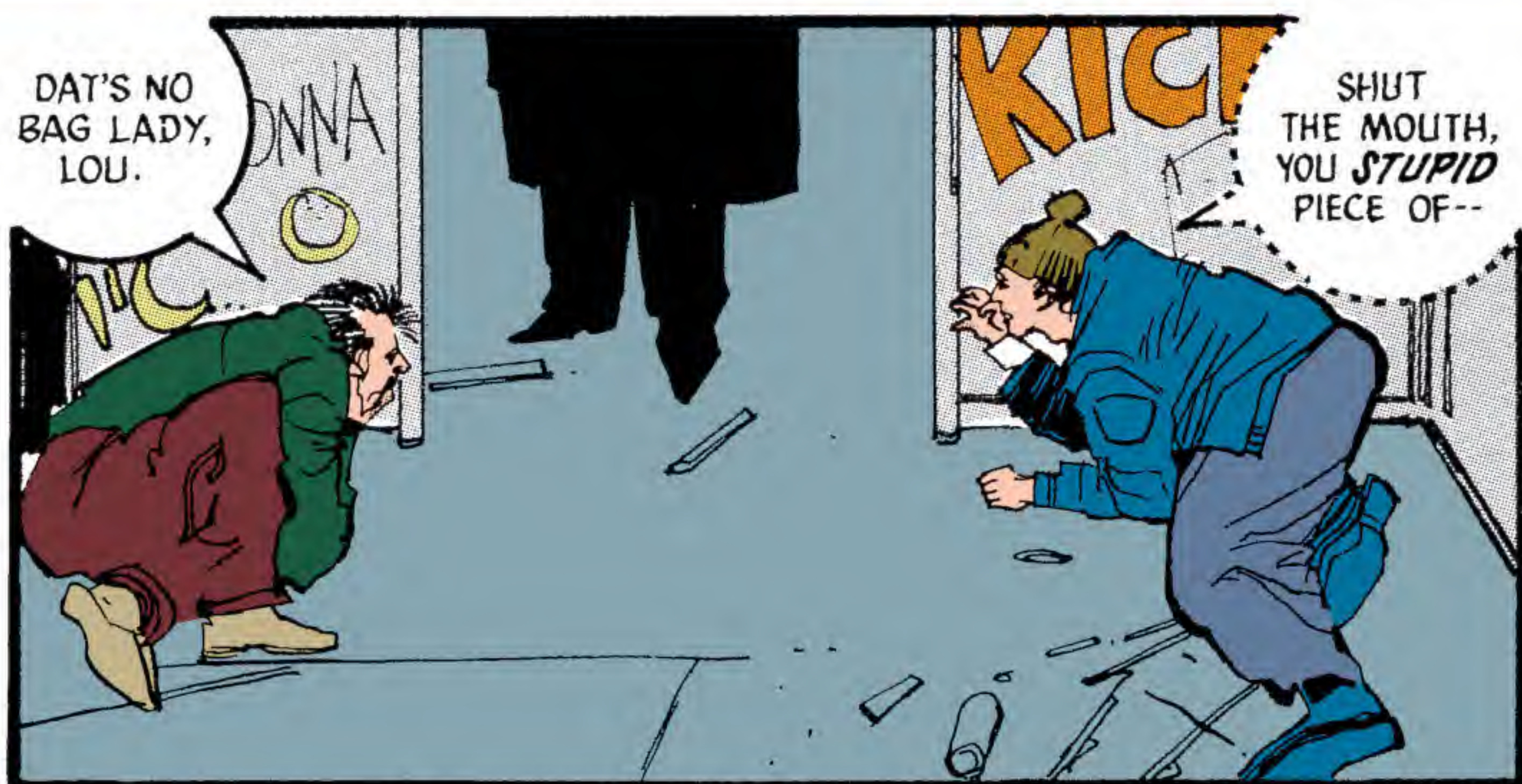
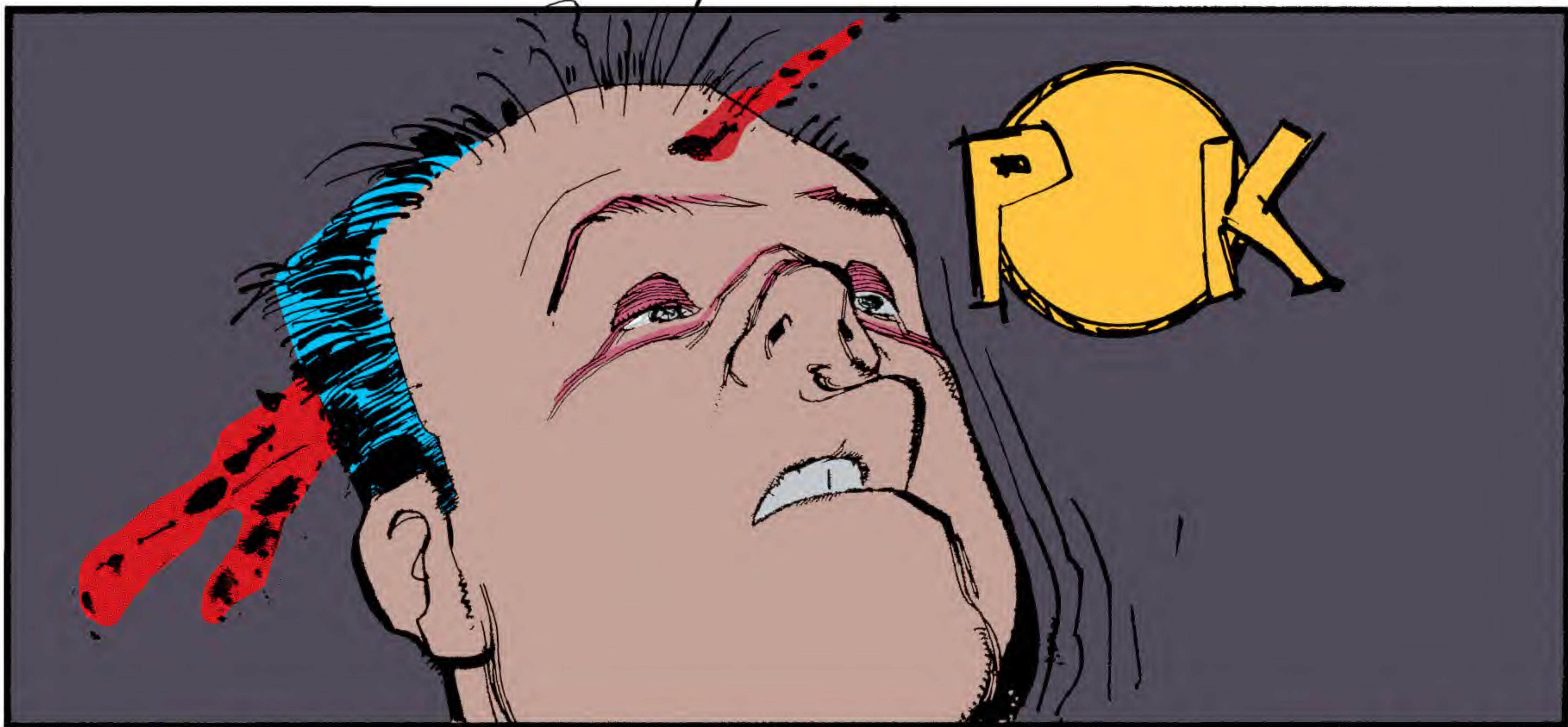
LET'S  
*UNWRAP* IT  
AND  
FIND OUT  
WHAT IT IS!



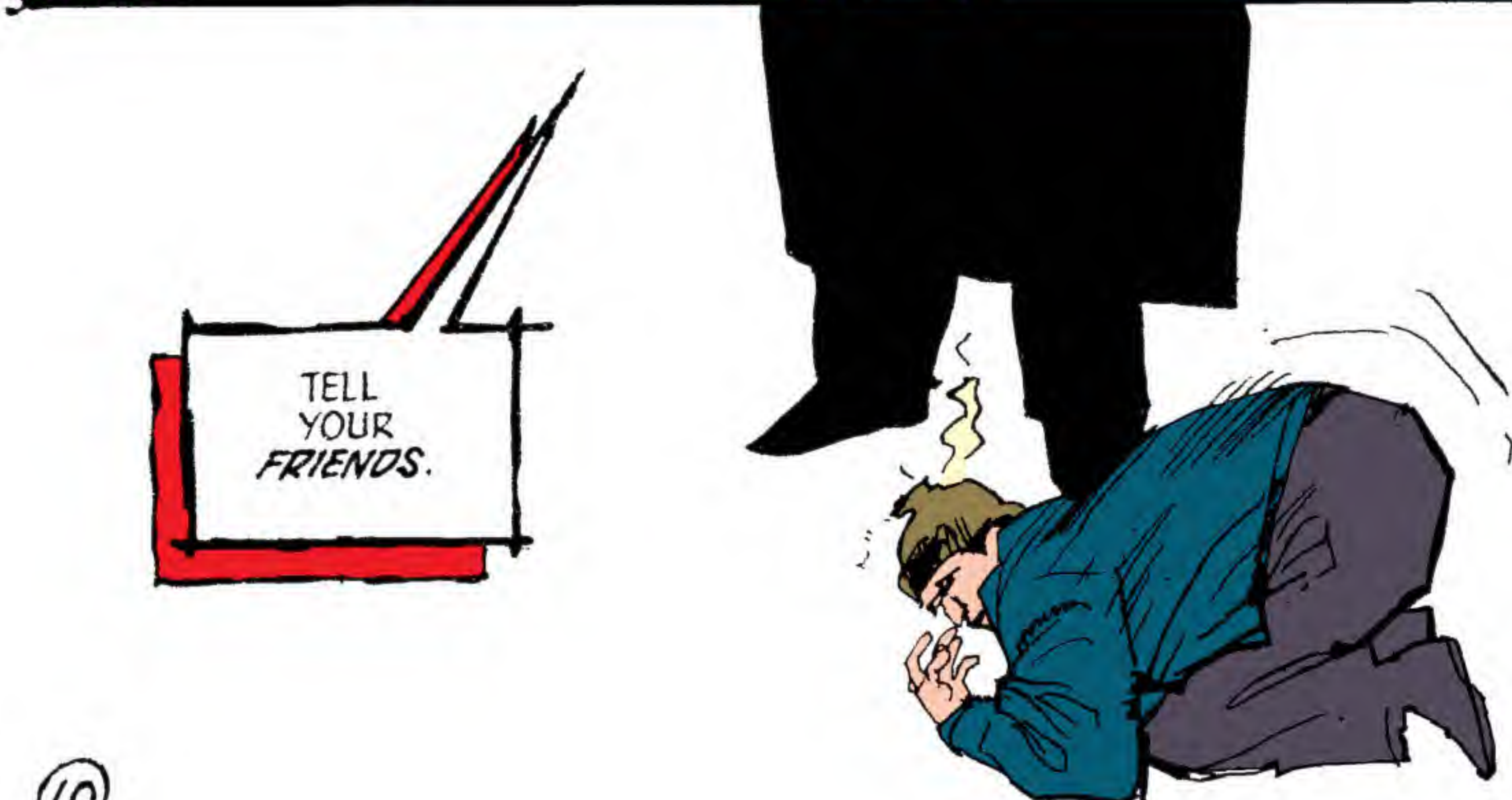
OH, MAN--  
CHECKIT OUT!  
THAT *RING*--

GIMME  
THE *BLADE*--  
GONNA  
*CUT* IT  
OFF--











I TELL YOU,  
MS. LOCKHART--  
I WAS AFRAID  
FOR MY LIFE!

A GROUP OF  
*MASKED GUNMEN*  
BREAK INTO MY  
SAN FRANCISCO  
HEALTH SPA ... MURDER  
A GROUP OF *CLIENTS*  
AND LEAVE  
*BLOODY MESSAGES*  
ON THE *WALL*!

I DID NOT  
KNOW  
WHAT TO DO!

I CALLED  
FOR HELP,  
YOU KNOW-- MY  
BROTHER AGENTS  
FROM THE  
*OLD DAYS*--

--AND  
DISCOVERED  
THAT  
*THEY, TOO,*  
HAD BEEN  
*MURDERED!*

I CONCLUDED  
THE *INDISPUTABLE*--  
THAT SOMEONE  
WAS *OUT* TO KILL  
ALL THE *MASTER'S*  
AGENTS--

--AND AS HIS  
*PHYSICIAN*,  
I MUST HAVE  
BEEN ON THE  
*LIST!*

WELL,  
YOU PROBABLY  
*WERE*, DR. TAM--  
BUT *THEY*  
NEVER GOT  
TO YOU!

ACCORDING TO  
THE FBI STATS,  
THE MURDERS  
AT YOUR SPA  
WERE  
*UNRELATED*.

STRANGE THING IS  
THEY SEEM  
TO INDICATE A  
*WHOLE 'NOTHER*  
CONSPIRACY...

...ONE  
THAT I THINK  
THE MASTER  
WILL  
WANT TO...

HELLO, MAVIS...  
DOCTOR.

WRONG? NO...  
NOTHING AT ALL.

THE CHILDREN TOOK  
THE HOVERCRAFT  
FOR THE EVENING--  
I DECIDED TO TAKE  
THE *SUBWAY* FROM  
MY APPOINTMENT  
WITH MR. MANN  
UPTOWN.

I REALLY  
DON'T UNDERSTAND  
WHY THESE  
NEW YORKERS  
COMPLAIN ABOUT IT  
SO...

I FOUND IT  
TO BE A UNIQUELY  
*REFRESHING*  
EXPERIENCE...

YOU'RE  
LATE-- THAT'S  
NOT LIKE *YOU*...  
IS ANYTHING  
WRONG?





THAT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD, MASTER--BUT I UNDERSTAND YOU HAD QUITE A TIME IN ATLANTIC CITY THE OTHER DAY.

JUST GETTING THE SHOP IN ORDER FOR MY NEXT ASSAULT ON EVIL, DOCTOR TAM.

MS. LOCKHART TELLS ME YOU MIGHT HAVE SUSTAINED SOME INJURIES--?

IT WAS NOTHING...



--PERHAPS. BUT IF YOU ARE DETERMINED TO *RE-LIVE* YOUR *RECKLESS* YOUTH...

--THEN IT AGAIN FALLS UPON ME TO *PATCH UP* THE *CONSEQUENCES* OF THAT *RECKLESSNESS*.

GOOD ENOUGH, DOCTOR--BUT BE QUICK ABOUT IT-- I'VE GOT MUCH TO *CATCH UP* ON--

--MAVIS?



LET'S SEE... UMM... THREE ITEMS ON THE *HOT LIST*:

THE MURDERS AT DR. TAM'S SPA... IT'S SHAPING UP TO LOOK LIKE SOME KIND OF *HIGH-TECH* RUB-OUT;

MAX OVER IN CARDONA'S OFFICE TELL'S ME THEY FOUND *ANOTHER* *CRUCIFIXION* VICTIM...

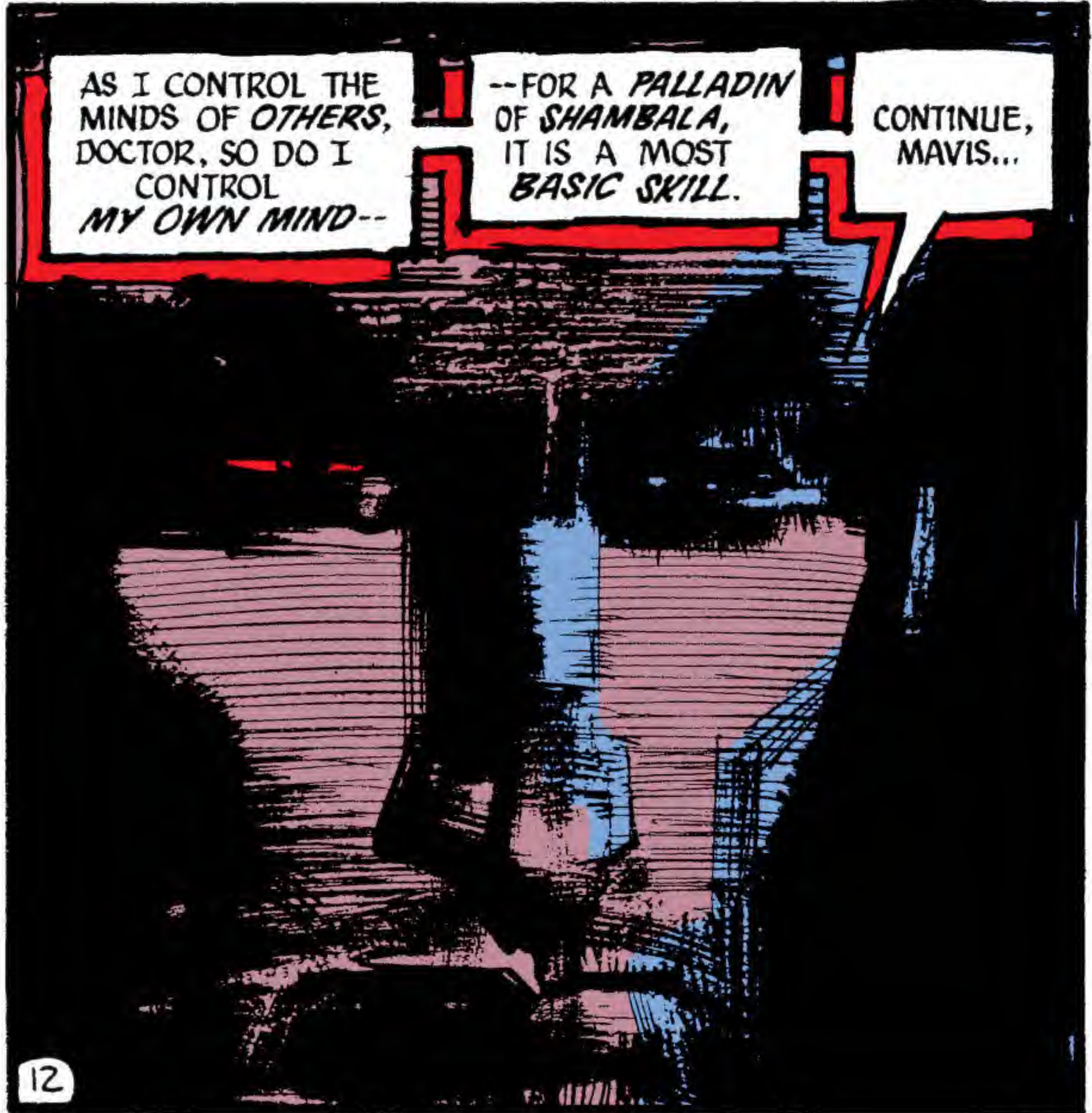
...THEY *NAILED* A *FREELANCE* *REPORTER* THIS TIME... NO SUSPECTS YET;

AND--



--*REMARKABLE!* DO YOU REALIZE YOUR SHOULDER HAS BEEN *DISLOCATED* FOR OVER 24 HOURS?!

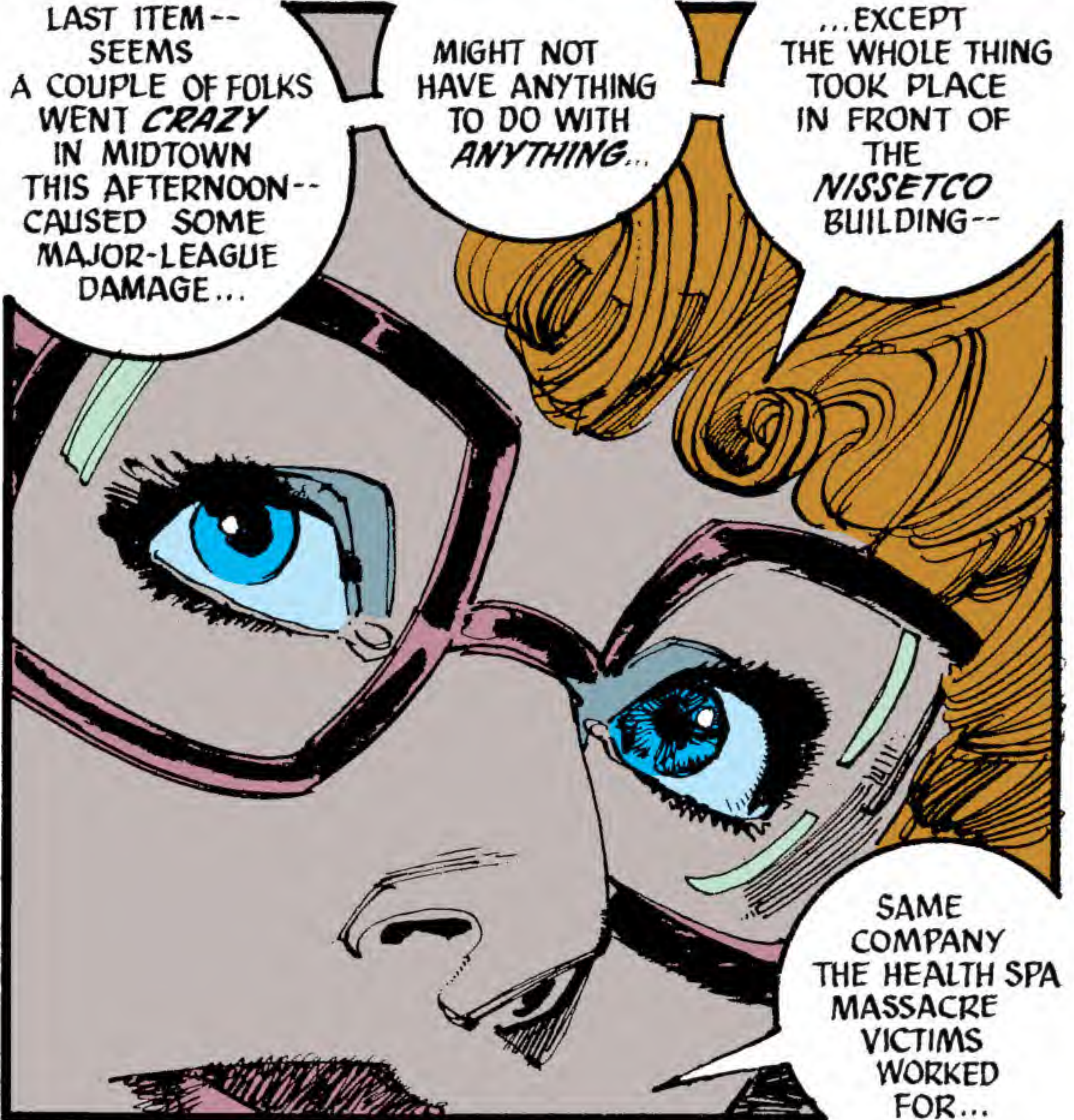
HOW COULD YOU HAVE STOOD THE *PAIN*?!



AS I CONTROL THE MINDS OF *OTHERS*, DOCTOR, SO DO I CONTROL *MY OWN MIND*--

--FOR A *PALLADIN* OF *SHAMBALA*, IT IS A MOST *BASIC SKILL*.

CONTINUE, MAVIS...



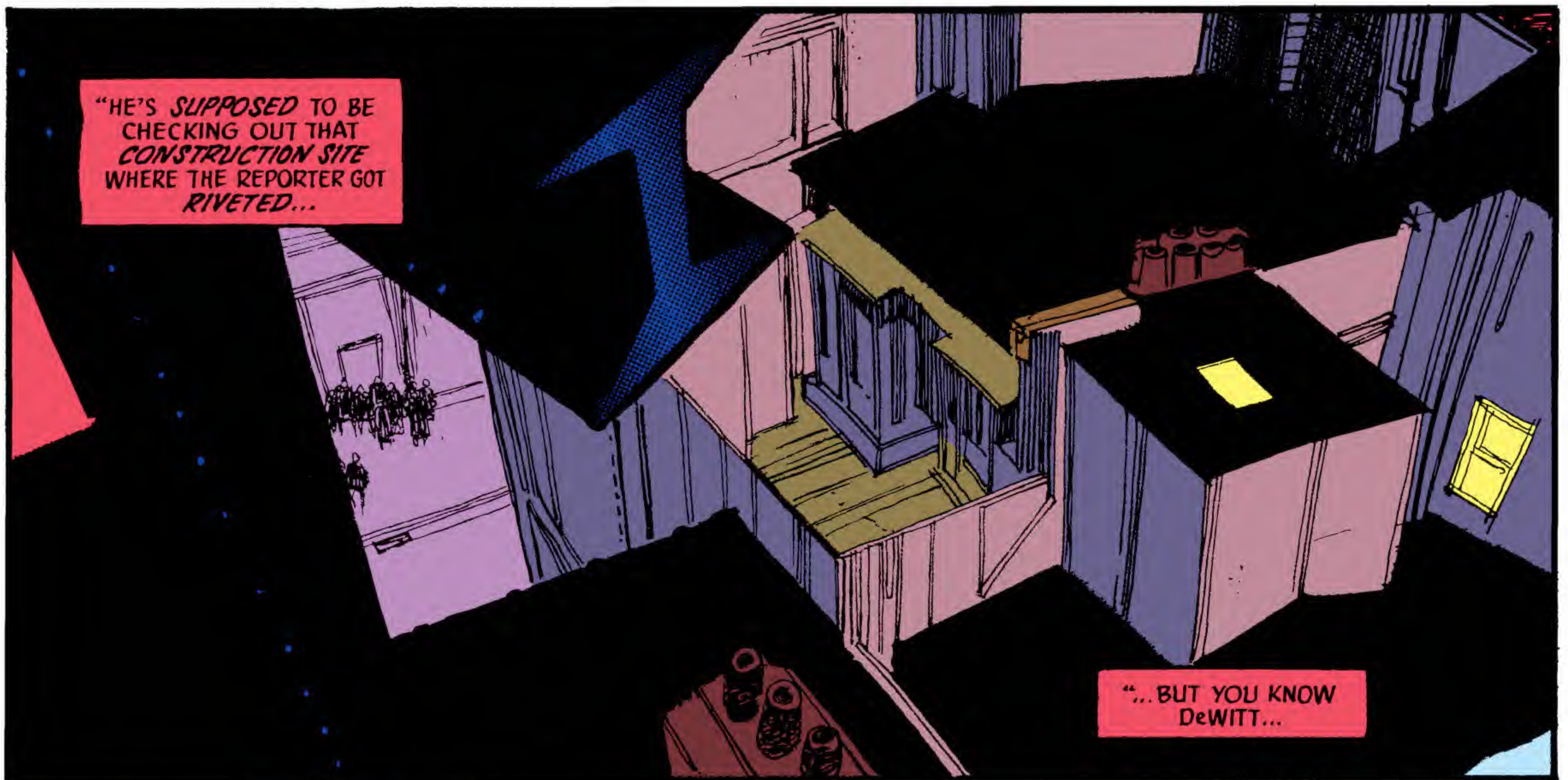
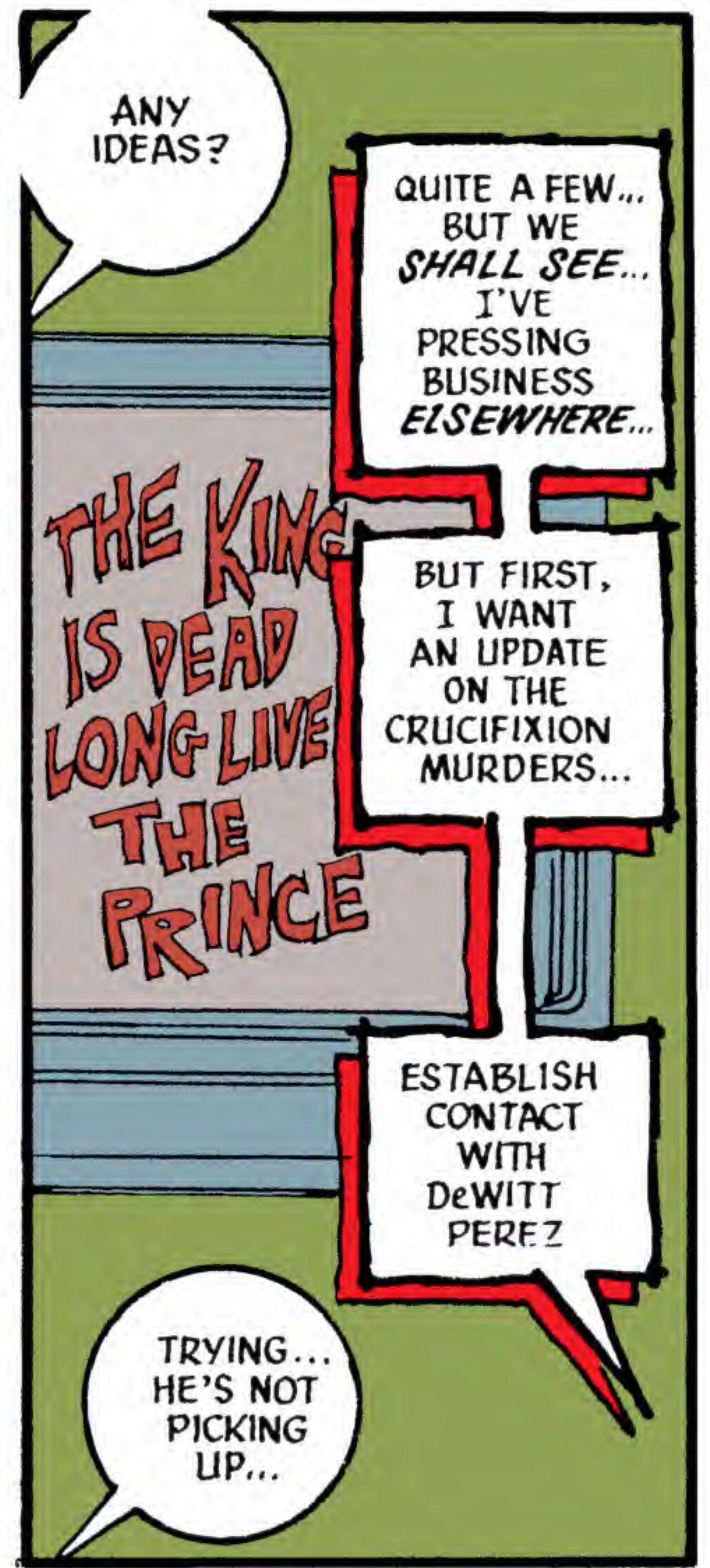
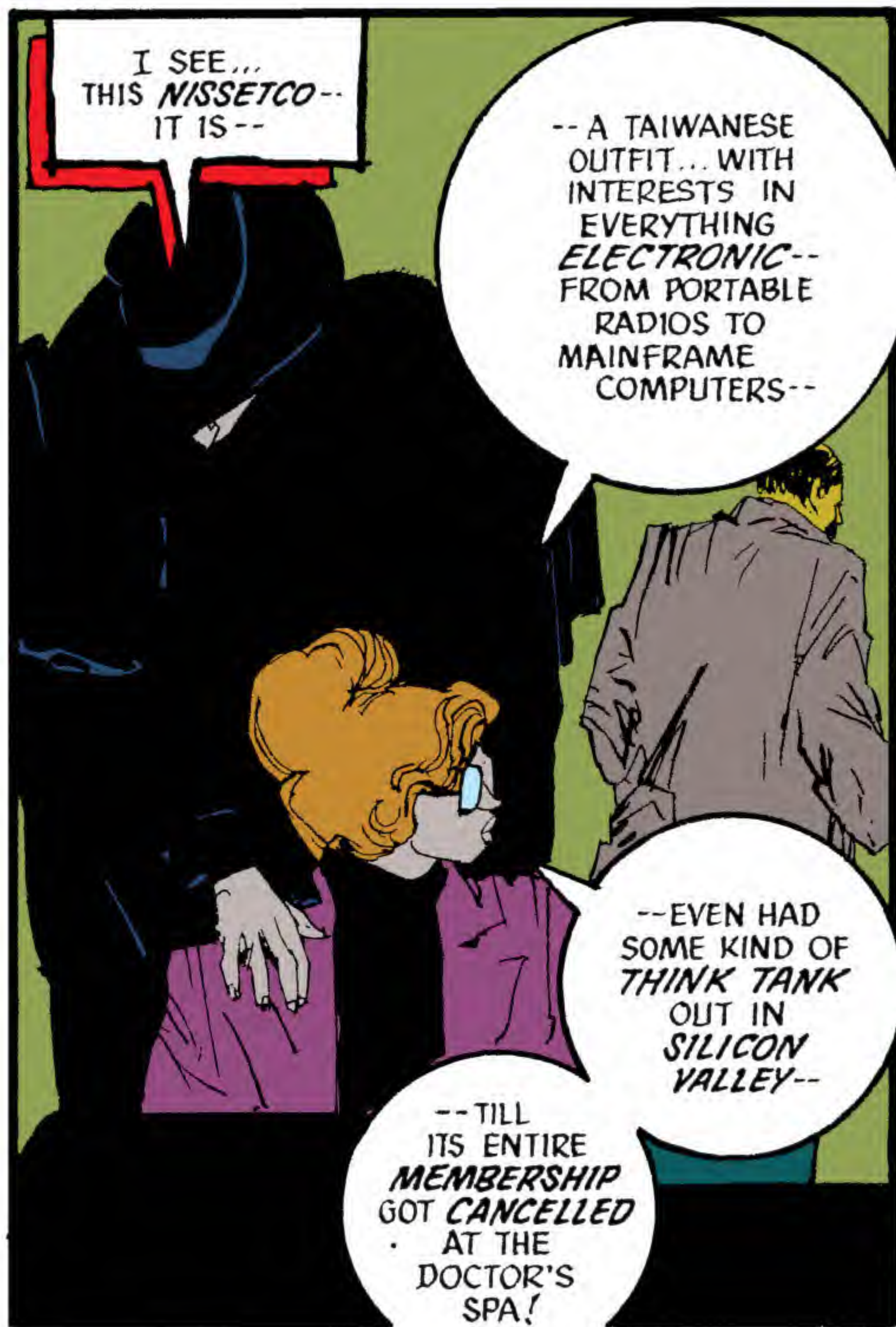
LAST ITEM-- SEEMS A COUPLE OF FOLKS WENT *CRAZY* IN MIDTOWN THIS AFTERNOON-- CAUSED SOME MAJOR-LEAGUE DAMAGE...

MIGHT NOT HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH *ANYTHING*...

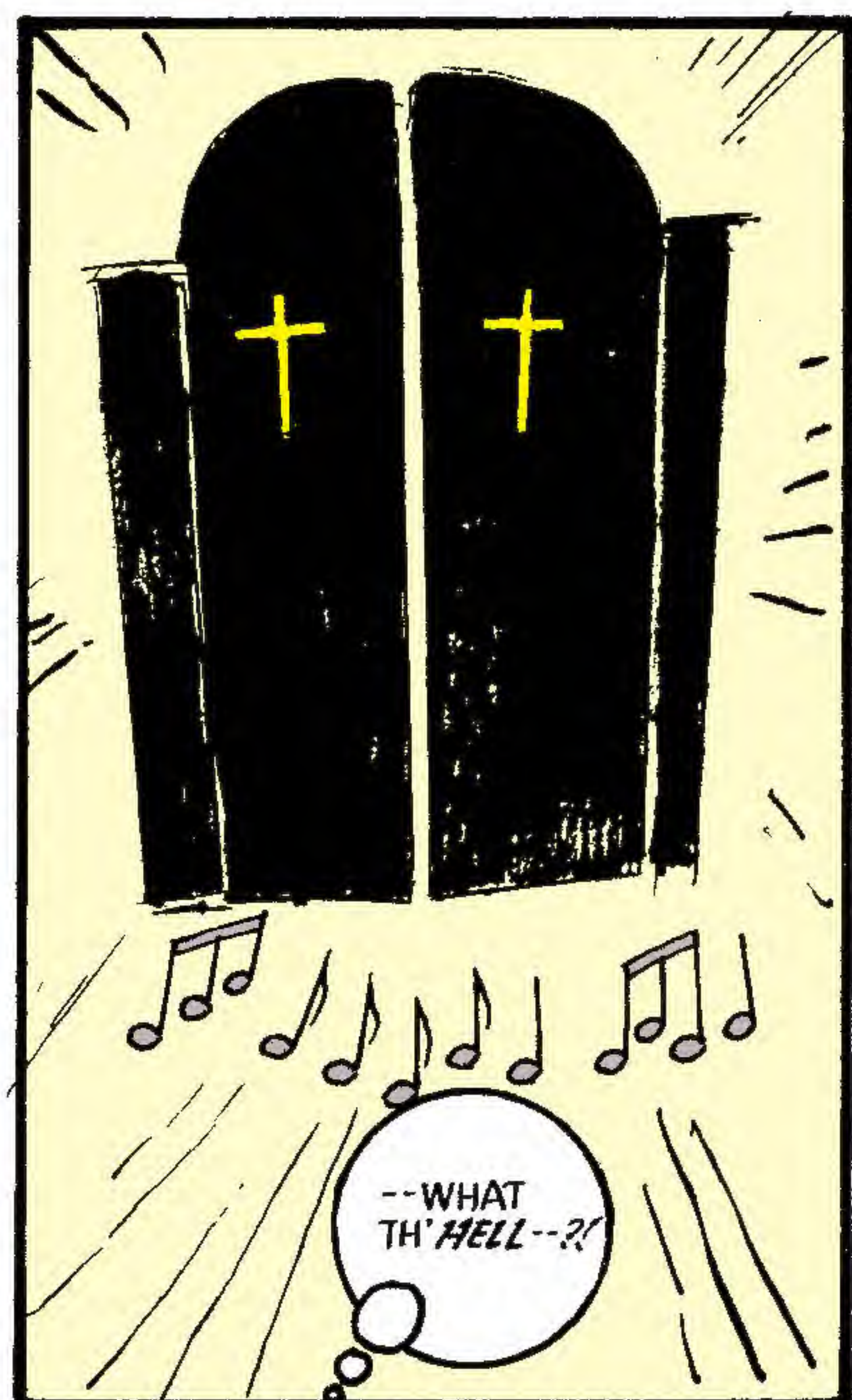
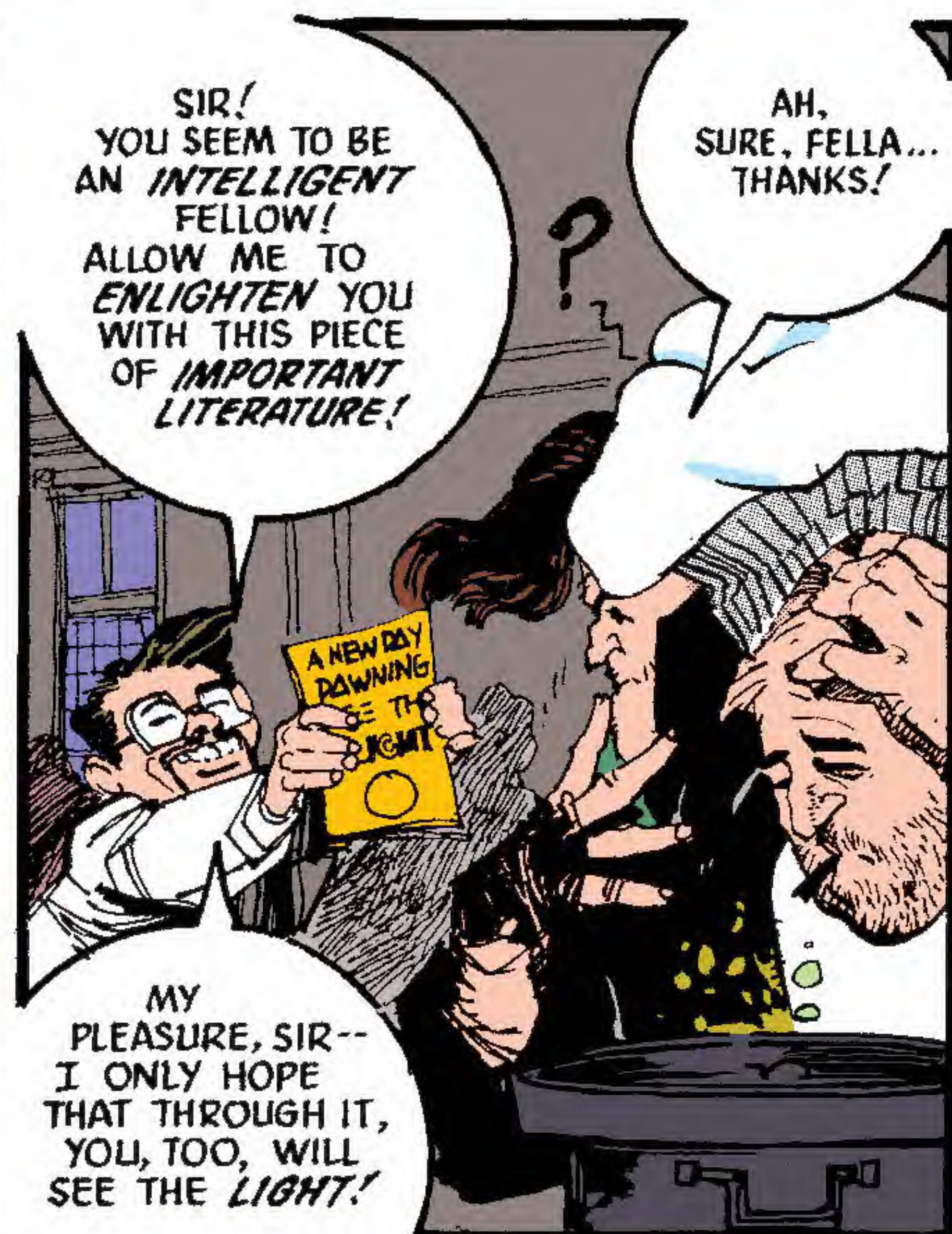
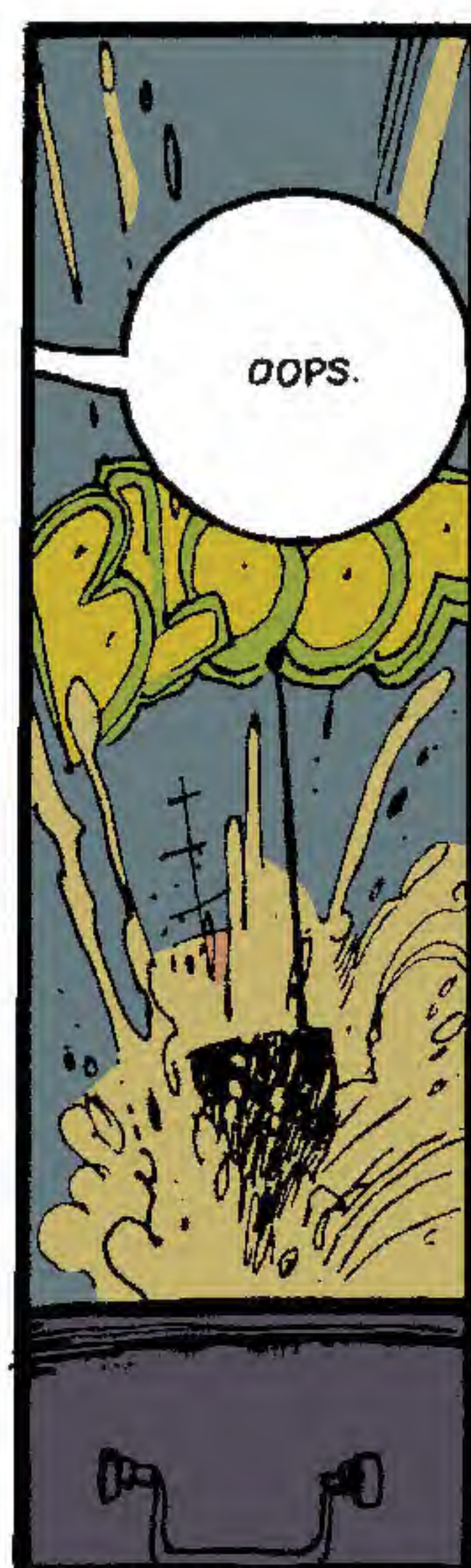
...EXCEPT THE WHOLE THING TOOK PLACE IN FRONT OF THE *NISSETCO* BUILDING--

SAME COMPANY THE HEALTH SPA MASSACRE VICTIMS WORKED FOR...

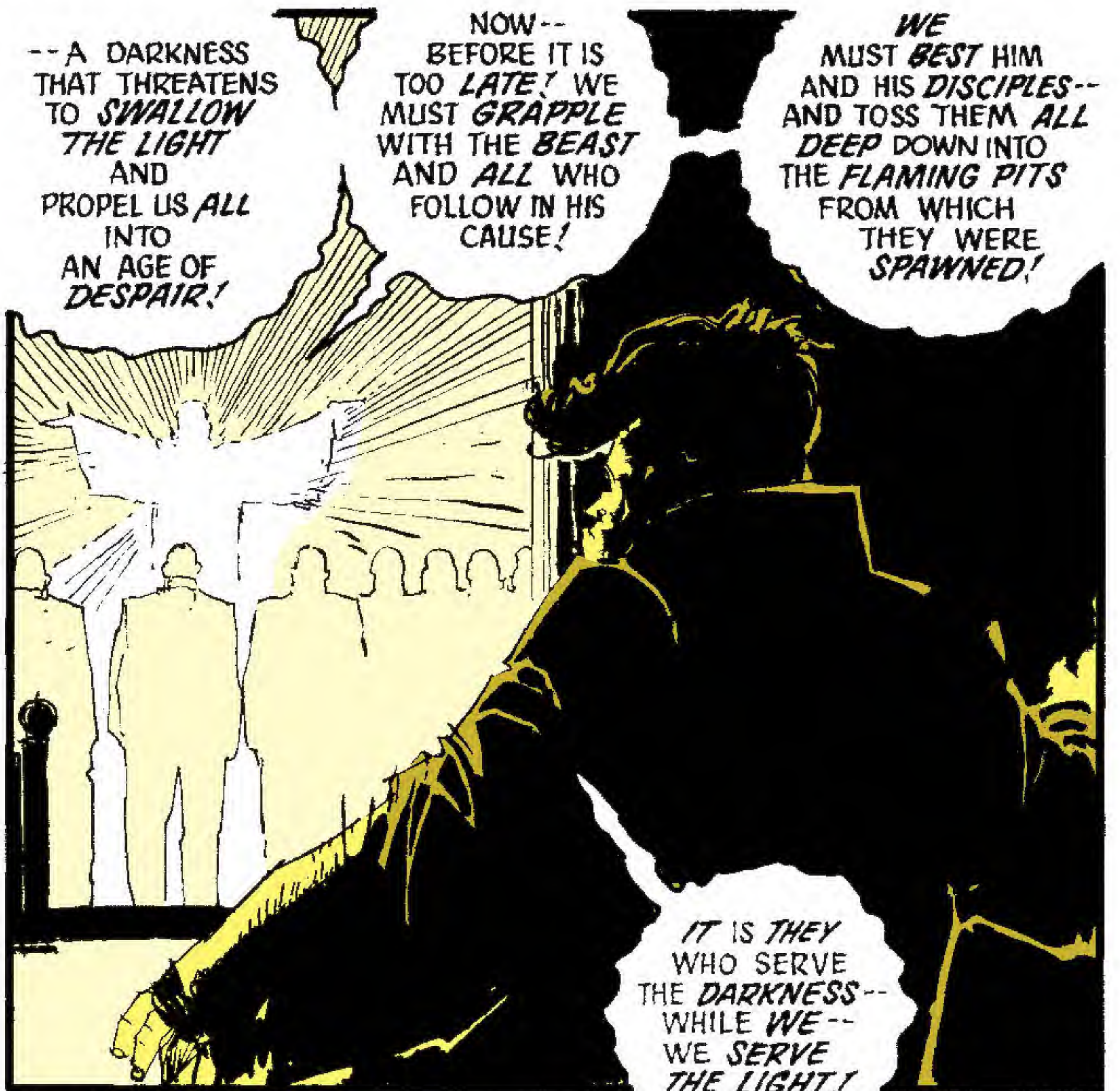












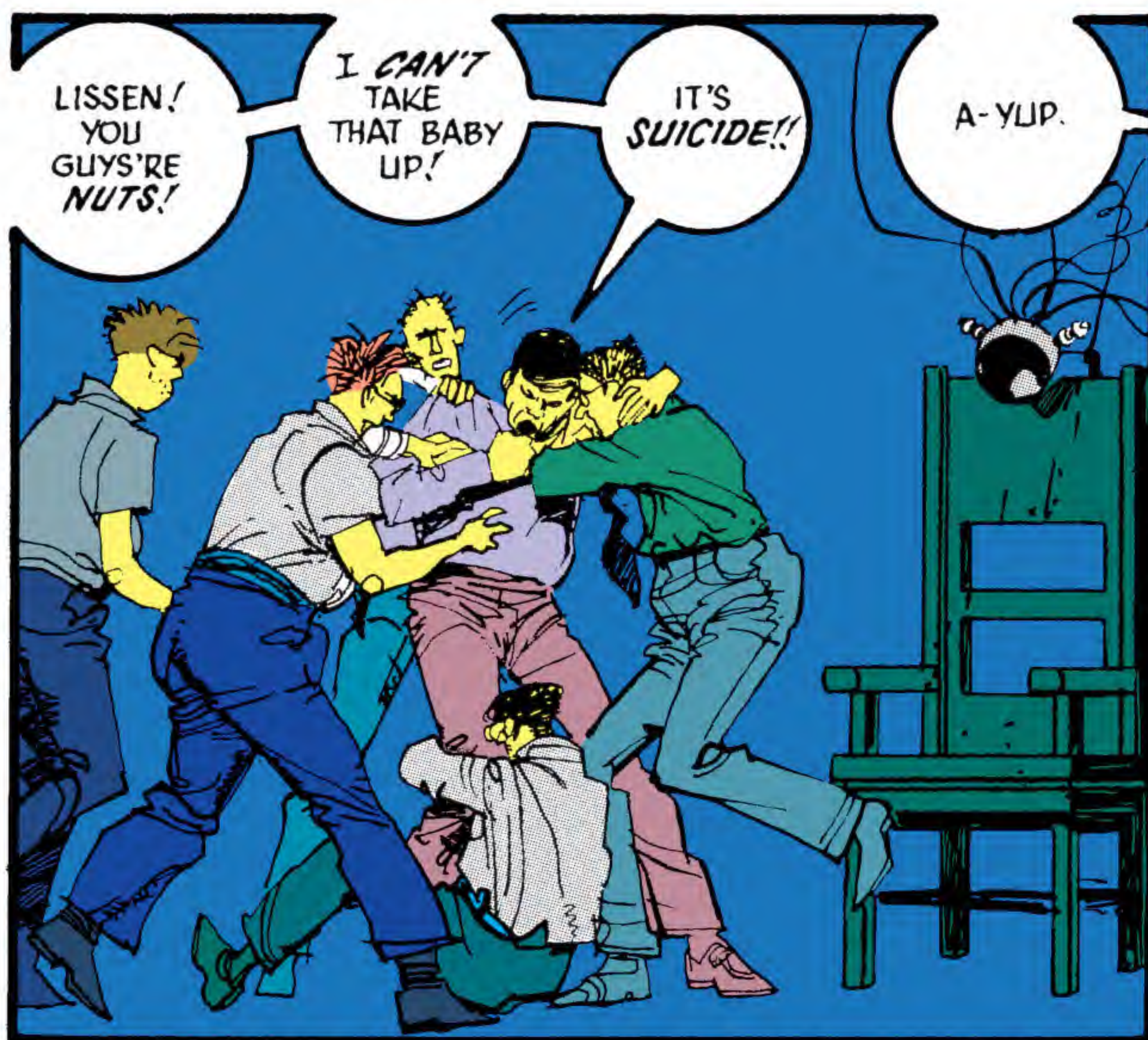




N-NO WAY!  
I'M NOT  
FLYING  
THAT--

HEY! GET  
AWAAAAY!  
GET--

NO!



LISSEN!  
YOU  
GUYS'RE  
NUTS!

I CAN'T  
TAKE  
THAT BABY  
UP!

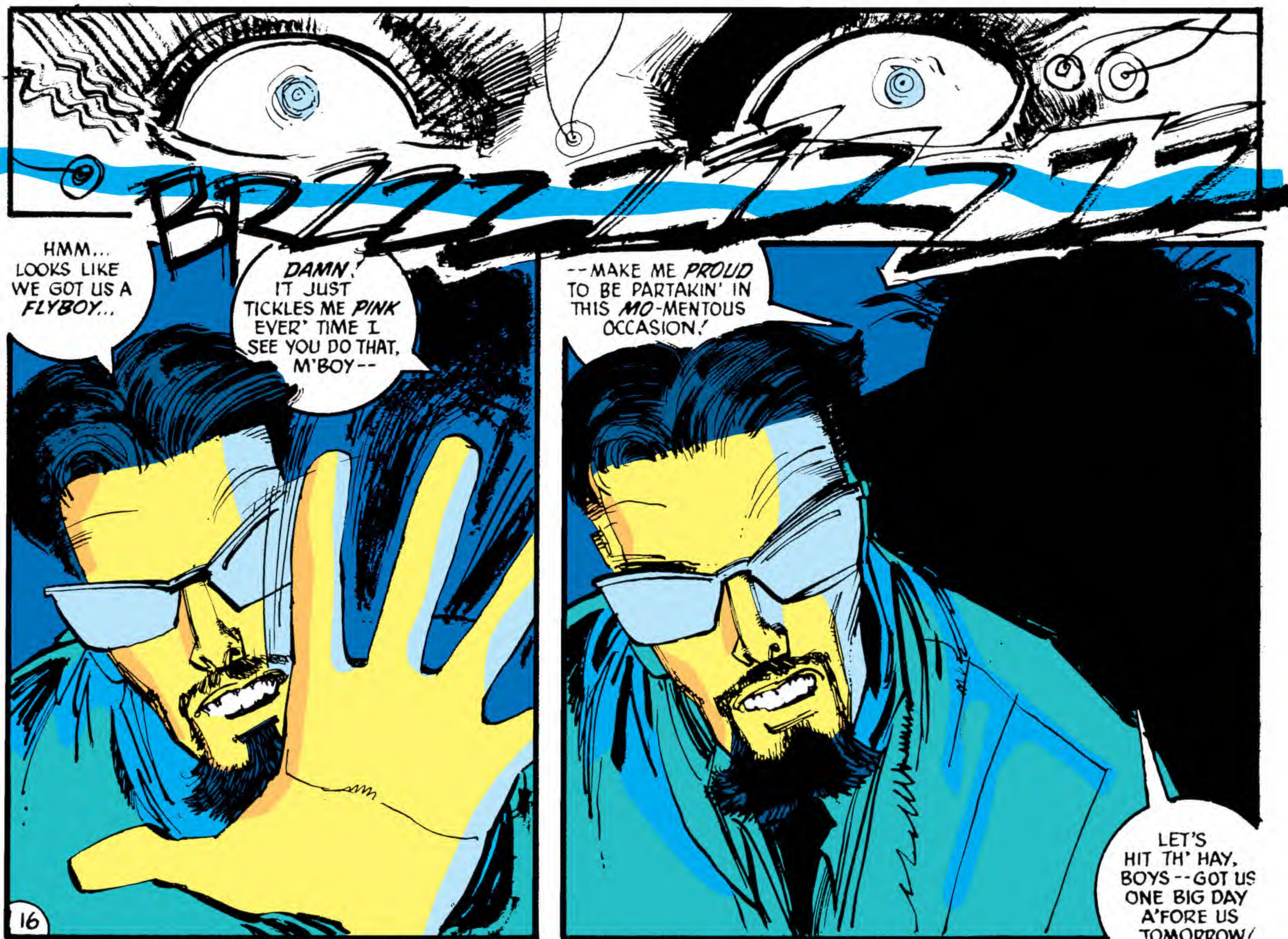
IT'S  
SUICIDE!!

A-YUP.



BUT  
AFTER AH'M  
A DONE WIT' YUH,  
Y'CAN BE SHURE  
Y'WON'T BE  
MINDIN' THET  
A WHIT!

AMOS--  
HIT THET  
LI'L SWITCH  
A'THAR,  
WILLYA?



HMM...  
LOOKS LIKE  
WE GOT US A  
FLYBOY...

DAMN,  
IT JUST  
TICKLES ME PINK  
EVER' TIME I  
SEE YOU DO THAT,  
M'BOY--

--MAKE ME PROUD  
TO BE PARTAKIN' IN  
THIS MO-MENTOUS  
OCCASION!

LET'S  
HIT TH' HAY,  
BOYS--GOT US  
ONE BIG DAY  
A'FORE US  
TOMORROW!





THIS IS TH' FACE OF TH' SHADOW'S RAGE

I DON'T KNOW, HARRY... SEEMS TO ME THEY'RE TRADING OFF ON THE MASTER'S IMAGE A BIT MUCH...

DON'T THINK WHAT THEY'RE DOING IS TRADING OFF...

GIVEN THE KIND OF CROWD THE BOYS SEEM TO BE ATTRACTING--



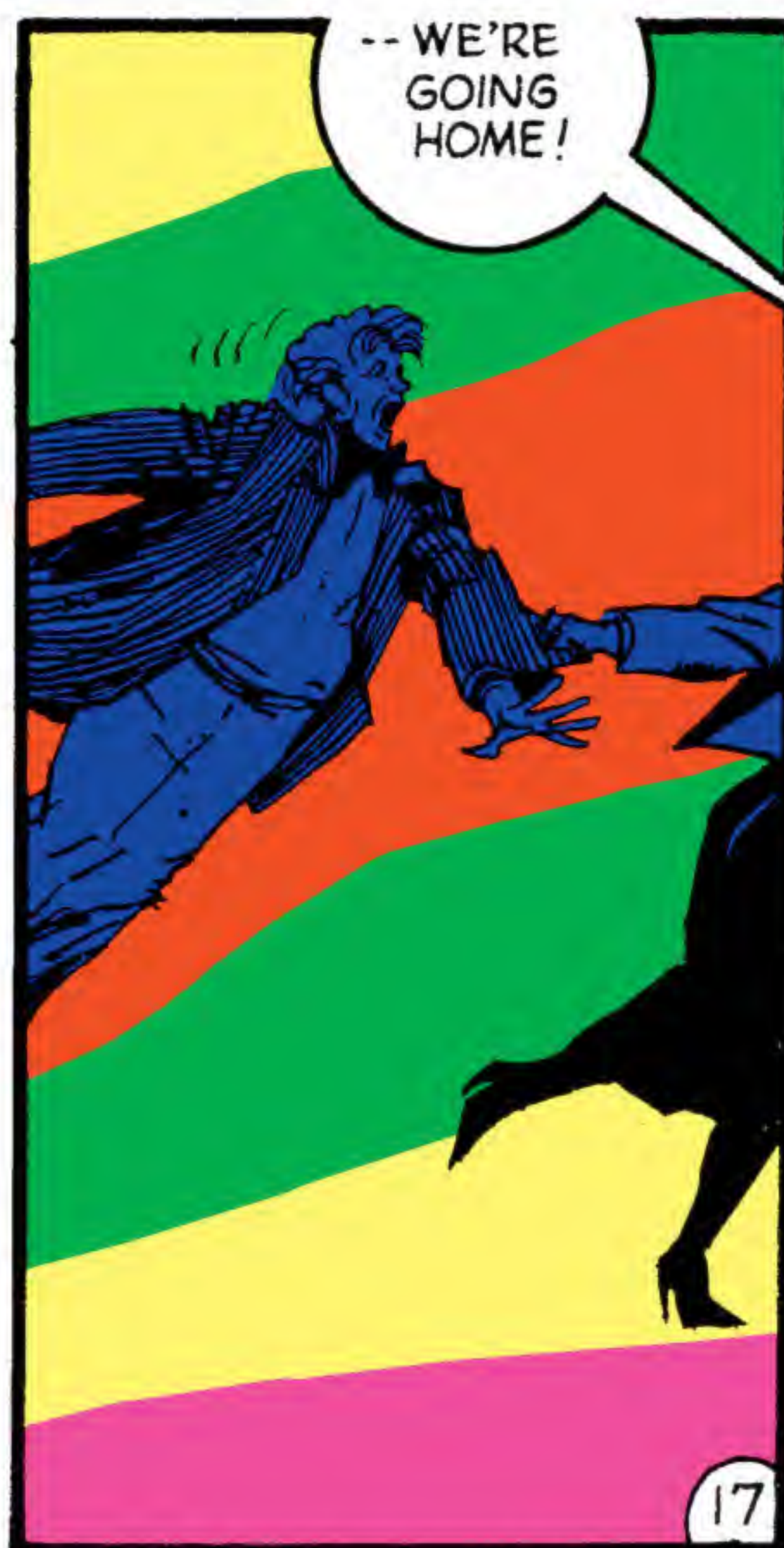
BUT WHATEVER, JUST RELAX AND ENJOY IT-- FIRST MUSIC I'VE HEARD IN YEARS WITHOUT HAVING TO LISTEN HARD--

KIND OF JUST OOZES INTO THE OLD INNER EAR, DOESN'T IT, DEAREST?

HARRY-- I THINK I NEED SOME AIR--

THAT'S WHAT I SAID-- EAR!

HARRY--



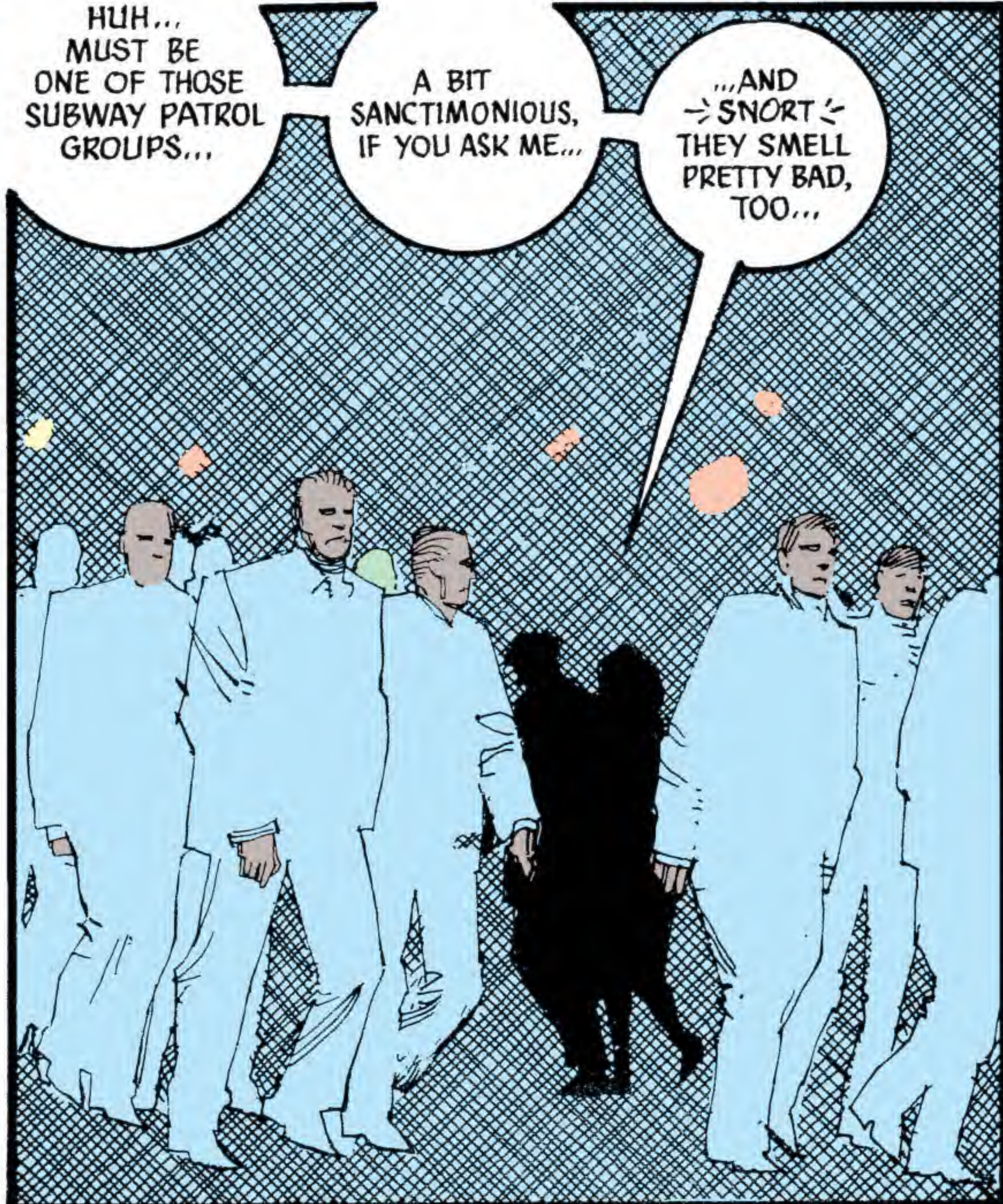




LORD,  
IF YOUR BOSS  
ONLY KNEW  
WHAT THOSE  
"DARLING" KIDS  
OF HIS WERE  
UP TO--

I RATHER THINK  
HE'D *APPROVE*,  
M'LOVE...  
EVEN *YOU'D* ADMIT  
THE MASTER  
HAS ALWAYS HAD  
A CERTAIN *FLAIR*  
FOR THE  
*DRAMATIC*--

--THE  
*THEATRICAL*...  
THE--



HUH...  
MUST BE  
ONE OF THOSE  
SUBWAY PATROL  
GROUPS...

A BIT  
SANCTIMONIOUS,  
IF YOU ASK ME...

...AND  
-> SNORT <-  
THEY SMELL  
PRETTY BAD,  
TOO...



MAN--  
GLAD TO SEE  
YOU FOLKS'RE  
ON THE  
CASE...

I GOT  
A BAD FEELIN'  
ABOUT THOSE GUYS--  
YOU TAKE  
A GOOD LOOK  
AT 'EM?

NOT REALLY--  
CAUGHT  
A *WHIFF*,  
THOUGH--

GASOLINE,  
RIGHT?!

YASSS...  
BUT...



SORRY,  
FELLAS--  
WE'RE UNDER  
NEW  
MANAGEMENT--

PRIVATE  
PARTY--  
COME BACK  
TOMORR--

-- HEY--  
WHAT THE HELL'S  
THAT STINK--



SO  
I THOUGHT  
THESE GUYS WERE  
JUST GONNA  
GO OUT DRINKIN'  
OR SOMETHING  
AFTER THEIR  
*PRAYER*  
*MEETIN'*--

BUT THEN  
THEY STOP  
IN THE MIDDLE  
OF THE  
STREET--

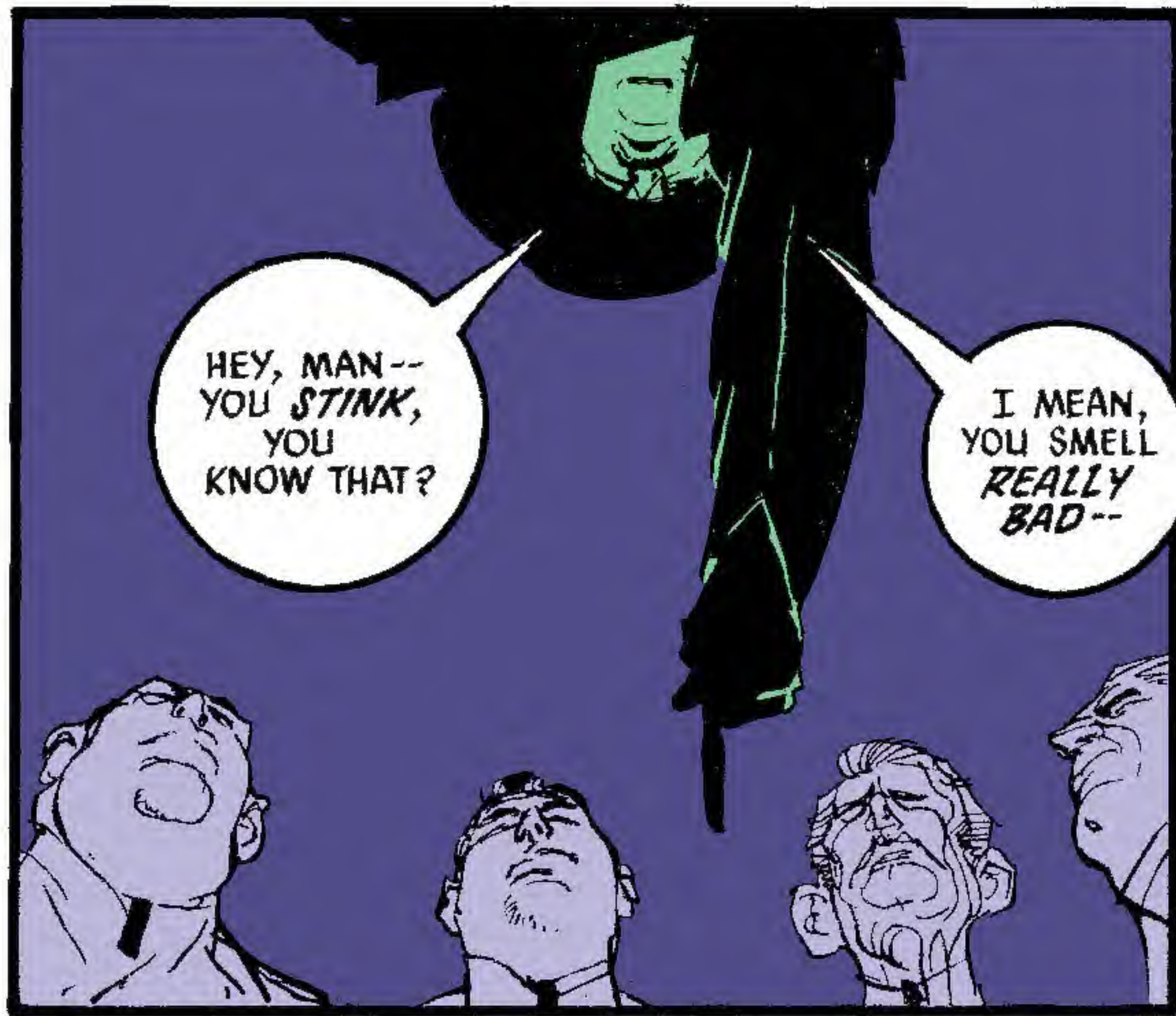
--START  
POURIN' THIS  
*GASOLINE*  
OVER  
EACH OTHER--

-- AND  
I CAN'T STOP  
THINKIN' 'BOUT  
THOSE *MONKS*  
IN *VIETNAM*...  
YOU KNOW--  
THE ONES THAT--

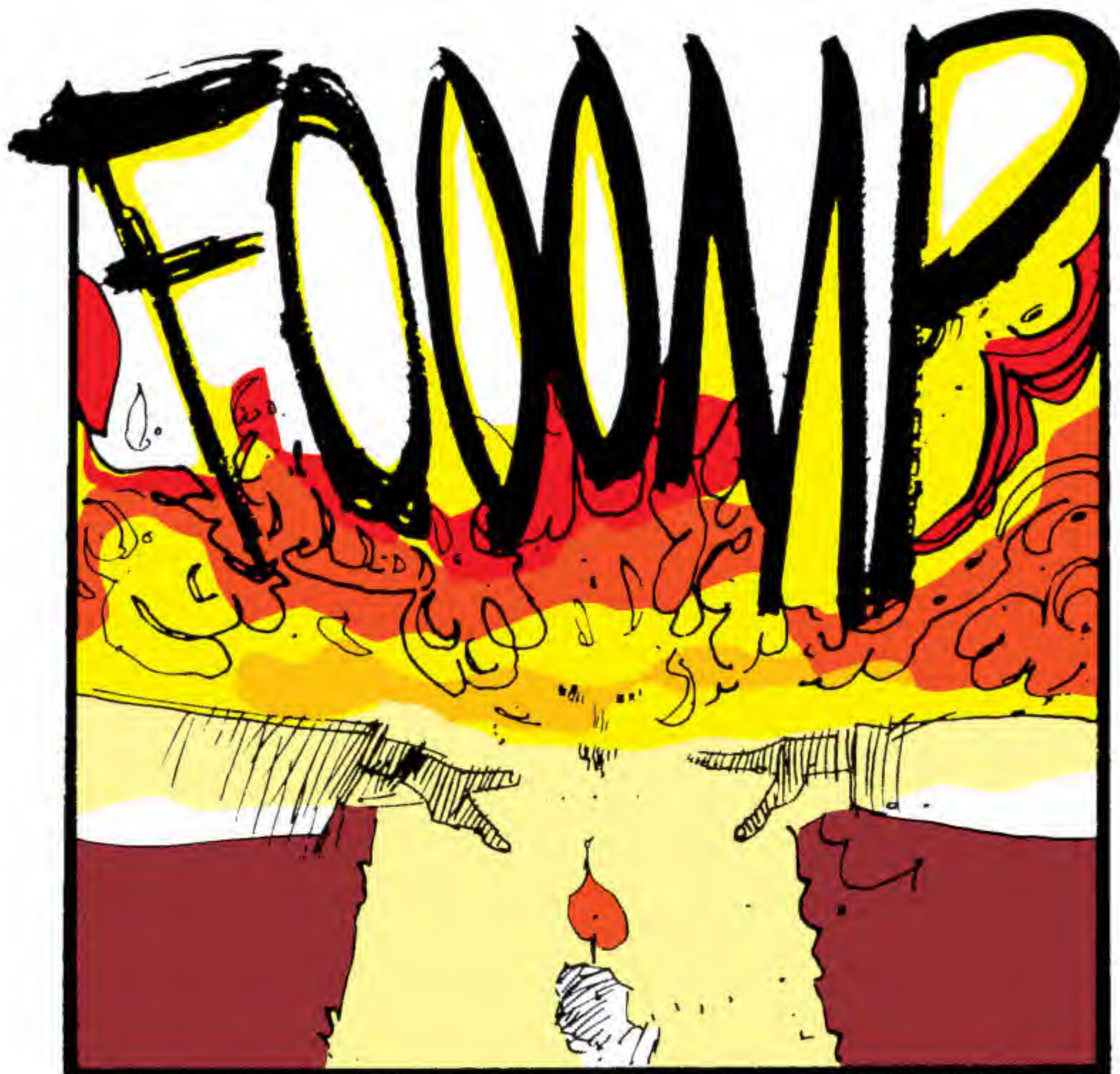


OH, MAN...













HA HA HA  
BRAK K KABR  
HA HA HA  
BRAK K KABR

BRAK K KABR BRRRAK K KABR





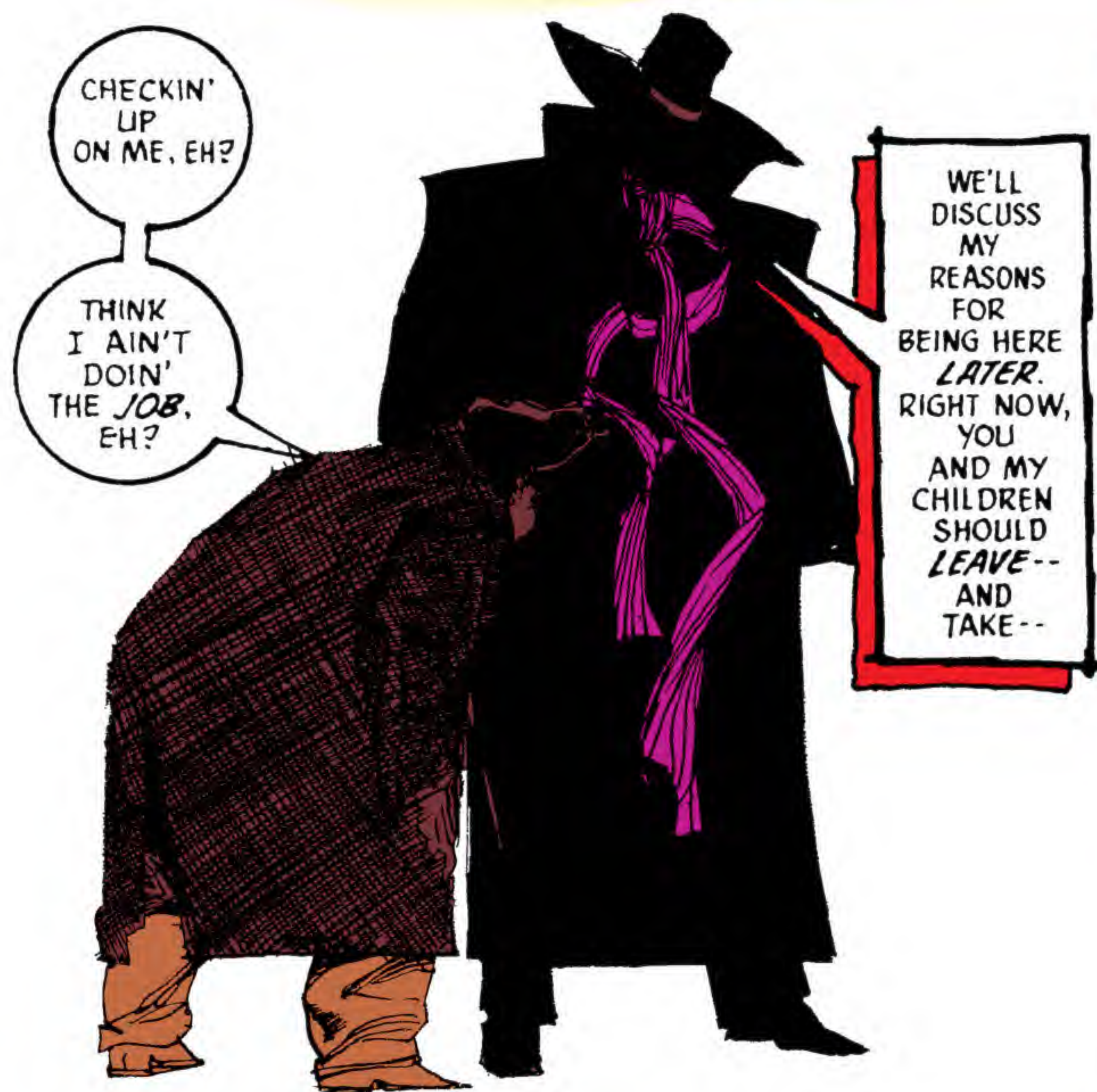
FATHER!  
YOU  
CAME!

SO?  
WHAT DID YOU  
THINK OF OUR  
*FIRST*  
PERFORMANCE?

THIS IS NEITHER  
THE *TIME*  
OR THE *PLACE*  
FOR--



HEY!  
WHAT THE HELL  
ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?!



CHECKIN'  
UP  
ON ME, EH?

THINK  
I AIN'T  
DOIN'  
THE *JOB*,  
EH?

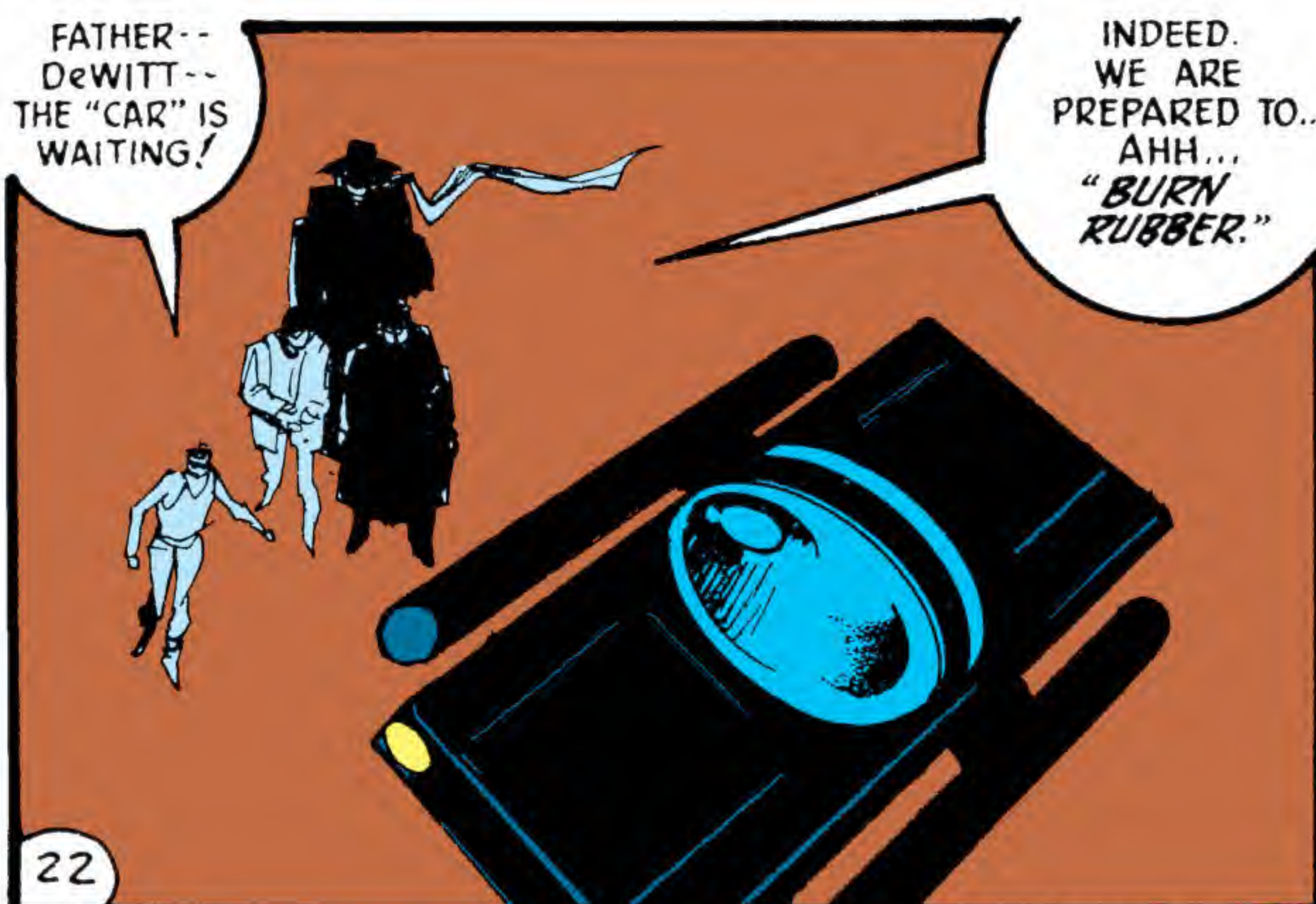
WE'LL DISCUSS  
MY  
REASONS  
FOR  
BEING HERE  
*LATER*.  
RIGHT NOW,  
YOU  
AND MY CHILDREN  
SHOULD  
*LEAVE--*  
AND  
TAKE--



-- HARRY AND MAVIS--?

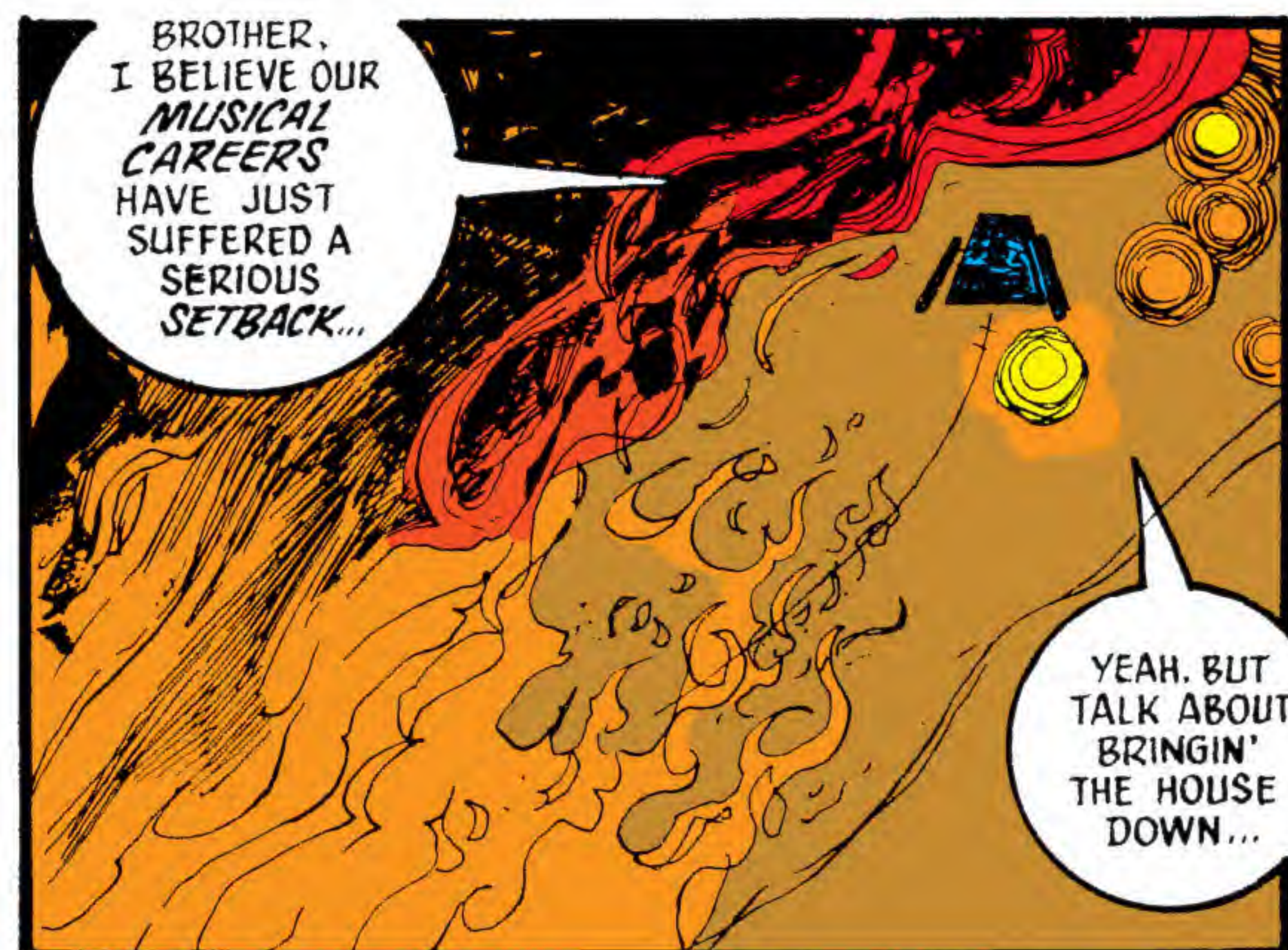
AHH-- PUT  
THOSE TWO  
INNA CAB AND  
SENT 'EM  
HOME--

--NO  
SENSE'N  
'EM GETTING  
THEM  
FINE DUDS  
DIRTY  
OVER THIS!



FATHER--  
DeWITT--  
THE "CAR" IS  
WAITING!

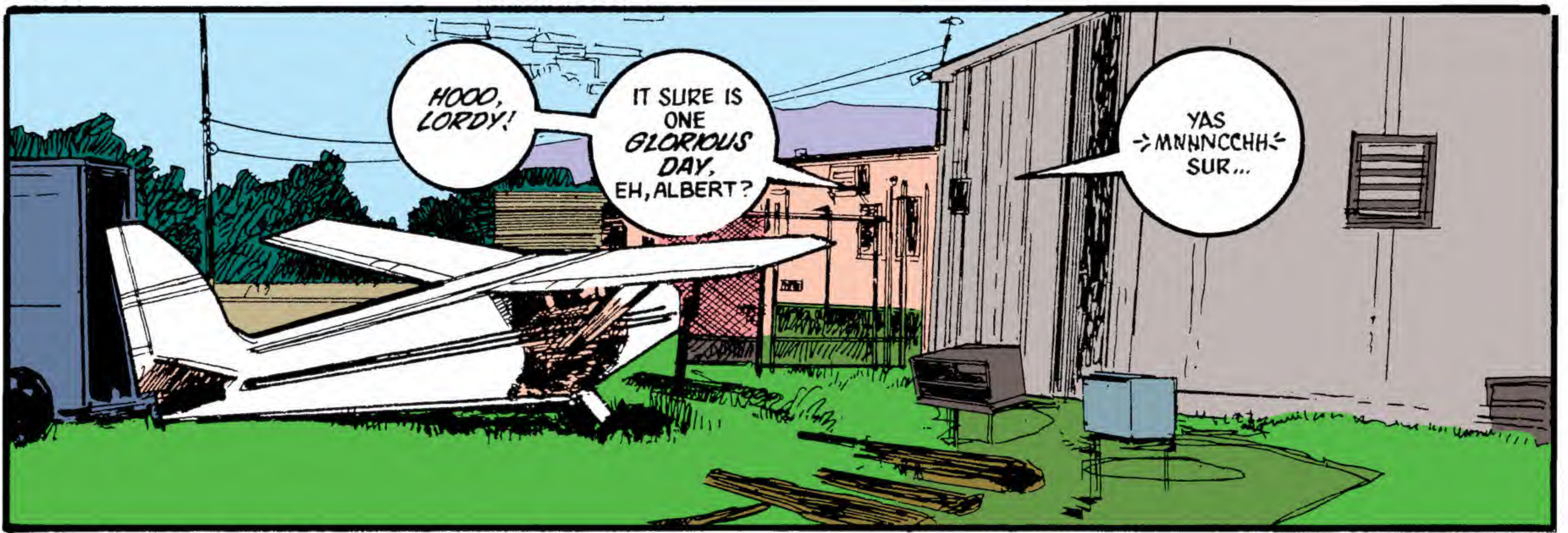
INDEED.  
WE ARE  
PREPARED TO...  
AHH...  
*"BURN  
RUBBER."*



BROTHER,  
I BELIEVE OUR  
*MUSICAL*  
*CAREERS*  
HAVE JUST  
SUFFERED A  
SERIOUS  
*SETBACK...*

YEAH. BUT  
TALK ABOUT  
BRINGIN'  
THE HOUSE  
DOWN...





HOOD,  
LORDY!

IT SURE IS  
ONE  
GLORIOUS  
DAY,  
EH, ALBERT?

YAS  
->MNNNCCH->  
SUR...

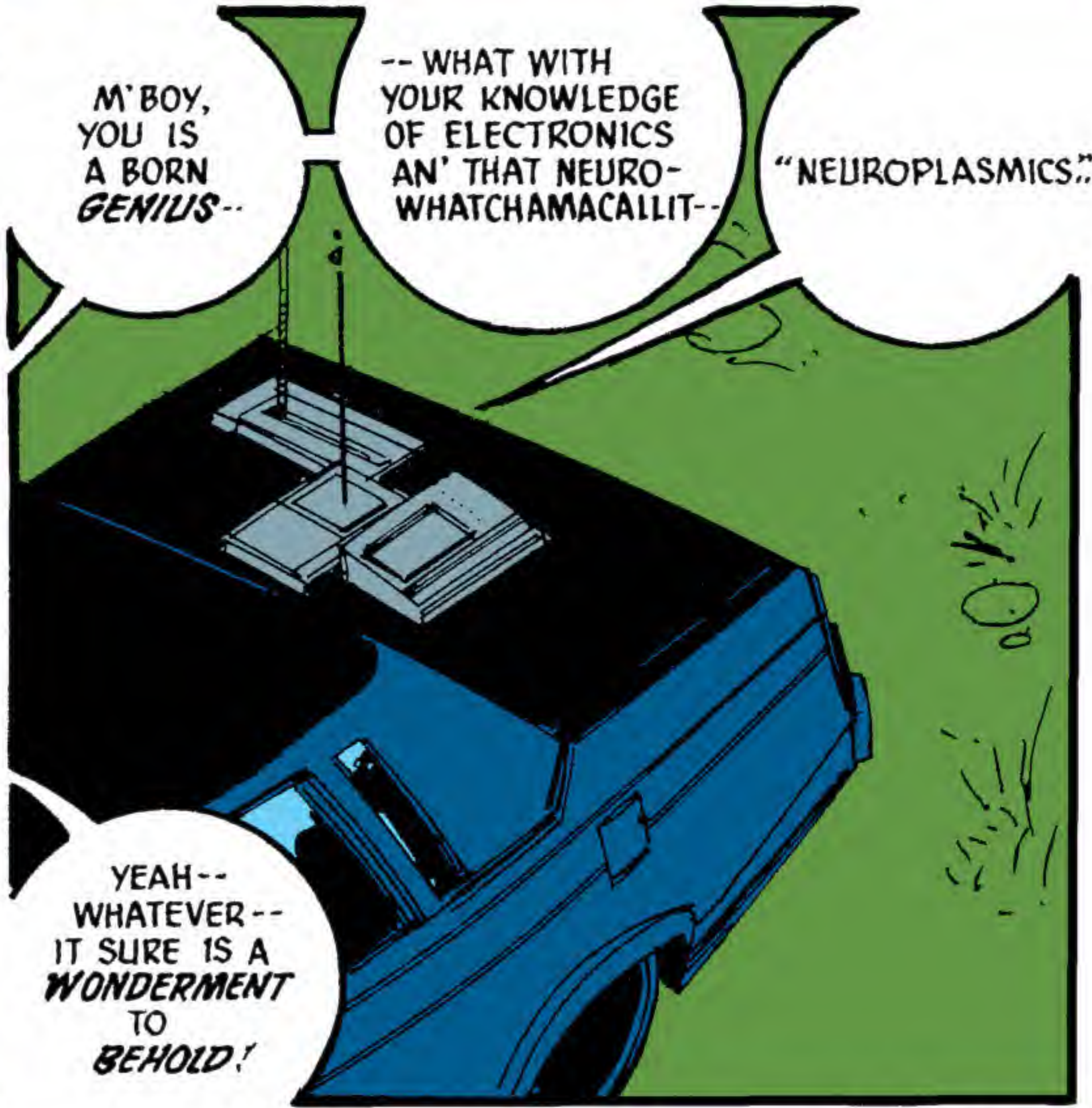


WAAL,  
AH SUPPOSE  
EVERY  
LITTLE THING'S  
IN ORDER  
NOW...

Y'ALL  
GOT THEM  
CAMERAS  
SET UP,  
KEE-RECT?

Y->RUNNCH->--UP...  
SHOULDN'T TAKE  
BUT HA'F 'N HOUR  
ONCE SHE'S  
AIRBORNE...

... 'N' WE C'N  
->CHMMMP->  
BE WATCH'N THE  
WHOLE THIN'  
RAHT A-HERE...

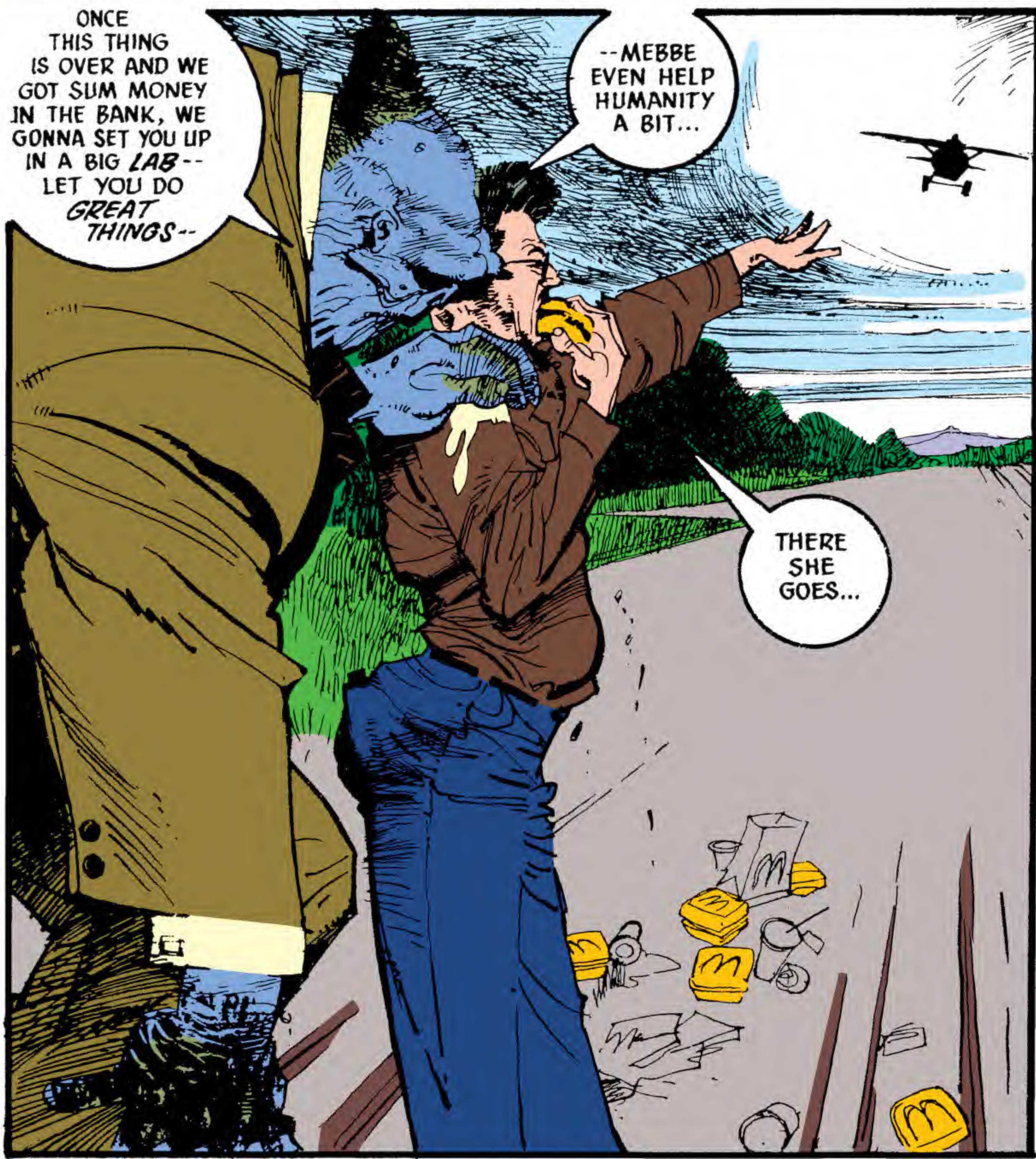


M' BOY,  
YOU IS  
A BORN  
GENIUS--

-- WHAT WITH  
YOUR KNOWLEDGE  
OF ELECTRONICS  
AN' THAT NEURO-  
WHATCHAMACALLIT--

"NEUROPLASMICS"...

YEAH--  
WHATEVER--  
IT SURE IS A  
WONDERMENT  
TO  
BEHOLD!



ONCE  
THIS THING  
IS OVER AND WE  
GOT SUM MONEY  
IN THE BANK, WE  
GONNA SET YOU UP  
IN A BIG LAB--  
LET YOU DO  
GREAT  
THINGS--

--MEBBE  
EVEN HELP  
HUMANITY  
A BIT...

THERE  
SHE  
GOES...



JUST YOU  
WAIT 'N' SEE,  
BOY--

BIG DADDY  
HERE  
GOT SOME  
MAJOR  
PLANS  
FOR YOU--









OH, *MAN*--  
WE REALLY  
*BUZZED*  
THEM FELLAS,  
EH, SON?!

YESSIR,  
MISTUH STARK...  
OUGHTA BE ABLE  
TO EYEBALL  
THE TARGET  
IN 'BOUT  
TWO MINUTES...



YOU JUST  
WATCH, BOY!  
YOU'LL SEE!  
SOON'S WE MAKE  
OUR SPLASH, THEM  
*MEDIA HOUNDS*  
GONNA FLUSH THAT  
YELLOW DEVIL  
OUT  
LICKETY-SPLIT!

ONE  
MINUTE...



AN' ONCE  
WE FIND *HIM*,  
WE JUST GONNA  
MOSEY ON DOWN  
TO HIS PLACE AN'  
*SNATCH* THAT  
MACHINE  
O' YOURS--

--USE IT  
TO GENERATE  
SOME  
*VENTURE*  
*CAPITAL*  
AND--

TEN  
SECONDS--  
HAR SHE COMES,  
SUH--







THREE  
MINUTES  
TO  
LAUNCH...



YES...  
I SEE...

HE'S  
RIGHT HERE...  
YES... I'LL  
INFORM HIM  
*IMMEDIATELY.*



THERE'S  
BEEN AN  
ATTACK, SIR--THE  
NEW YORK OFFICE--  
THE NETWORKS ARE  
COVERING THE CRASH  
RIGHT NOW...

BILLINGS IS  
CHECKING OUT  
THE  
*TERRORIST*  
ANGLE--

PERHAPS  
WE SHOULD  
ABORT--OR  
DELAY--

NO.



NOTHING  
MUST STOP  
THE LAUNCH.  
THE RECEPTION  
IS IN  
TWO DAYS'  
TIME.

FIND OUT  
WHO OR WHAT  
IS BEHIND THIS.  
FIND OUT  
HOW MUCH  
THEY *KNOW.*



THEN--  
CRUSH THEM...  
UTTERLY.



26



...RAINING  
TONS OF RUBBLE  
ONTO  
RUSH-HOUR CROWDS.  
EMERGENCY TEAMS  
ARE STILL DIGGING,  
BUT  
AT LEAST TWENTY  
ARE KNOWN  
TO HAVE DIED  
IN THE--

*BUUUUURRRPPPP--*

MAN,  
DESE GUYS JUST  
GET *CRAZIER*  
AND  
*CRAZIER!*

MAN  
CAN'T RELAX  
AN' HAVE A FEW  
*BREWSKIS*  
WIDDOUT SOMEONE  
TRYIN' TA BLOW UP  
*SOMETHIN'*  
IN DIS CITY!





--RETURN TO OUR  
REGULAR  
PROGRAMMING  
AFTER  
THIS WORD...

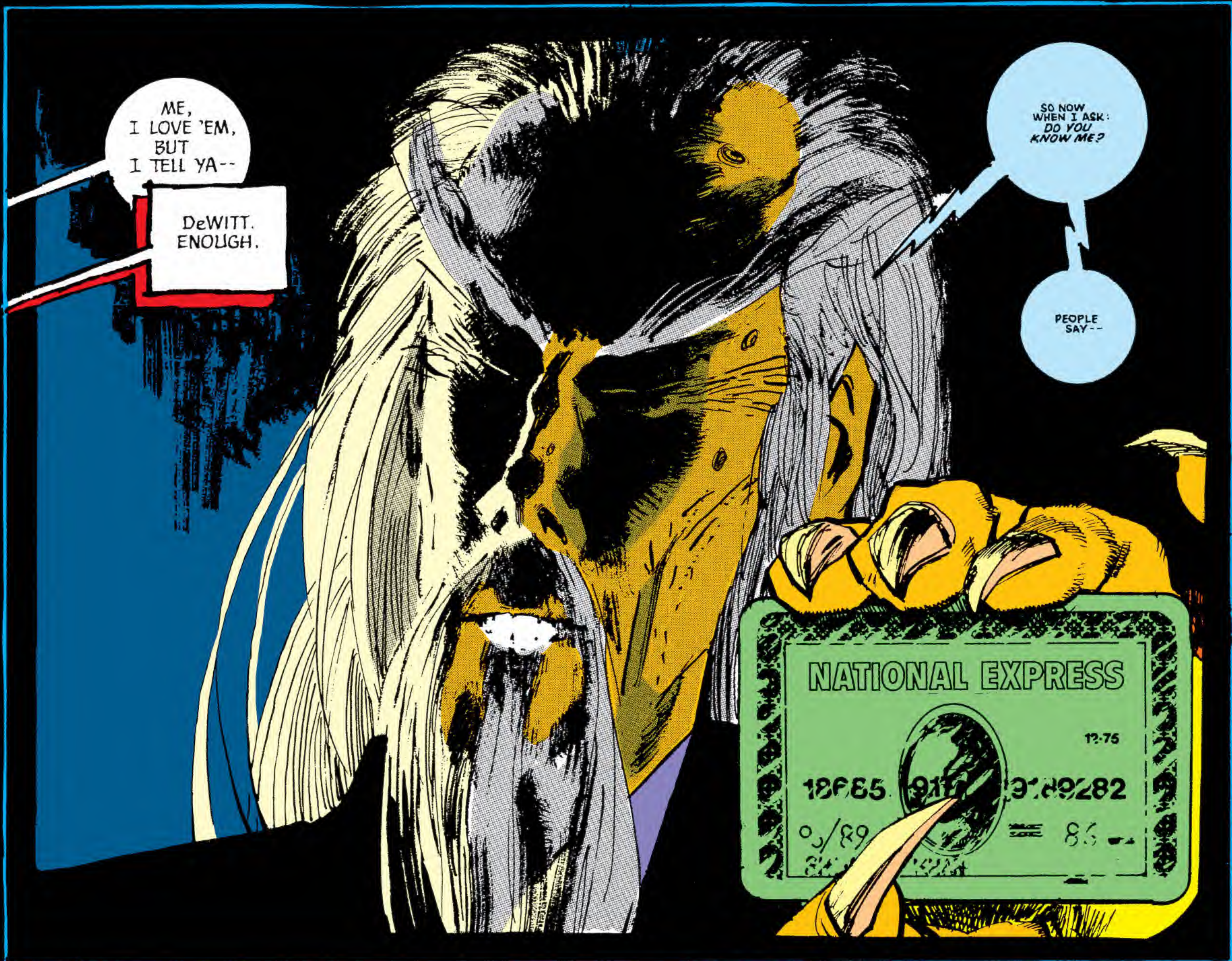
DO YOU KNOW ME?  
I INVENT  
VERY TINY TELEVISION  
AND WONDERFUL MACHINES  
THAT BRING MUSIC  
TO YOUR EARS--  
ANYWHERE YOU GO...

BUT WHEN I  
GO TO RESTAURANT,  
NO ONE KNOW  
WHO I AM,  
SO I CARRY  
*THIS*--

THAT VOICE...  
SO FAMILIAR...

DeWITT,  
THE  
TELEVISION--  
GIVE IT  
TO ME.

SURE--  
YOU A  
SOAP FAN,  
TOO?



SHIVAN KHAN.

MY  
DEADLIEST  
FOE.

NEXT:

WARRIOR









NEWTON, MASS.

--SO MUCH TO DO TODAY.

-- LUNCH WITH THE GIRLS AT COPLEY--

-- PICK UP THAT BLOUSE AT NEIMAN MARC--

--DEAR? WHAT ARE YOU WEARING? I SET YOUR CLOTHES OUT LAST NIGHT--

HEY-HEY! RELAX, HON! FARMER GAVE US ALL THE DAY OFF--

--THE BOSS IS IN TOWN FOR PLANT INSPECTION OR SOMETHING!

THOUGHT I'D JUST PUTTER AROUND THE HOUSE--

--LITTLE REPAIR JOBS--

6-3288



-- BIT OF >HEH< SUBURBAN RENEW --

-- EH?

CRIPES!! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!

EVERYBODY-- INTO THE SHELTER!

AW, NUTS! WHERE'S THE GODDAMNED DOG!?

NIPPER!!

NIP--?



SHADOWS AND LIGHT PART 4

# balance OF POWER

NI << ET CO

WELL, I'LL BE  
A SONUVAGUN...



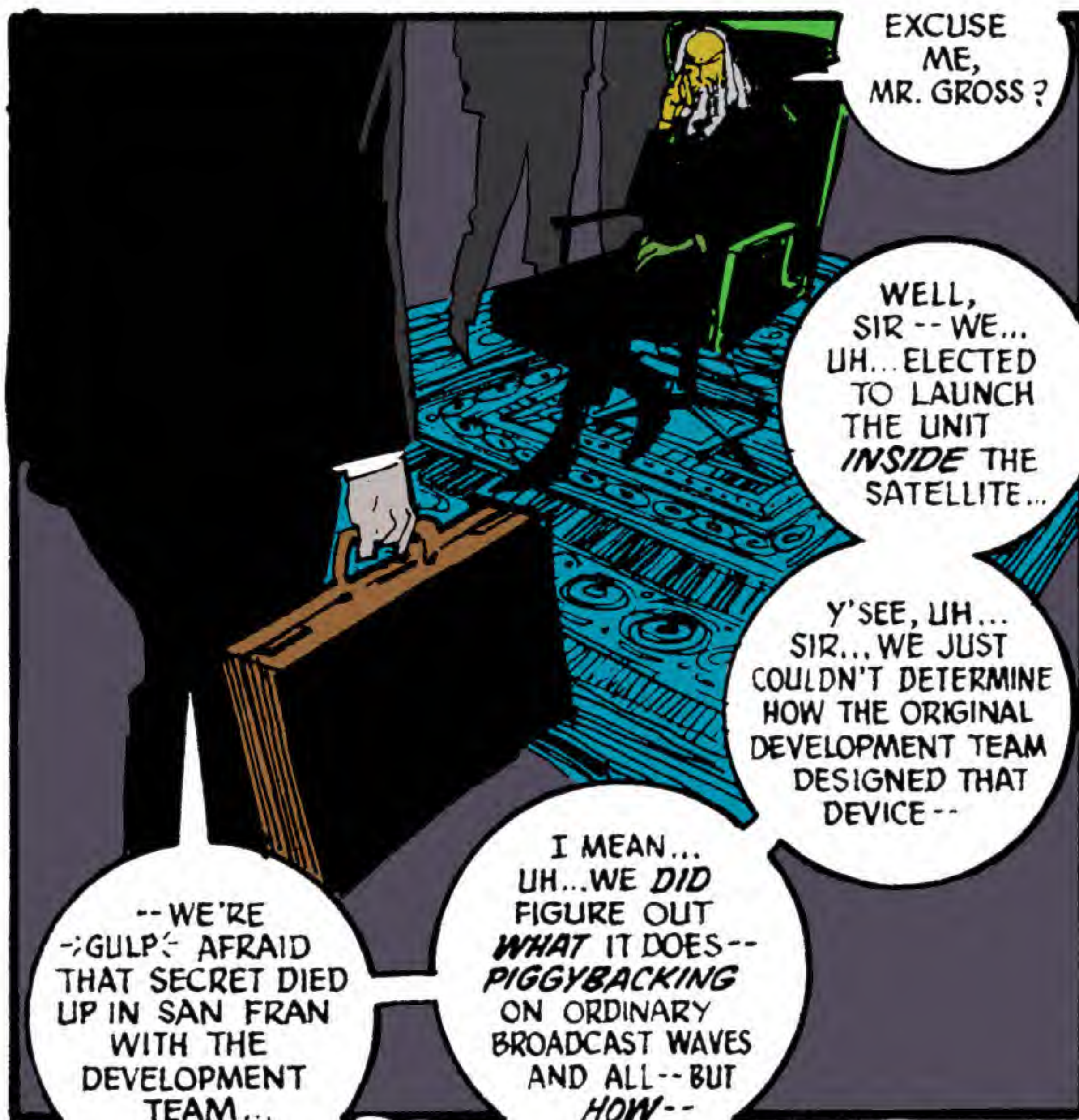
WELL DONE,  
MY MEN--  
**VERY**  
WELL DONE.

AS SOON AS  
THE SATELLITE  
REACHES  
**SYNCHRONOUS**  
ORBIT--

--YOU MAY  
TAKE THE  
REMAINDER  
OF THE DAY  
OFF.

NOW--  
WHERE  
IS THE  
DEVICE--?

IT'S--UH--  
ON ITS WAY  
**UP**, SIR--



EXCUSE  
ME,  
MR. GROSS?

WELL,  
SIR-- WE...  
UH... ELECTED  
TO LAUNCH  
THE UNIT  
**INSIDE** THE  
SATELLITE...

Y'SEE, UH...  
SIR... WE JUST  
COULDN'T DETERMINE  
HOW THE ORIGINAL  
DEVELOPMENT TEAM  
DESIGNED THAT  
DEVICE--

I MEAN...  
UH... WE **DID**  
FIGURE OUT  
**WHAT** IT DOES--  
**PIGGYBACKING**  
ON ORDINARY  
BROADCAST WAVES  
AND ALL-- BUT  
**HOW--**

--WE'RE  
--GULP-- AFRAID  
THAT SECRET DIED  
UP IN SAN FRAN  
WITH THE  
DEVELOPMENT  
TEAM...

SINCE **WE**  
COULDN'T **COPY**  
THE UNIT,  
WE SHOT  
THE **ORIGINAL**  
UP THERE  
FOR--HEH--  
**SAFE**  
KEEPING...

OVER HERE,  
YOU'VE GOT A  
TRANSMITTER  
SPECIALLY  
DESIGNED TO  
TURN THE UNIT  
ON AND OFF  
DIRECT ITS  
AMPLITUDE,  
MODULATION  
AND  
SO FORTH--

THE BOYS DOWN IN  
**HARDWARE**  
WHIPPED UP THIS  
**SECURITY CLIFF**  
AND **TRACER**. JUST  
T'MAKE SURE YOU  
DON'T--HEH-- LOSE  
IT ON A BUS OR  
SOMETHING...

ONCE  
THE LOCK'S  
SECURE,  
NO WAY  
**ANYONE'S**  
GONNA  
SEPARATE  
**IT** FROM  
**YOU!**



WELL,  
I MUST ADMIT,  
GROSS--  
I AM SOMEWHAT  
**DISAPPOINTED...**

SIR!  
YOU  
D-DON'T  
MEAN--

NO, YOU  
NEEDN'T **WORRY**--  
IT'S JUST THAT  
I HAD HOPED TO  
PRODUCE AT LEAST  
A HALF DOZEN  
OF THE **MAIN**  
UNITS--

--ONE  
FOR EACH  
OF THE  
**FOREIGN**  
OFFICES...

STILL--PERHAPS  
IT IS BETTER  
**THIS** WAY.  
EXCLUSIVITY HAS  
**ALWAYS** BEEN  
MY  
PREFERENCE.

I HAVE DECIDED  
TO BE **PLEASED**  
WITH  
YOUR TEAM'S  
PERFORMANCE,  
GROSS.

OH  
**THANK**  
YOU  
SIR!

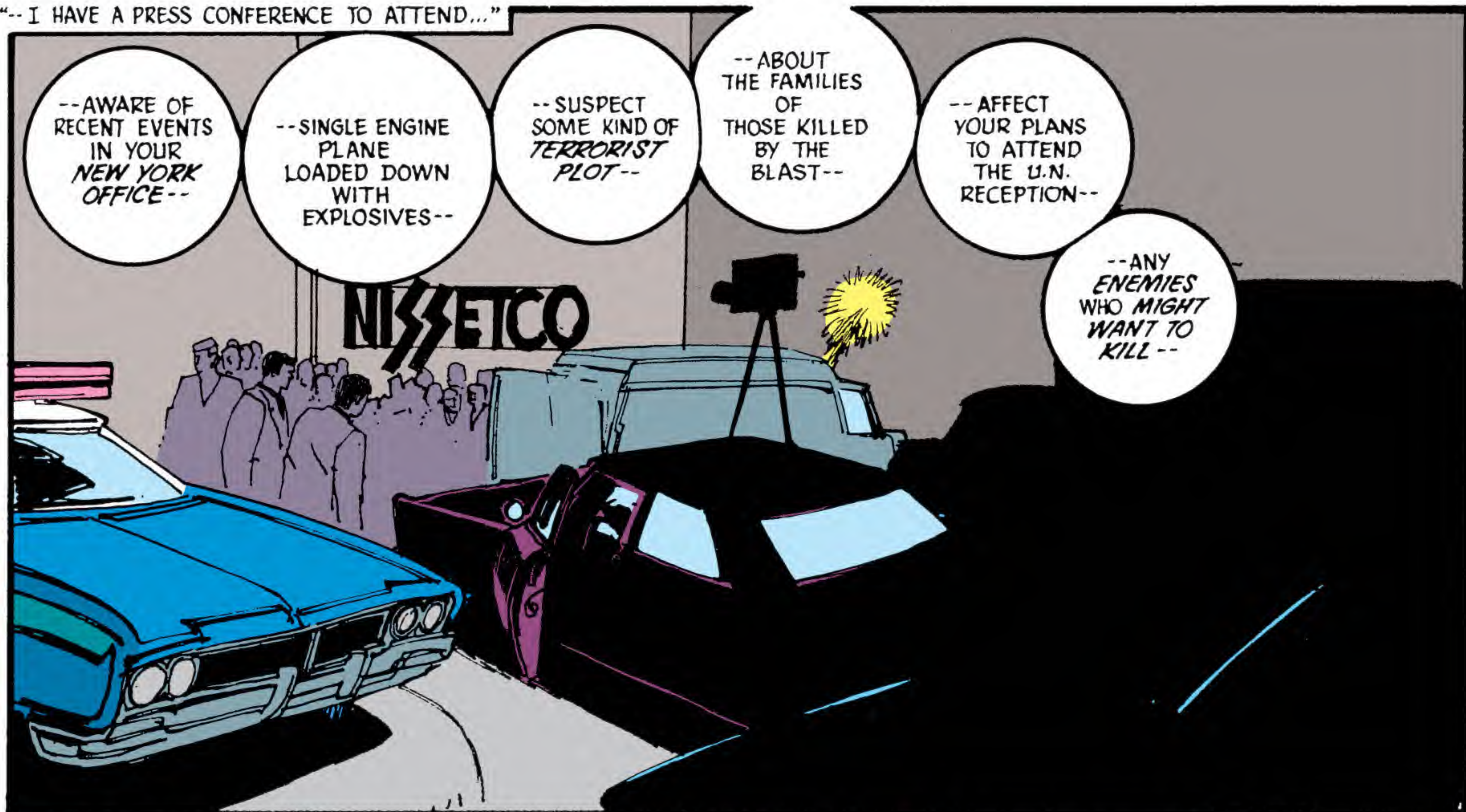


YES.  
MR. WATSON  
TELLS ME  
YOUR HOMES  
MAY BE  
IN NEED OF  
SOME MINOR  
REPAIRS--

--PLEASE  
ROUTE ALL BILLS  
THROUGH  
PETTY CASH.  
NOW LET GO--



-- I HAVE A PRESS CONFERENCE TO ATTEND..."



--AWARE OF  
RECENT EVENTS  
IN YOUR  
NEW YORK  
OFFICE--

--SINGLE ENGINE  
PLANE  
LOADED DOWN  
WITH  
EXPLOSIVES--

--SUSPECT  
SOME KIND OF  
*TERRORIST*  
PLOT--

--ABOUT  
THE FAMILIES  
OF  
THOSE KILLED  
BY THE  
BLAST--

--AFFECT  
YOUR PLANS  
TO ATTEND  
THE U.N.  
RECEPTION--

--ANY  
*ENEMIES*  
WHO *MIGHT*  
WANT TO  
KILL --



PLEASE,  
MY FRIENDS--  
PLEASE!  
I HAVE A  
STATEMENT  
TO MAKE.

--AH-- WE AT NISSETCO ARE  
*APPALLED* AT THE RECENT ATTACK  
ON OUR NEW YORK OFFICE. OUR  
INTERNAL SECURITY DEPARTMENT,  
CULLED FROM THE FINEST OF FBI,  
CIA, AND SECRET SERVICE  
AGENTS, IS INVESTIGATING  
THE MATTER AT THIS  
MOMENT.

WE ARE  
*DETERMINED*  
TO ROOT OUT  
THE CRIMINALS  
RESPONSIBLE FOR  
THE SENSELESS  
DESTRUCTION  
OF LIVES AND  
PROPERTY.

IN ADDITION,  
WE HOPE THE  
FAMILIES OF THOSE  
INNOCENT BYSTANDERS  
KILLED BY THE BLAST  
WILL COME FORWARD,  
SO THAT WE MAY  
PROVIDE FOR THEM  
IN THE DIFFICULT  
YEARS AHEAD.

THAT  
IS  
ALL.



THAT'S  
AWFULLY GENEROUS  
OF YOU, MR. KING--  
WE REALIZE  
YOU'RE UNDER NO  
LEGAL OBLIGATION  
TO DO THAT--

--BUT TELL US:  
HOW DOES THIS  
ATTACK AFFECT  
*YOUR* PLANS  
TO ATTEND THE  
U.N. RECEPTION--



HEY! QUIT  
PUSHIN'--

AWRIGHT,  
STAND ASIDE!

*YOU!*  
YOU GOT A  
*PERMIT*  
TO SHOOT OFF  
THEM *FIREWORKS*  
UP HERE?!

THIS AIN'T  
*CHINATOWN*,  
BUDDY! WE GOT  
DECENT TAXPAYERS  
LIVING OUT  
HERE --



DO YOU  
KNOW WHO YOU'RE  
TALKING TO?! MR. KING  
IS A *GREAT*  
*HUMANITARIAN*--  
NOT SOME THUG  
YOU CAN  
BULLY AROUND!

EXACTLY  
*WHAT* IS  
*YOUR NAME*,  
OFFICER?! OUR  
*VIEWERS* WANT  
TO KNOW!

UH...  
GEE... I  
DIDN'T  
MEAN  
TO --

LET'S GET  
OUTTA HERE,  
BOYS...



AND THERE YOU HAVE IT.  
AFTER A MOMENTARY DELAY,  
MR. KING, UNDAUNTED AS EVER,  
PLEGGED TO RETURN TO  
NEW YORK TO SPEARHEAD  
THE INVESTIGATION--



-- IN ADDITION,  
MR. KING  
AGAIN MAINTAINED  
THE ATTACK  
WOULD IN NO WAY  
ALTER HIS ALREADY  
HECTIC SCHEDULE,  
WHICH INCLUDES--



Y'SEE?  
I TOL' YA  
THEY'D  
TRACK  
'IM DOWN!

YES, SIR--  
SET A LITTLE FIRE  
UNDER THE **BUTT** OF  
THEM MEDIA HOUNDS  
AND THEY'LL FIND OUT  
**ANYTHIN'** Y'ALL  
WANT 'EM TO!



HMM...  
MISTUH STARK--  
YOU GET  
A LOAD'A THET  
ATTACHE  
HE WUZ  
CARRYIN'?

SURE 'NUFF  
I **DID**, BOY!  
AN' I'LL BET  
DOLLARS T'DONUTS  
THET  
OUR LITTLE **PRIZE**  
IS RIGHT IN  
THET CASE!



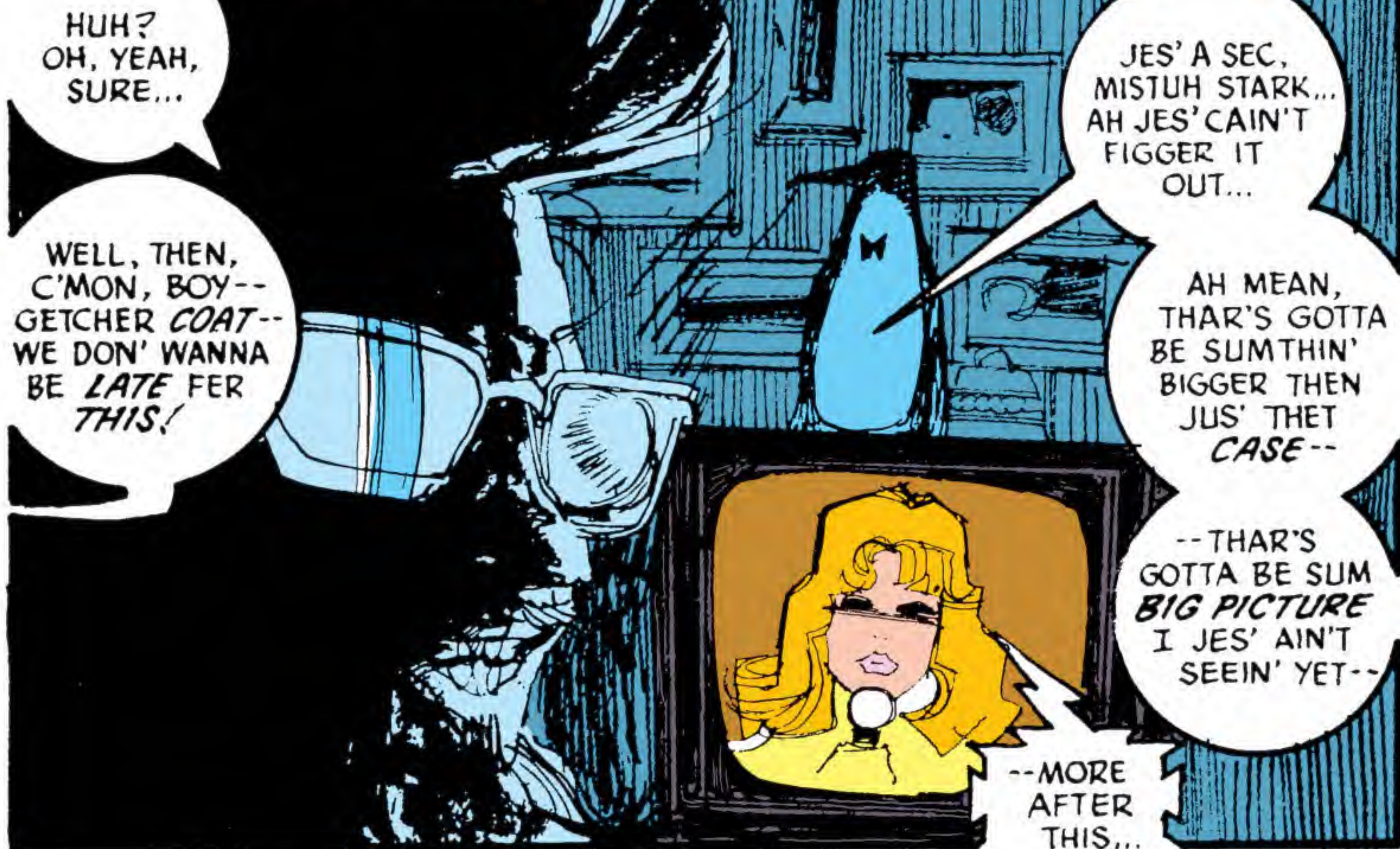
C'MON, NOW--  
LET'S GET A MOVE ON!  
THE CHINAMAN'S  
HEADIN' FER **NEW YORK**--  
BE HERE  
INNA COUPLE HOURS  
AT  
THE LATEST!

AN'  
MAN-OH-MAN--  
HE'S GONNA HAVE  
ONE **BIG** SURPRISE  
ONCE HE LANDS,  
EH?



HEY-- YOU  
**SURE** YOU GOT  
ALLA THEM LITTLE  
FRIENDS O' YOURS  
READY T' GO  
ON THIS?

HUH?  
OH, YEAH,  
SURE...



WELL, THEN,  
C'MON, BOY--  
GETCHER **COAT**--  
WE DON' WANNA  
BE **LATE** FER  
**THIS**!

JES' A SEC,  
MISTUH STARK...  
AH JES' CAIN'T  
FIGGER IT  
OUT...

AH MEAN,  
THAR'S GOTTA  
BE SUMTHIN'  
BIGGER THEN  
JUS' THET  
**CASE**--

--THAR'S  
GOTTA BE SUM  
**BIG PICTURE**  
I JES' AIN'T  
SEEIN' YET--

--MORE  
AFTER  
THIS...

ENJOY THE  
LISTENING  
EXPERIENCE  
OF A LIFETIME!  
THE BHUDO-KING



FROM  
**NIETCO**



C'MON, MASTER--  
C'N I HAVE IT BACK NOW??

HEY--  
THIS IS *SERIOUS!*  
I'M MISSIN' *LOVE CONNECTION!*

A MOMENT MORE, DeWITT... I DO BELIEVE I'M SUFFERING FROM A BIT OF *CULTURE SHOCK* RIGHT NOW.

YEAH, I KNOW WHAT Y'MEAN! THOSE TEENY-TINY SETS ARE SOMETHIN' ELSE, EH?

BIT HARD ON THE *EYES*, BUT Y'GET USED TO *THAT!* IT'S LIKE I ALWAYS SAY--

NO, DeWITT-- IT'S *NOT* THE *TELEVISION* ITSELF THAT TROUBLES ME--

--IN *SHAMBALA*, *OUR* TECHNOLOGY MAKES *THIS* SEEM *PRIMITIVE*...

IT'S THE *SUBJECT* OF THIS *REPORT* THAT DISTURBS ME...

IT SEEMS *HARDLY POSSIBLE* THAT *SHIWAN KHAN*-- MY *MORTAL FOE*-- HAS BECOME A *RESPECTABLE* MEMBER OF SOCIETY...

FIRST OF ALL, THE GUY'S NAME IS *KING*-- *GENG KING*--

AND SECOND-- THE MAN'S PRACTICALLY A *SAINT!*

HE'S GOD'S GIFT TO *FREE ENTERPRISE!* A *HERO* TO MILLIONS! PROVIDER TO THE *POOR!*

AND FOR AN *OLD GUY*, HE'S AWFUL *CUTE* BESIDES!

WHOEVER'S OUT TO DESTROY HIM AND HIS COMPANY-- *THEY'RE* THE BAD GUYS!

*SILENCE, MAVIS.*

I KNOW THIS CREATURE. HE IS THE *EMBODIMENT OF EVIL*-- DECADES AGO, HIS MACHINATIONS OFTEN BROUGHT THE WORLD TO THE *BRINK* OF CHAOS!

HEY--  
PEOPLE CHANGE!

PERHAPS--  
BUT THE *DEVIL* DOES NOT.

I DO NOT YET KNOW *HOW* HE ROSE TO HIS POSITION WITHIN THE WORLD CORPORATE STRUCTURE--

-- BUT I SUSPECT THAT A RE-EXAMINATION OF THE *TAM HEALTH SPA* CASE MAY BE IN ORDER...

MAVIS--?





RIGHT...

HERE WE GO AGAIN...

WELL, ASIDE FROM THE FACT THEY'RE ALL DEAD, THEY'VE GOT ONE THING IN COMMON--

--THEY ALL WORKED FOR NISSETCO-- POSSIBLY IN THE SAME DEVELOPMENT GROUP... BIG COMPANIES DO THIS KIND OF THING--

--YOU KNOW, TAKE A SUCCESSFUL TEAM OF WORKERS... GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO RECHARGE...

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OCCUPATION SORT COMMENCE

OCCUPATION SORT: TAM BODYWORKS: COMPLETE

LISTING.....

ABRAMS, JOHN.....	COMP SYSTEMS ENGINEER.....	NISSETCO
CAMEIL, FRANK.....	COMP SYSTEMS DESIGNER.....	NISSETCO
ERICSON, JOSHUA.....	MICROCHIP DESIGNER.....	NISSETCO
FIELDS, MARYANN.....	MARKETING DIRECTOR.....	NISSETCO
HYCOFF, LILLIAN.....	COMP SOFTWARE DESIGN.....	NISSETCO
KELOID, DESMOND.....	COMP SYSTEMS PROGRAM.....	NISSETCO
MORRIS, HAROLD.....	SR UP CONSUMER DIV.....	NISSETCO
PERNOD, JACQUES.....	COMP SOFTWARE DESIGN.....	NISSETCO
RAYMOND, WILLARD.....	COMP SYSTEMS PROGRAM.....	NISSETCO
RENN, ALBERT.....	NEURAL SYSTEMS ANALYST.....	NISSETCO

LISTING COMPLETE.....

NEXT SORT?



BUT IF THE STAY AT THE SPA WAS A REWARD FOR THE SUCCESSFUL COMPLETION OF A PROJECT--

--WHOEVER WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDERS MIGHT HAVE WANTED TO BECOME EXCLUSIVE PROPRIETOR OF THE GROUP'S DISCOVERIES...

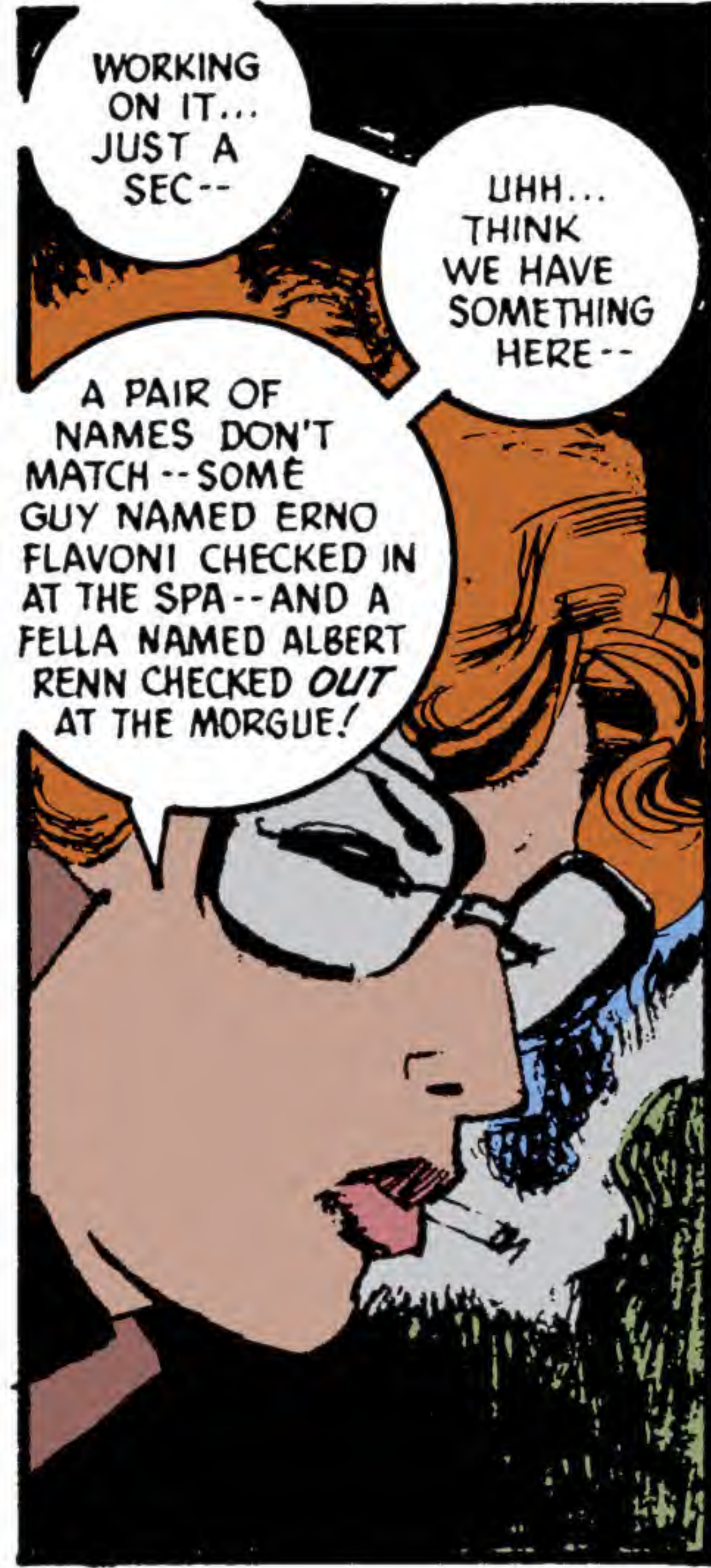


GEE... I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT THAT COULD HAVE BEEN KHAN HIMSELF...

NO... TOO INDISCREET-- PERHAPS A MEMBER OF THE DEVELOPMENT TEAM...

BUT-- THEY'RE ALL DEAD--!

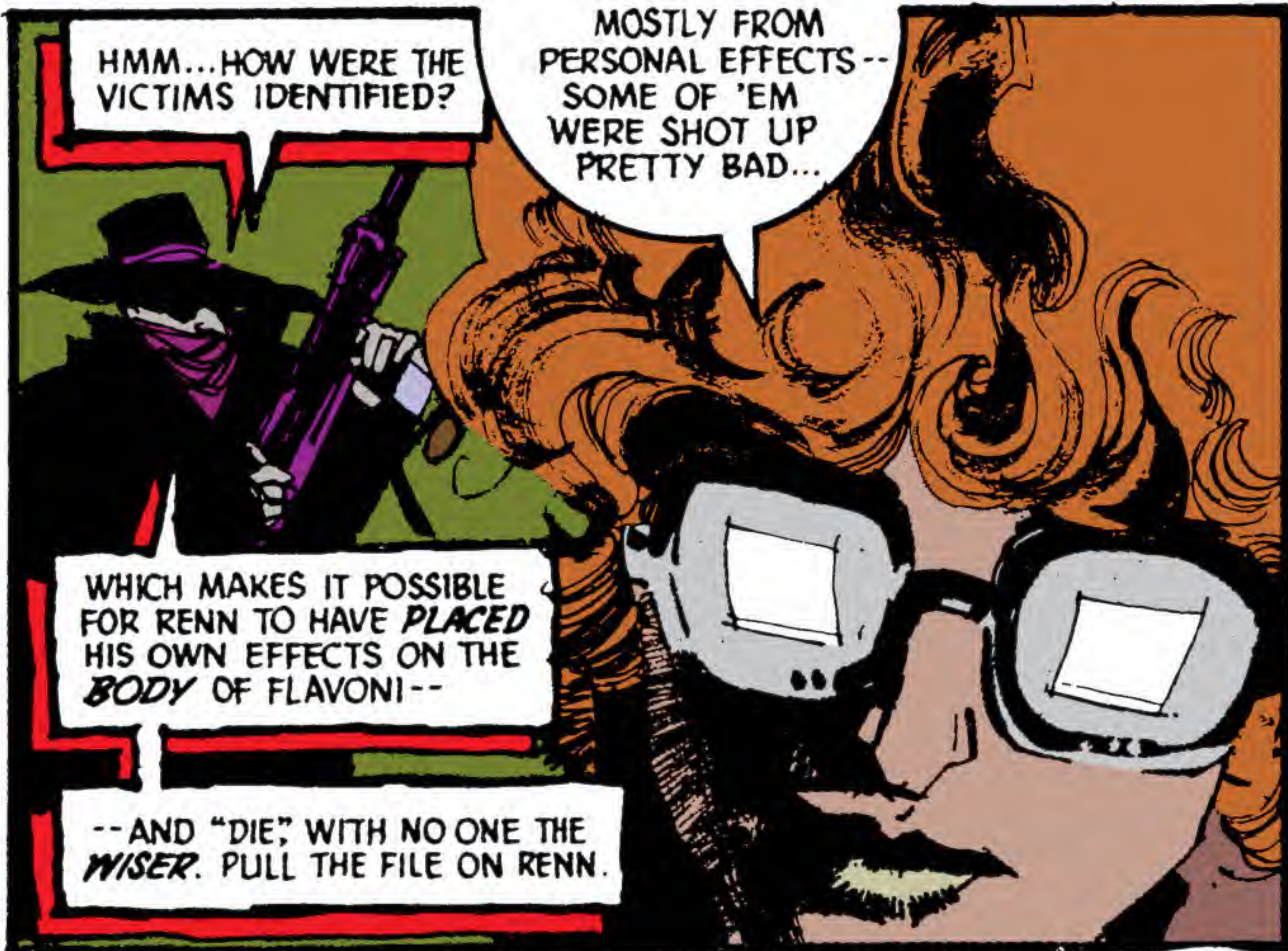
MATCH UP THE FBI'S CASUALTY LIST WITH THE RESERVATION LIST AT THE TAM SPA.



WORKING ON IT... JUST A SEC--

UHH... THINK WE HAVE SOMETHING HERE--

A PAIR OF NAMES DON'T MATCH-- SOME GUY NAMED ERNO FLAVONI CHECKED IN AT THE SPA-- AND A FELLA NAMED ALBERT RENN CHECKED OUT AT THE MORGUE!



HMM... HOW WERE THE VICTIMS IDENTIFIED?

MOSTLY FROM PERSONAL EFFECTS-- SOME OF 'EM WERE SHOT UP PRETTY BAD...

WHICH MAKES IT POSSIBLE FOR RENN TO HAVE PLACED HIS OWN EFFECTS ON THE BODY OF FLAVONI--

--AND "DIE" WITH NO ONE THE WISER. PULL THE FILE ON RENN.

I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU, BOSS...

Format Font Document

RENN, ALBERT IGNATZ

B: 6/6/61 - TUPELO, MS

ATTENDED: MASS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

PH.D. CANDIDATE 1981: "PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS OF AURAL NEUROPLASMICS"

CRIMINAL RECORD SUMMARY

22 COUNTS ASST. FRAUD BETWEEN 1981-1985

(Type "SORT" for breakdown or type "N" for next page)

NYPD CRIMINAL ID # 07583-28943



YUP--  
RENN'S GOT A  
PRETTY *DENSE*  
ARREST RECORD--  
MOSTLY FOR  
*ELECTRONIC CRIMES*...  
BUGGING BUSINESS  
OFFICES, FORGING  
CREDIT CARDS,  
CRASHING DATA  
BASES...HACKER  
STUFF...

HMM...  
SAYS HERE  
HE'S GOT SOME  
KIND OF DEGREE  
IN "*NEUROPLASMICS*"--  
WHATEVER *THAT*  
MEANS...

-- LOOKS LIKE  
YOUR TYPICAL  
COMPUTER-  
TERRORIST  
TO ME...

ANY KNOWN ACCOMPLICES  
TO THE PREVIOUS CRIMES?

UH...YEAH--  
ONE LEONARD GOGGIN--  
ARRESTED LAST WEEK  
AND CURRENTLY IN THE  
LOCKUP DOWNTOWN,  
AWAITING  
TRIAL FOR  
FRAUD...

APPEARS HE  
USED HIS COMPUTER  
TO TRANSFER SIX  
MILLION BUCKS INTO  
HIS CHRISTMAS  
CLUB ACCOUNT...

THE *IDIOT SAVANT*  
SYNDROME... I SEEM  
TO BE *SURROUNDED*  
BY SUCH TYPES...

BREAK HIM OUT. TELL  
LORELEI TO FIND MAX--  
AND ANOTHER *SUITABLE*  
AGENT TO--

I GOT IT!  
'SIDES, I WUZ  
JUST LEAVIN'  
ANYWAY--  
GOTTA  
GET BACK  
TO  
*WORK!*

AY--  
TWITCHKOWITZ!

I, UH...  
HATE TO INTRUDE,  
MASTER, BUT  
THERE'S SOMEONE  
I'D LIKE YOU  
TO MEET--

I DARESAY  
SHE'D MAKE A  
VALUED ADDITION  
TO OUR, UH...  
TEAM...

I MIGHT ADD  
THAT SHE HAS  
*ALREADY* ASSISTED  
US IN REMOVING  
ELTON AND DAVIDA  
FROM POLICE  
CUSTODY IN  
*ATLANTIC*  
*CITY*...

AND SHE *IS*  
SEEKING *GAINFUL*  
*EMPLOYMENT*  
AT THE MOMENT...

--ZZ--HUH?  
WHA-- SOMEONE  
AT DOOR--?

--SOB--  
*PLEASE!!*

SHE'D  
LOOK *GREAT*  
IN A POLICE  
UNIFORM, MASTER.  
VERY *CONVINCING*--  
IF YOU CATCH  
MY MEANING...

HI... UH...  
BYE!

IT'S ALL  
TRUE--

I  
COULD  
USE THE  
*WORK*...

SOMETHING  
I COULD REALLY  
*GET INTO*...

I--

MAVIS.  
HAVE LORELEI  
FREE UP  
MAX.

WE'LL  
HANDLE  
THE  
REST...



WELL, YEAH... I *DO* UNDERSTAND WHAT HE WANTS-- BUT *YOU* DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND *MY...UM...SITUATION...*

WHAT IS IT, HON? HEAVY DATE TONIGHT? OR IS INSPECTOR JOE BREATHIN' DOWN YOUR NECK?

THE LATTER-- ON A *REGULAR BASIS*... HE WON'T LET ME OUT OF HIS *SIGHT* FOR A *MINUTE*!

AW, DON' WORRY ABOUT *HIM*-- I'LL TAKE CARE OF *THAT* OLD *PUSHOVER*...

CODY-- PATCH ME IN TO THE *INSPECTOR*...



HI-- INSPECTOR CARDONA?

SPEAKING! NOW WHAT IS IT? I'M A *BUSY MAN*!

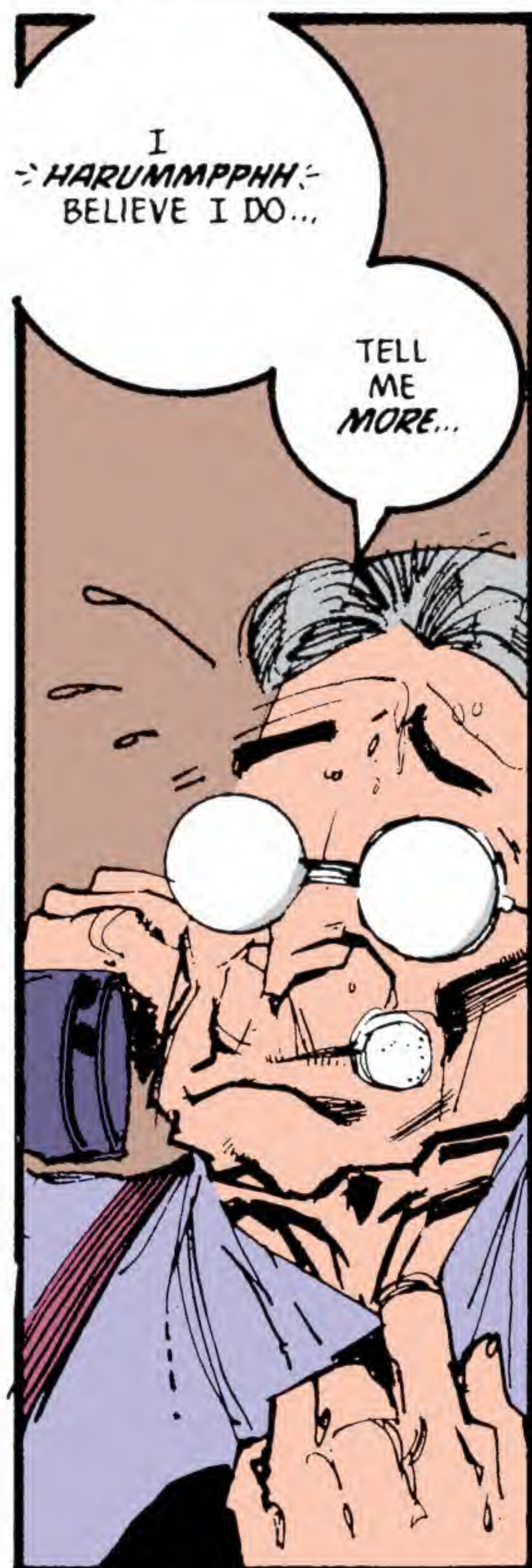
WELL, INSPECTOR-- I HAVE THIS *PROBLEM*...



IT'S JUST THAT-- I SAW YOU ON TV THE OTHER NIGHT... YOU WERE REAL *MAD* AT THAT *SHADOW GUY*-- AND--

--WELL, WHEN I SAW YOU LIKE THAT-- SHOUTING AND ALL-- IT MADE ME ALL... *MMMM*...

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?



I *HARUMMPHH*-- BELIEVE I DO...

TELL ME *MORE*...



WHAT THE *HELL* ARE *YOU* LOOKING AT?!

HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANYTHING *CONSTRUCTIVE* TO DO?!

MATTER OF FACT, SIR, I--

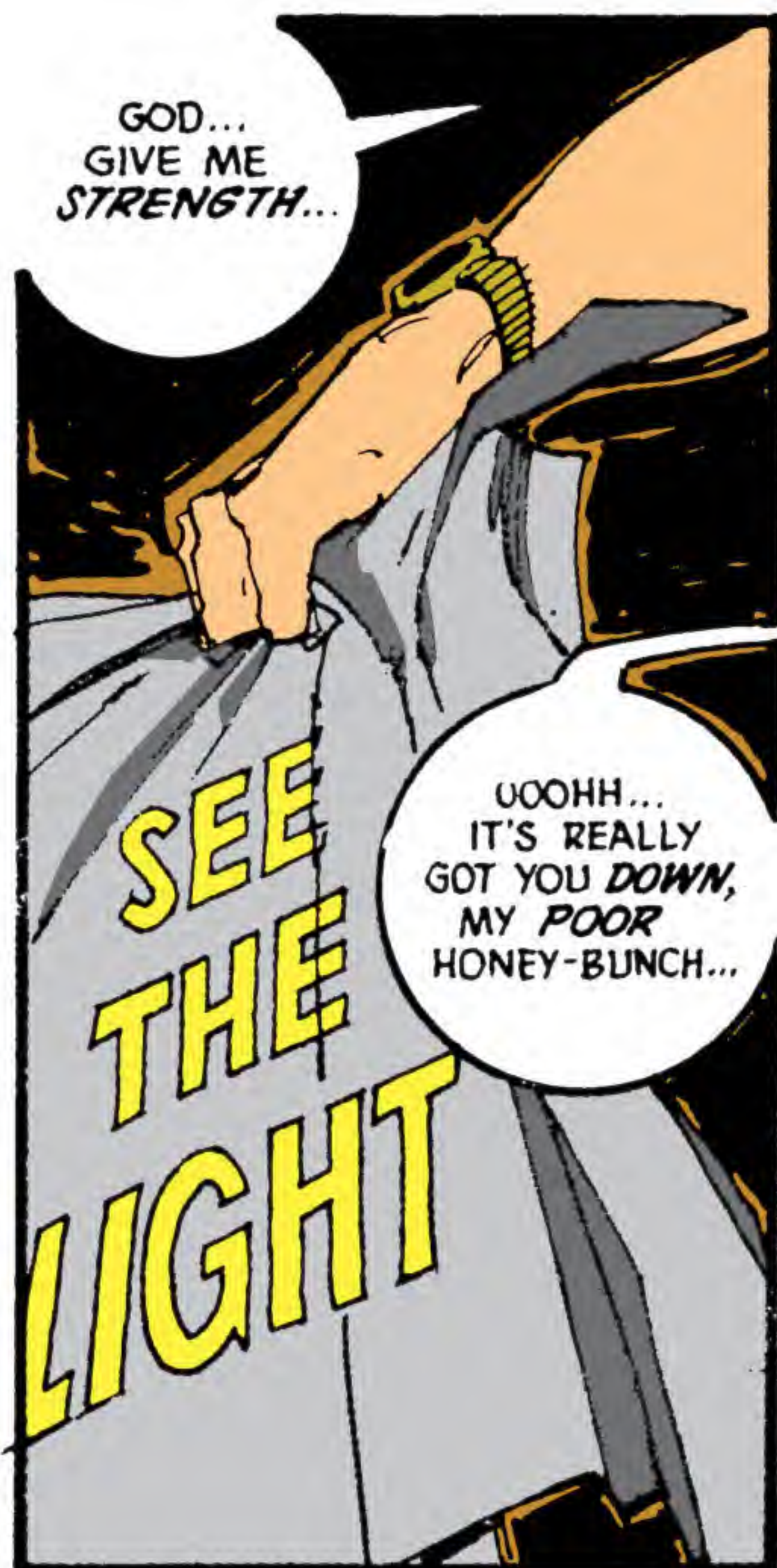
THEN GO'WAN-- GET OUT OF HERE-- BEFORE I *BOOT* YOU OUT!

YESSIR...



NOW, *HMMMMPH*-- YOU WERE SAYING, MY DEAR...

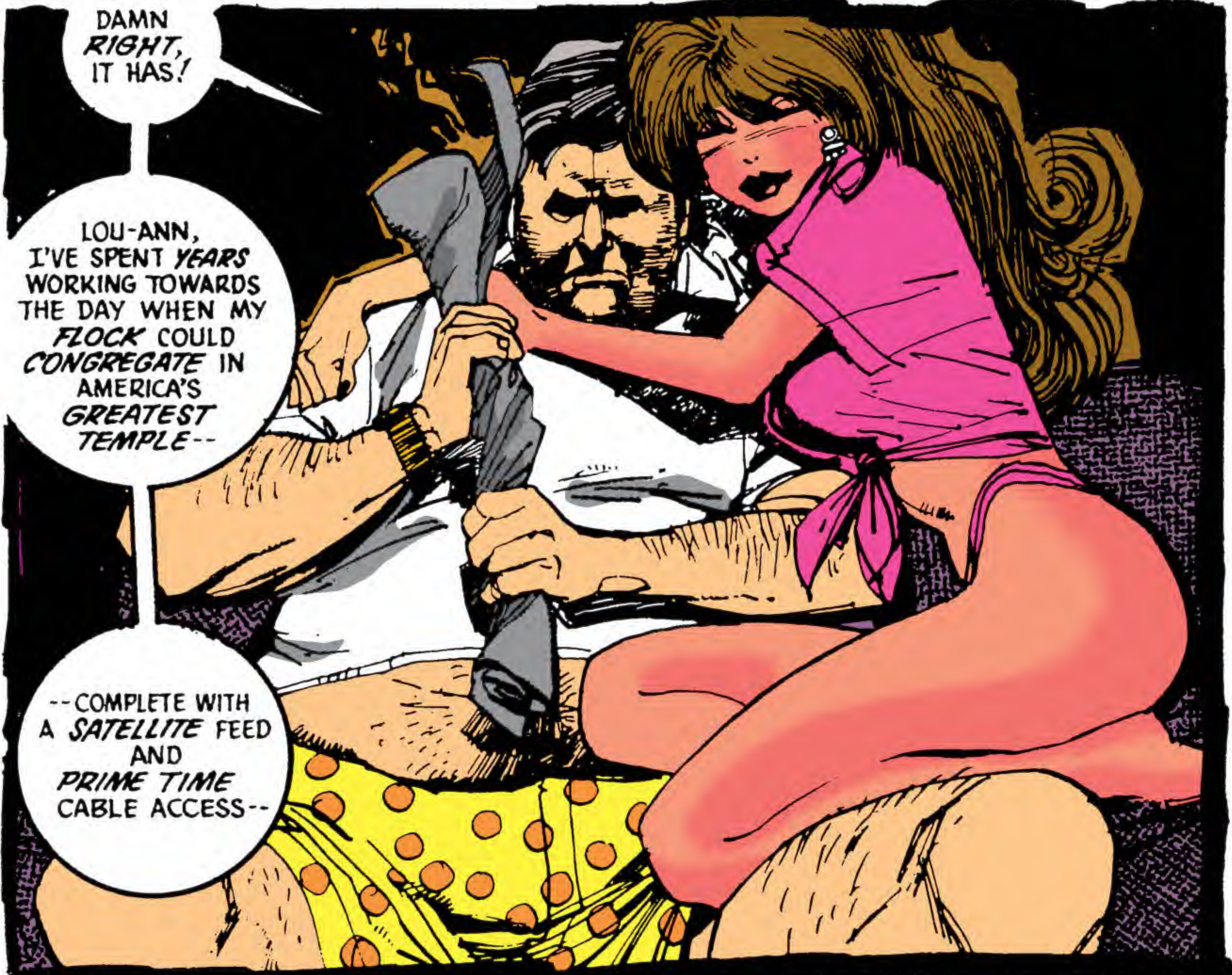




GOD...  
GIVE ME  
STRENGTH...

SEE  
THE  
LIGHT

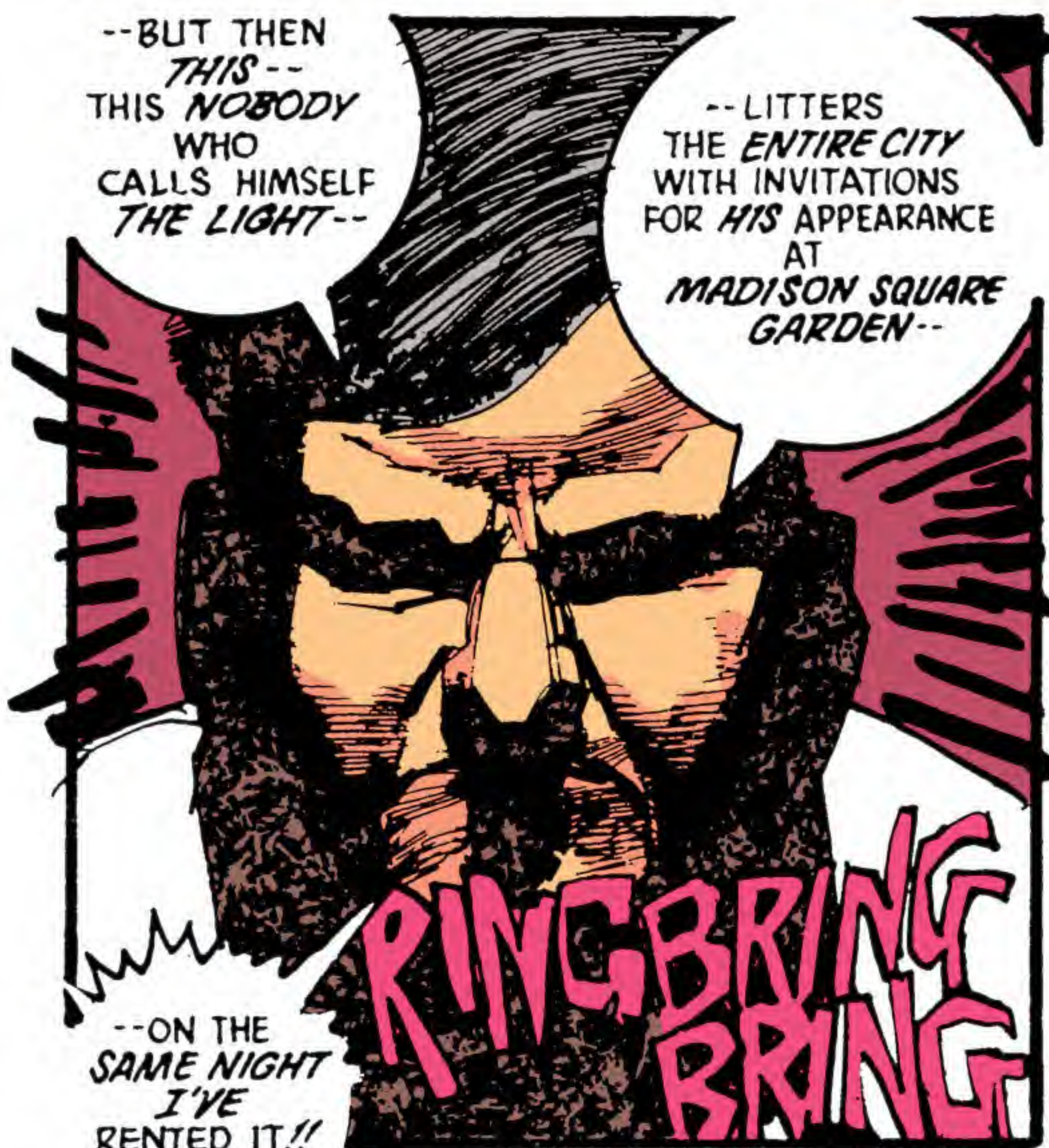
OOOHH...  
IT'S REALLY  
GOT YOU DOWN,  
MY POOR  
HONEY-BUNCH...



DAMN  
RIGHT,  
IT HAS!

LOU-ANN,  
I'VE SPENT YEARS  
WORKING TOWARDS  
THE DAY WHEN MY  
FLOCK COULD  
CONGREGATE IN  
AMERICA'S  
GREATEST  
TEMPLE--

--COMPLETE WITH  
A SATELLITE FEED  
AND  
PRIME TIME  
CABLE ACCESS--



--BUT THEN  
THIS--  
THIS NOBODY  
WHO  
CALLS HIMSELF  
THE LIGHT--

--LITTERS  
THE ENTIRE CITY  
WITH INVITATIONS  
FOR HIS APPEARANCE  
AT  
MADISON SQUARE  
GARDEN--

RINGBRING  
BRING

--ON THE  
SAME NIGHT  
I'VE  
RENTED IT!!



IT'S PAT AND  
IKE-- THEY SAY  
THEY'VE GOT THE  
INFORMATION  
YOU  
REQUESTED!

GOOD--  
HAVE THEM  
WAIT  
A MINUTE--

GIVE ME  
A CHANCE  
TO GET  
FORMAL--

--AND THEN  
SEND THEM  
IN...



SIR--  
WE'VE TRACED  
THE ORIGINS OF  
THE OFFENDING  
POSTERS--

THEY  
SEEM TO BE  
EMANATING FROM  
THE HOLY RADIANT  
MISSION  
DOWNTOWN--  
HEADQUARTERS OF  
THE LIGHT.

THOUGH WE DETECT  
NO SATANIC INFLUENCE,  
HE IS DEFINITELY A  
MINOR, IF NOT TOTALLY  
FALSE, PROPHET--  
IT'S BEEN  
CONFIRMED...

HIS FOLLOWING  
IS PRIMARILY  
AMONG THE  
NEEDY AND  
DESTITUTE--

--DEFINITELY NOT  
THE KIND WE WANT  
ARRIVING AT  
OUR GATHERING!

YOU ARE  
INDEED CORRECT,  
IKE-- AND THAT  
IS WHY I PLAN TO  
HEAD DOWN TO  
THIS "MISSION"  
IMMEDIATELY--

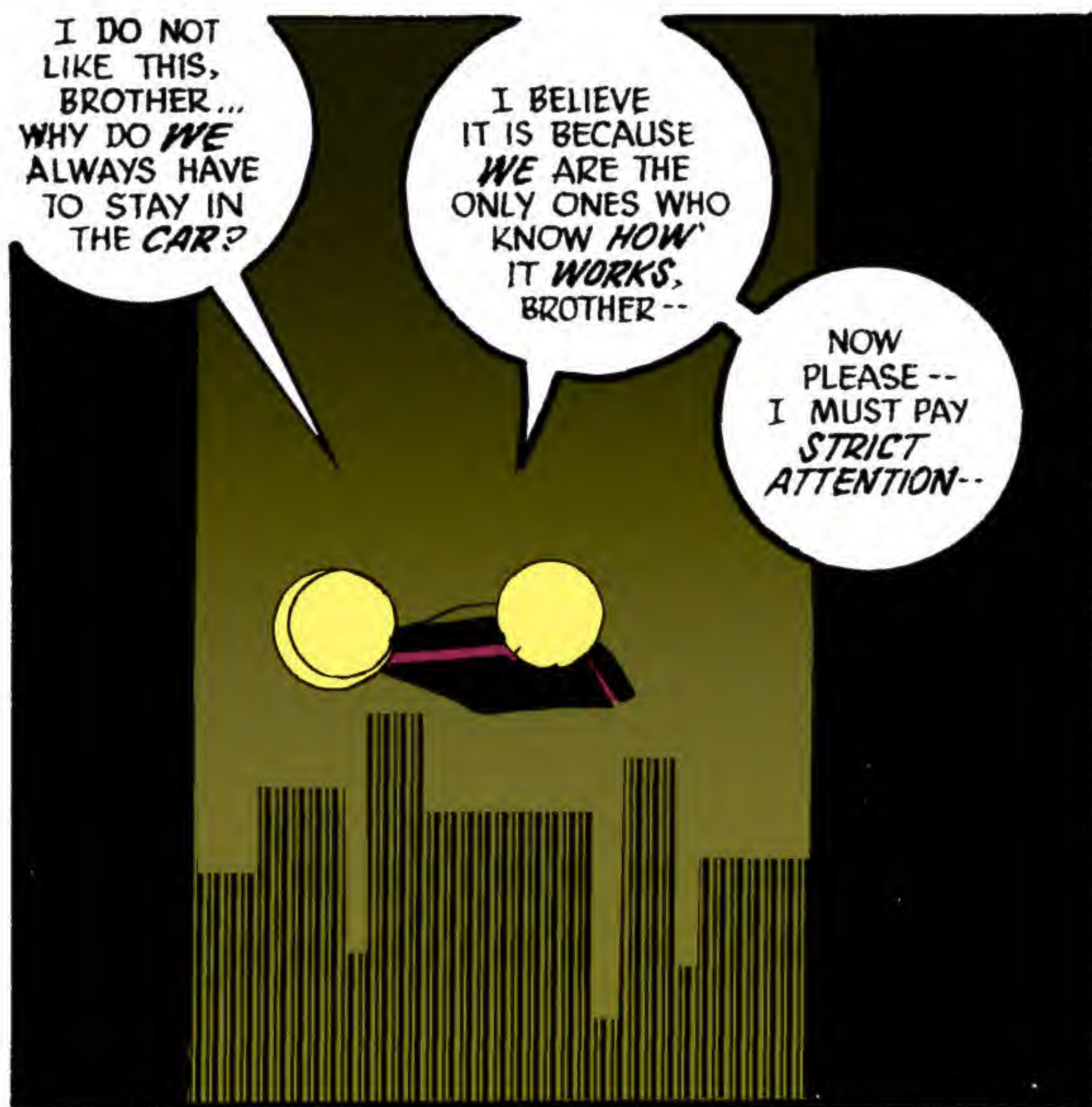
--CONFRONT  
THIS  
LIGHT FELLOW  
FACE  
TO FACE--

--AND  
ORDER HIM  
TO CEASE  
AND DESIST  
IMMEDIATELY--



--IN  
THE NAME  
OF  
GOD!!

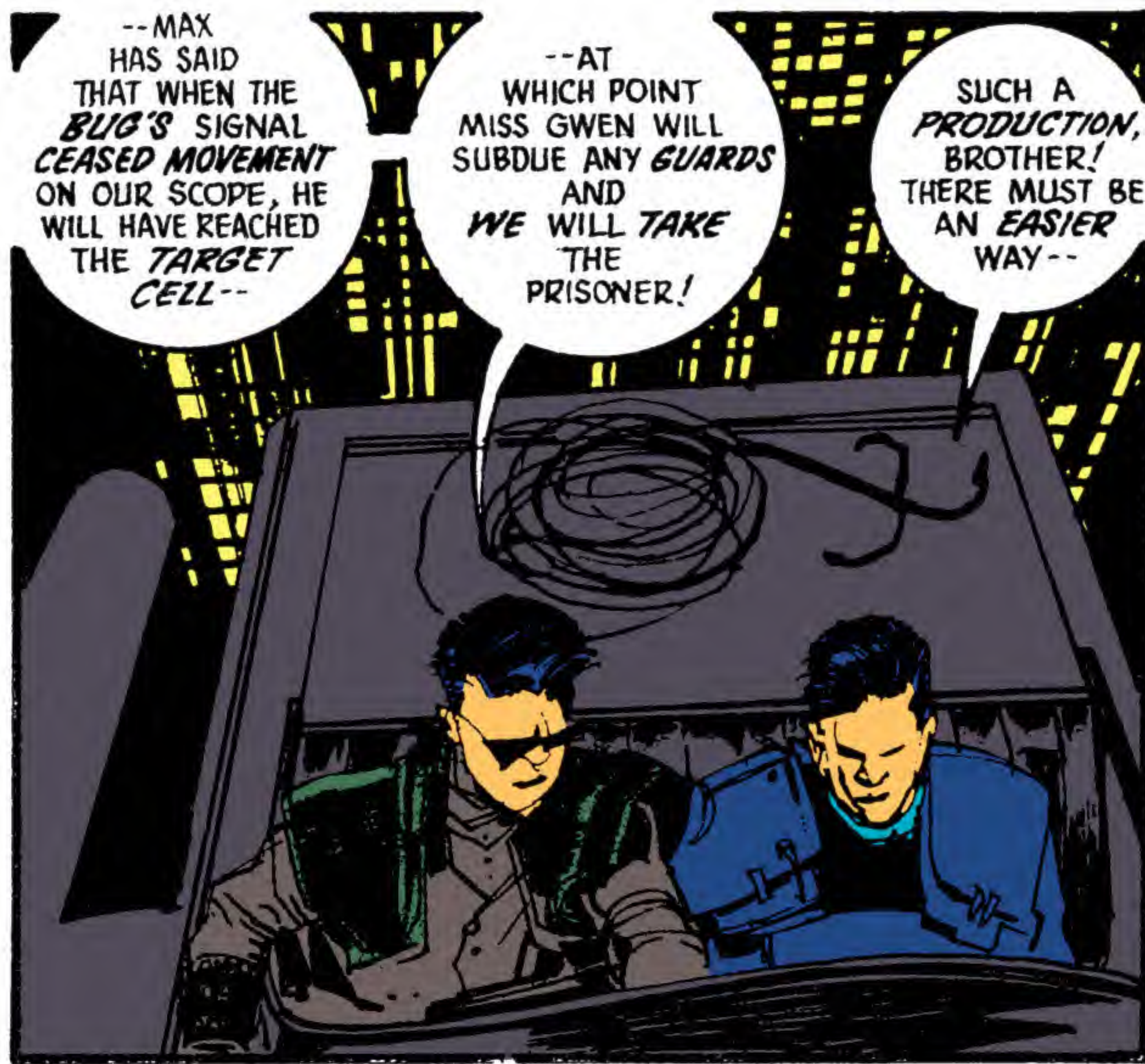




I DO NOT LIKE THIS, BROTHER... WHY DO *WE* ALWAYS HAVE TO STAY IN THE CAR?

I BELIEVE IT IS BECAUSE *WE* ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW *HOW* IT *WORKS*, BROTHER--

NOW PLEASE-- I MUST PAY *STRICT ATTENTION*--



--MAX HAS SAID THAT WHEN THE *BUG'S* SIGNAL *CEASED* MOVEMENT ON OUR SCOPE, HE WILL HAVE REACHED THE *TARGET CELL*--

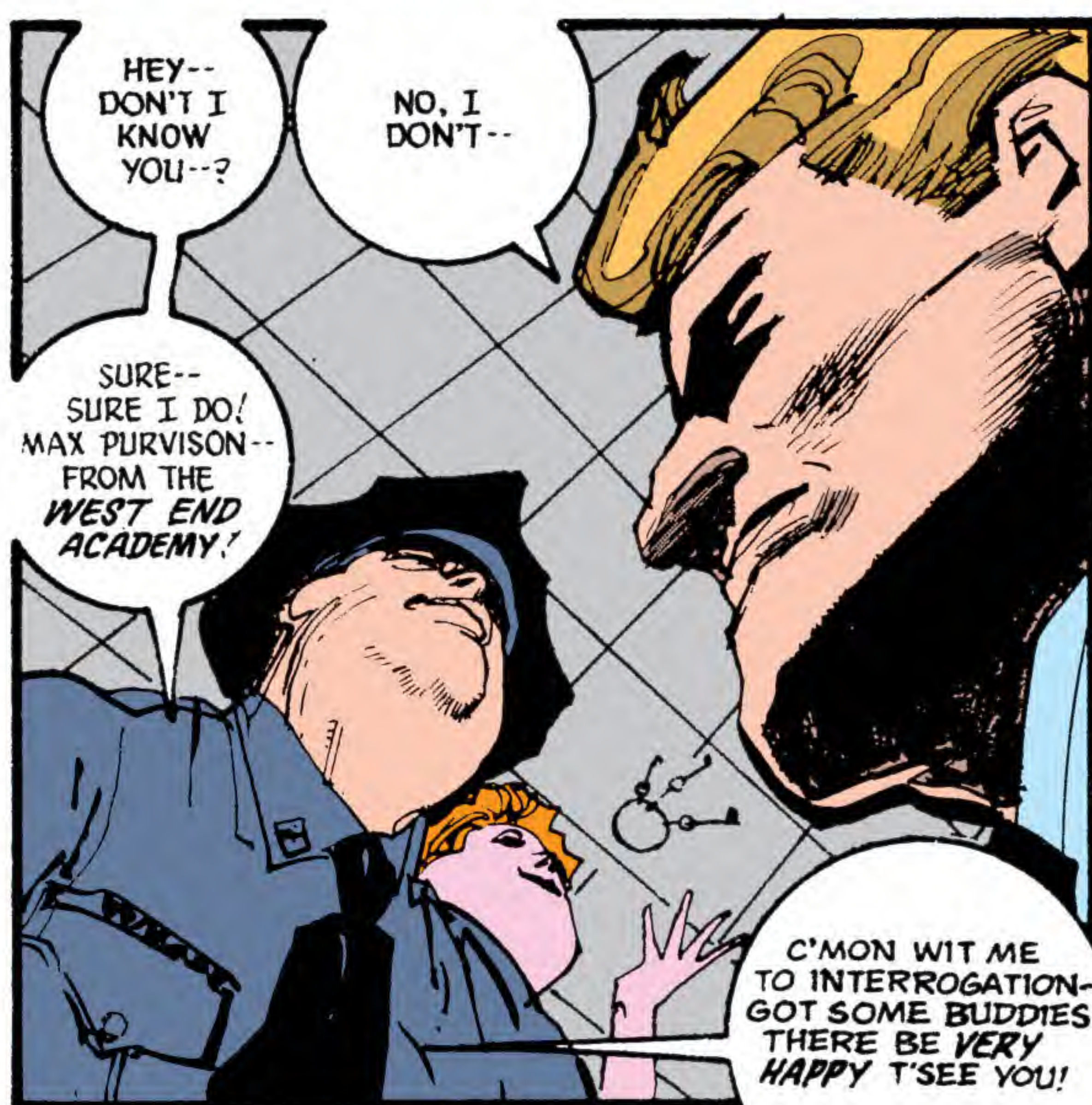
--AT WHICH POINT MISS GWEN WILL SUBDUCE ANY *GUARDS* AND *WE* WILL *TAKE* THE PRISONER!

SUCH A *PRODUCTION*, BROTHER! THERE MUST BE AN *EASIER* WAY--



RIGHT--WE'RE HERE TO SEE JOE PAXTON--WANT TO ASK HIM A FEW QUESTIONS...

--WELL, THE *INTERROGATION ROOM'S* KINDA *BUSY* RIGHT NOW--HOW 'BOUT IF I JUST TAKE YOU TO HIS CELL--



HEY--DON'T I KNOW YOU--?

NO, I DON'T--

SURE--SURE I DO! MAX PURVISON--FROM THE *WEST END ACADEMY*!

C'MON WIT ME TO INTERROGATION--GOT SOME BUDDIES THERE BE *VERY HAPPY* T'SEE YOU!



BUT I DON'T--

BOYS--WANT YOU T'MEET *MAX*--*WORST POKER PLAYER* AT THE WEST SIDE ACADEMY!

GREAT GUY--TOOK 'IM FOR *THOUSANDS*!

YEAH? SIDDOWN AN' *DEAL*!

THAT'S IT! HE HAS NOT MOVED FOR *THREE MINUTES*!



LET US *BEGIN*!





BEHIND  
THIS WALL  
IS THE ONE  
*FATHER SEEKS!*  
ONCE THE DAMAGE  
IS DONE, I WILL GRAB  
THIS GOGGIN PERSON  
AND THEN--

AW,  
C'MON--JUST  
A COUPLE O'  
HANDS!

YEAH--  
IT'LL ONLY  
TAKE A FEW  
MINUTES--

WELL,  
FELLAS-- I'D  
LOVE TO *STAY*,  
BUT, UH...  
BUSINESS BEFORE  
PLEASURE,  
Y'KNOW...

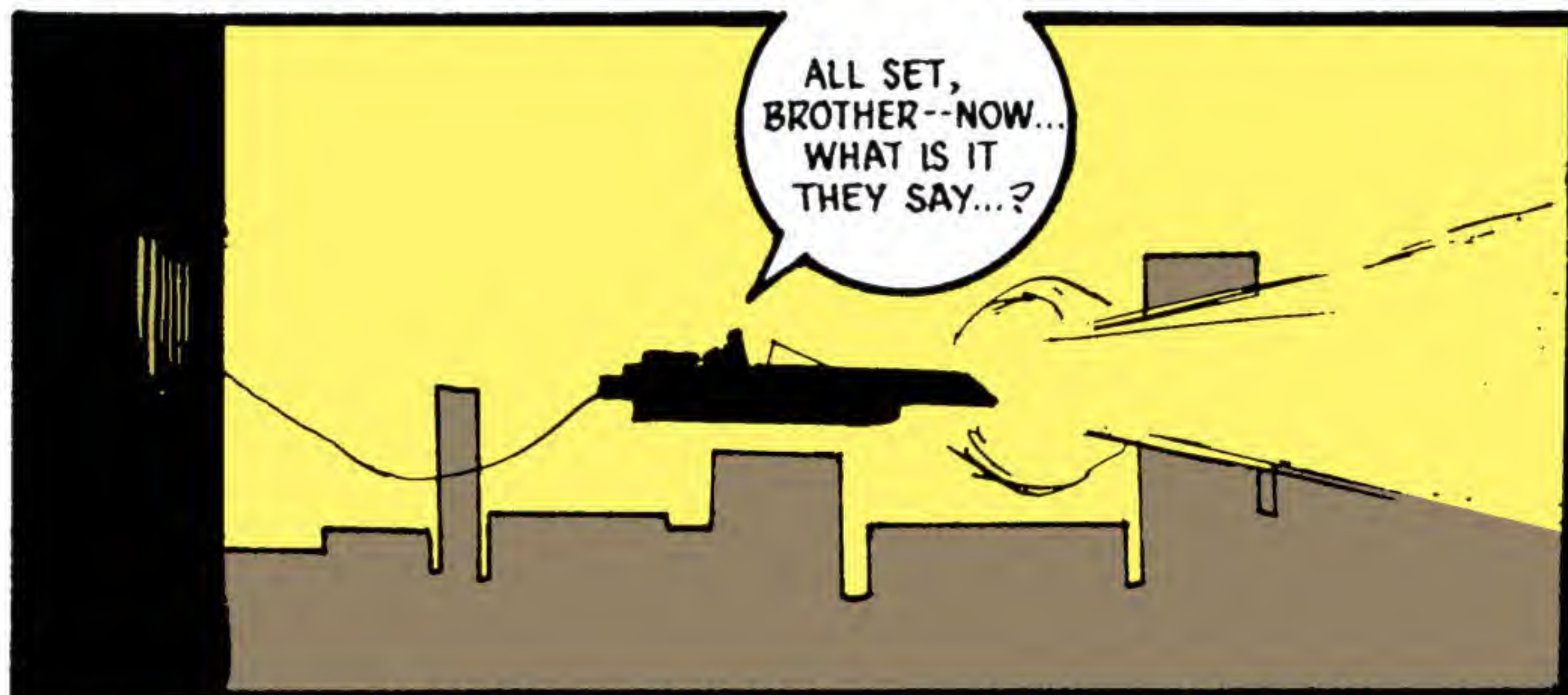


YOU  
LEONARD  
GOGGIN?

GRANDMA--  
IS THAT  
*YOU?*!

NO, KID--  
IT'S YER *FAIRY  
GODMOTHER*--  
NOW PUT YER  
GLASSES ON AND  
GET READY--

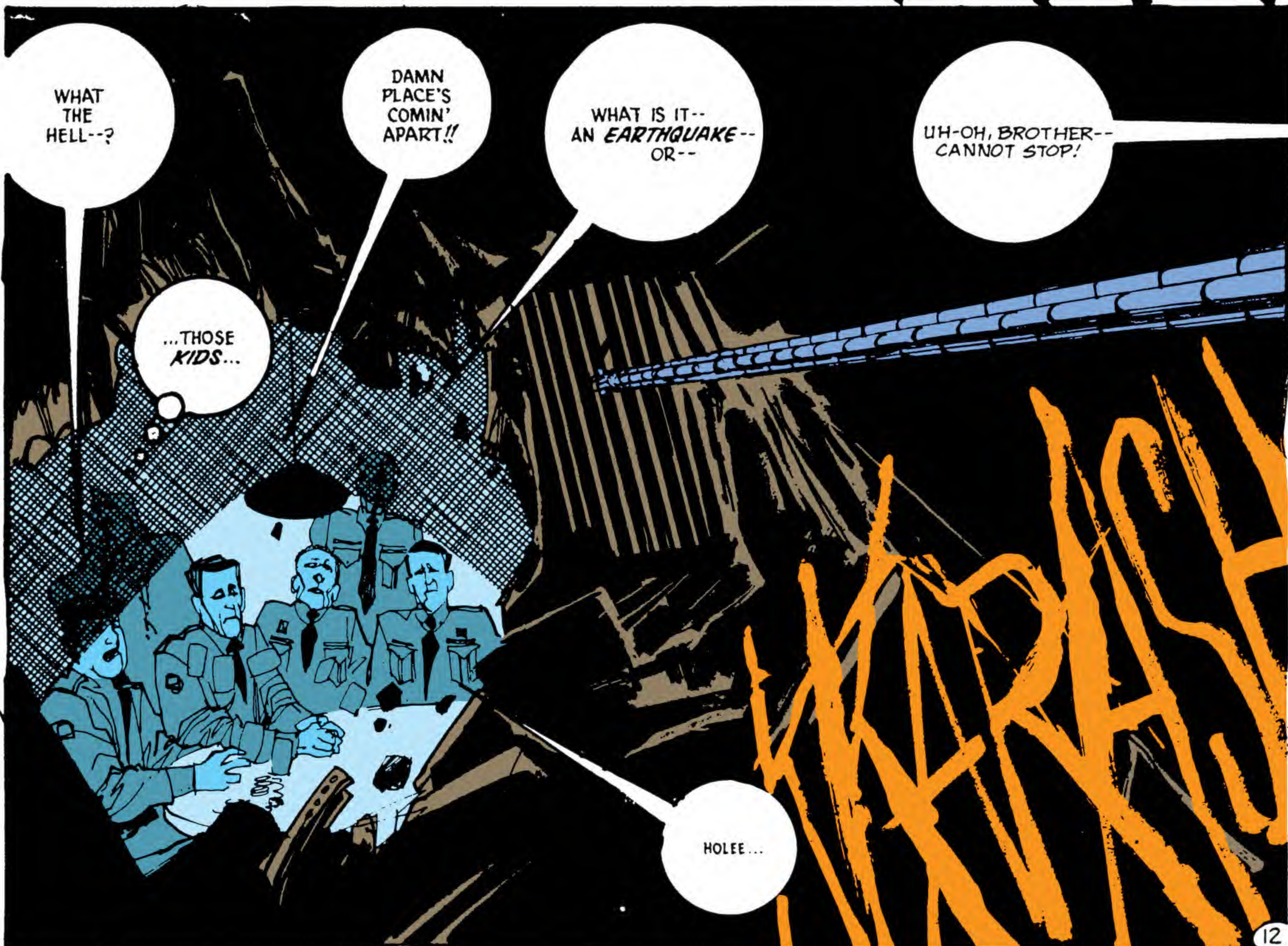
--YOU'RE  
GOIN' FOR A  
*RIDE*...



ALL SET,  
BROTHER--NOW...  
WHAT IS IT  
THEY SAY...?



...POUR ON  
THE  
*JUICE!*



WHAT  
THE  
HELL--?

DAMN  
PLACE'S  
COMIN'  
APART!!

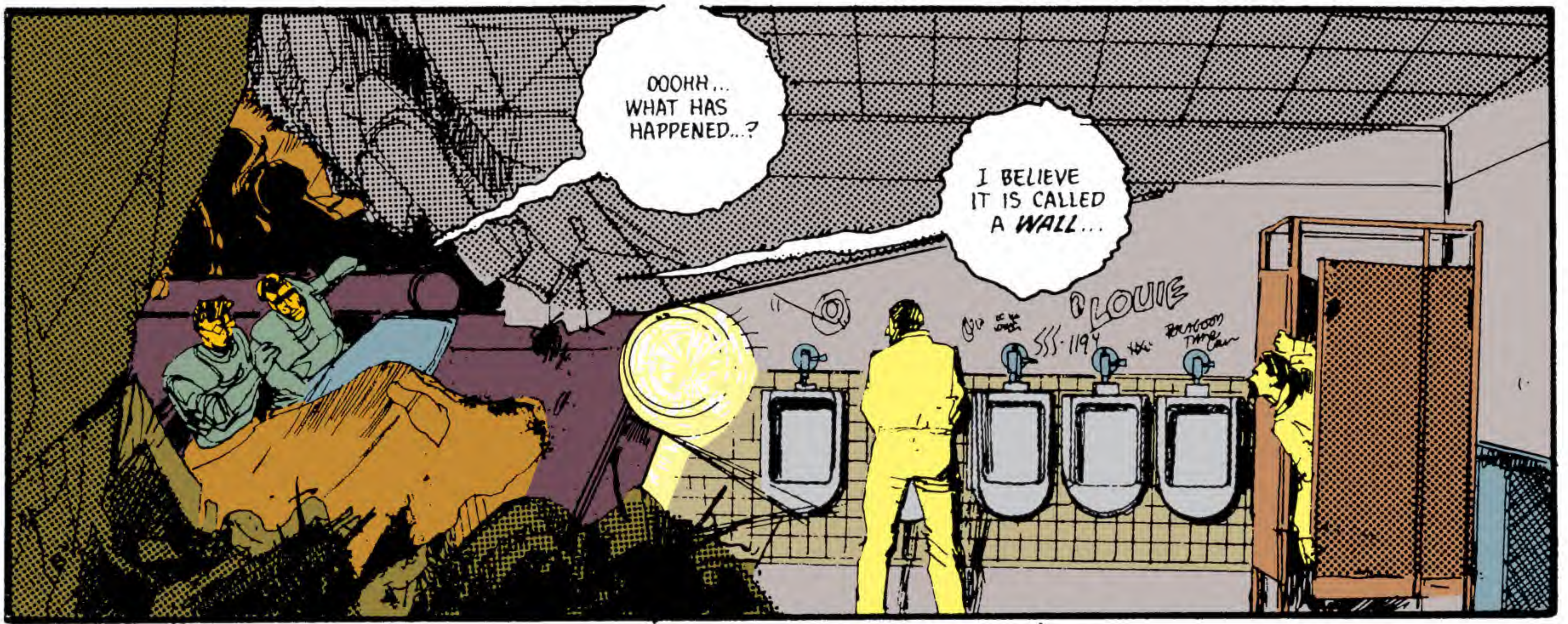
WHAT IS IT--  
AN *EARTHQUAKE*--  
OR--

UH-OH, BROTHER--  
CANNOT STOP!

...THOSE  
*KIDS*...

HOLEE...





OOOHH...  
WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED...?

I BELIEVE  
IT IS CALLED  
A WALL...

BLONIE

555-1194

ROOM 1000

THREE CAR



AND THAT  
IS *NOT* THE  
GOGGIN PERSON--  
THOSE ARE  
GUARDS!

SNIK

BROTHER--  
THIS IS  
*NOT* GOING  
AS  
PLANNED!



HEY! THERE'S  
SOME KINDA  
RIOT GOIN' ON  
OUT THERE!

BLAMM  
BUDDA BUDDA

NAHH-- JUST A  
CHANGE IN PLANS!  
NOW C'MON, TUBBY--  
WE GOT PLACES  
TO SEE!



HURRY  
IT  
UP!!

HOLD  
YOUR *WATER*,  
MAX -- YOUR  
PRIZED BEACHBALL  
AIN'T EXACTLY  
A  
LIGHTWEIGHT!

OH GOD  
OH GOD PLEASE  
LET ME  
WAKE UP AND  
BE IN  
HOBOKEN...

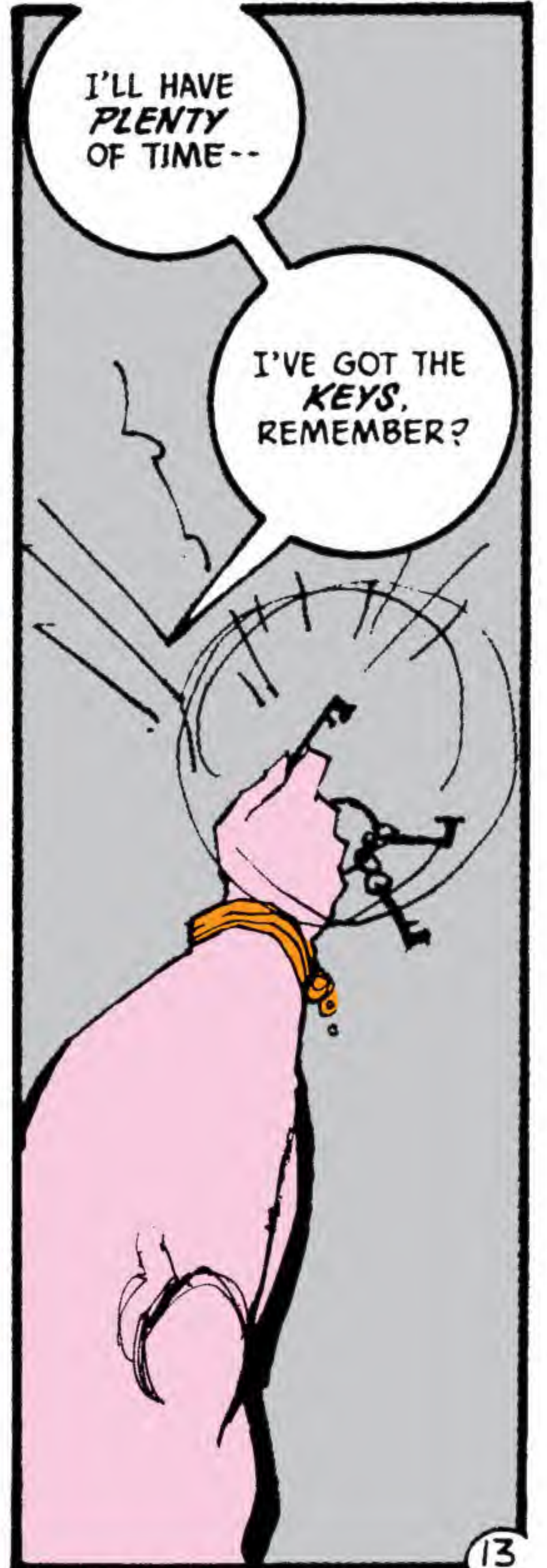


HAVEN'T  
GOT MUCH TIME--  
THE MASTER'S KIDS  
REALLY SCREWED  
THIS ONE UP...

THE  
GUARDS'RE  
SO BUSY SHOOTING  
IN THERE, THEY  
DON'T EVEN NOTICE  
I'VE GONE...

BUT  
I'VE GOT TO  
GO BACK IN--  
IF I TAKE OFF  
WITH YOU,  
MY COVER'S  
*BLOWN*--

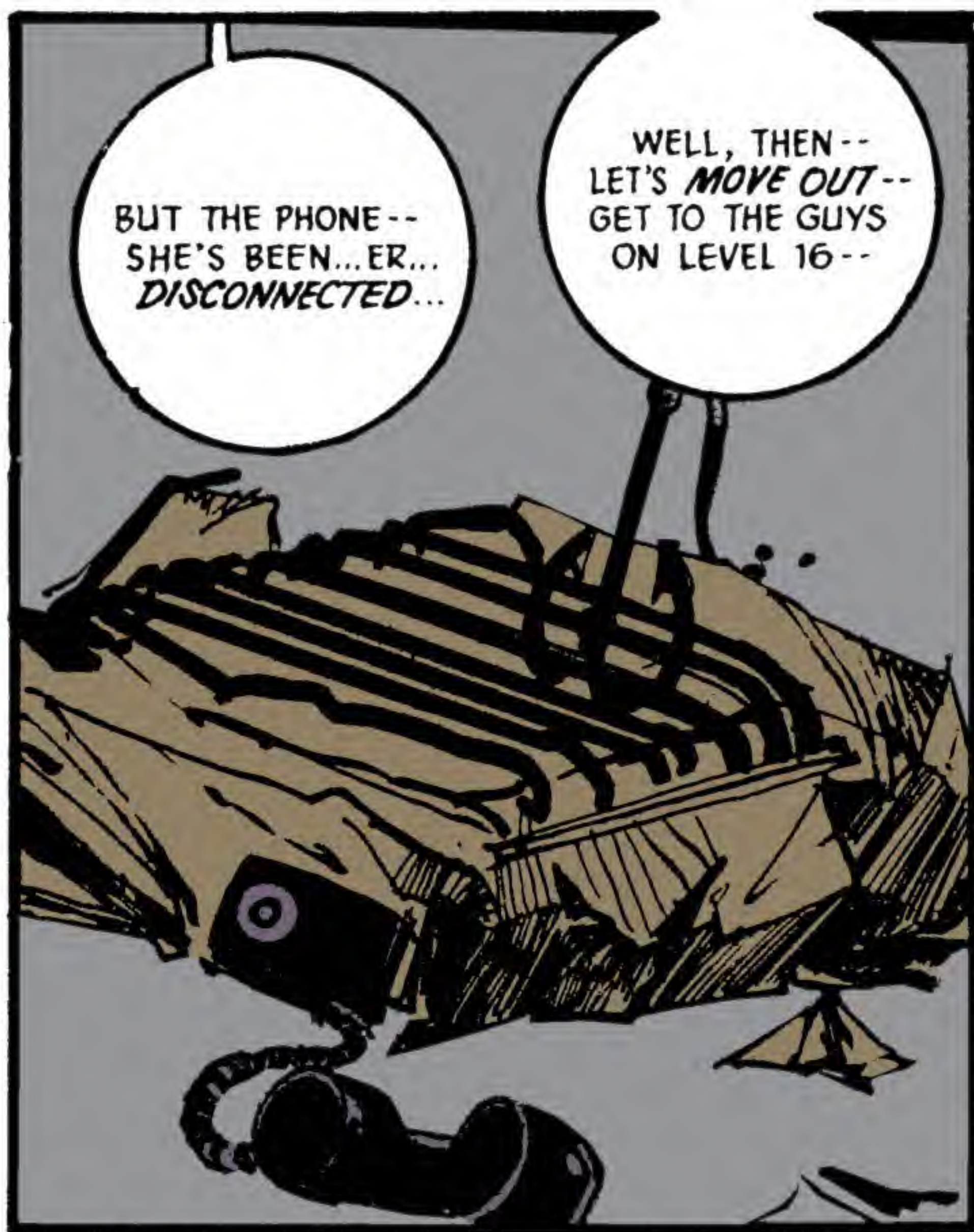
YOU WON'T  
HAVE MUCH  
TIME--



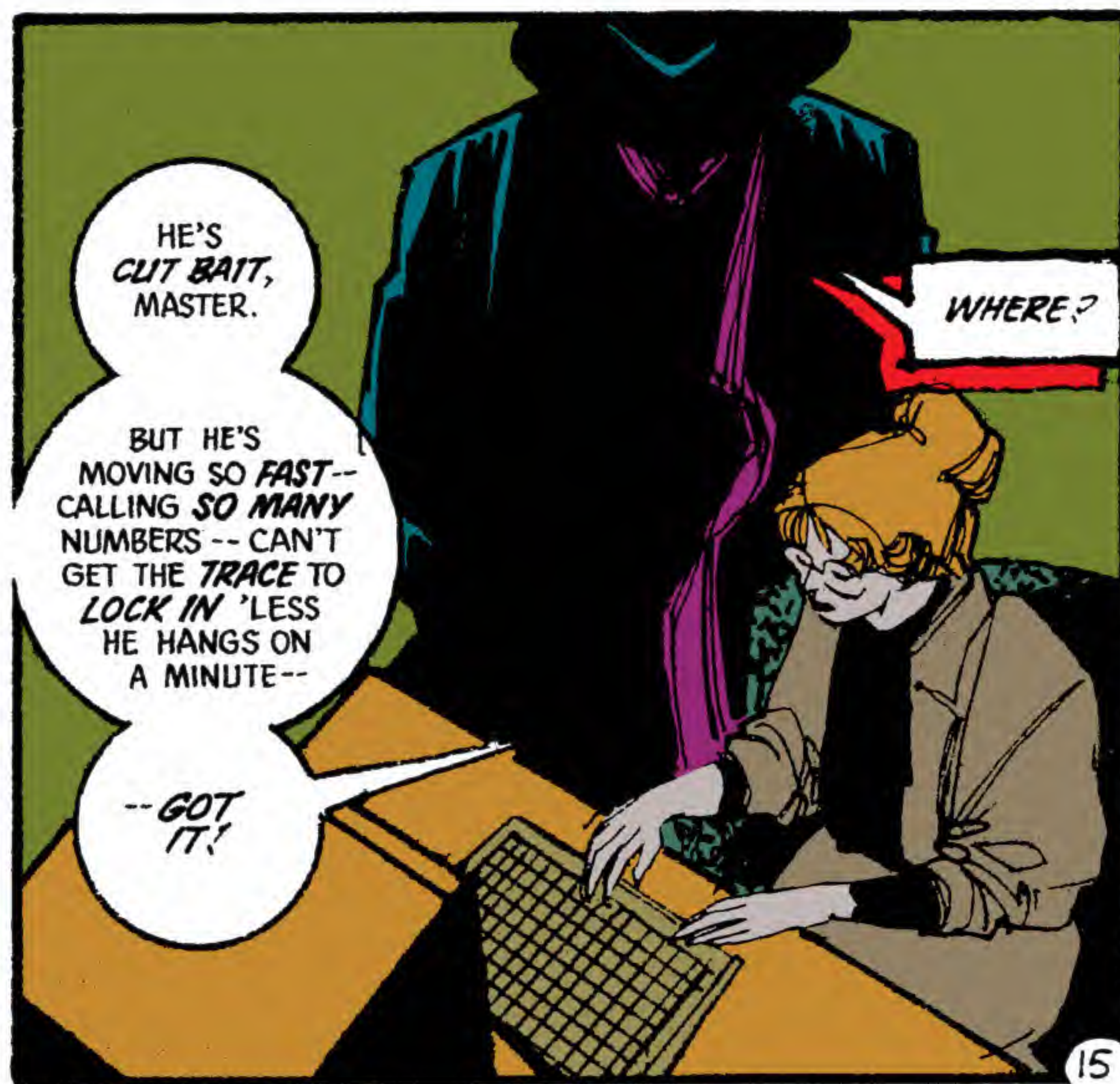
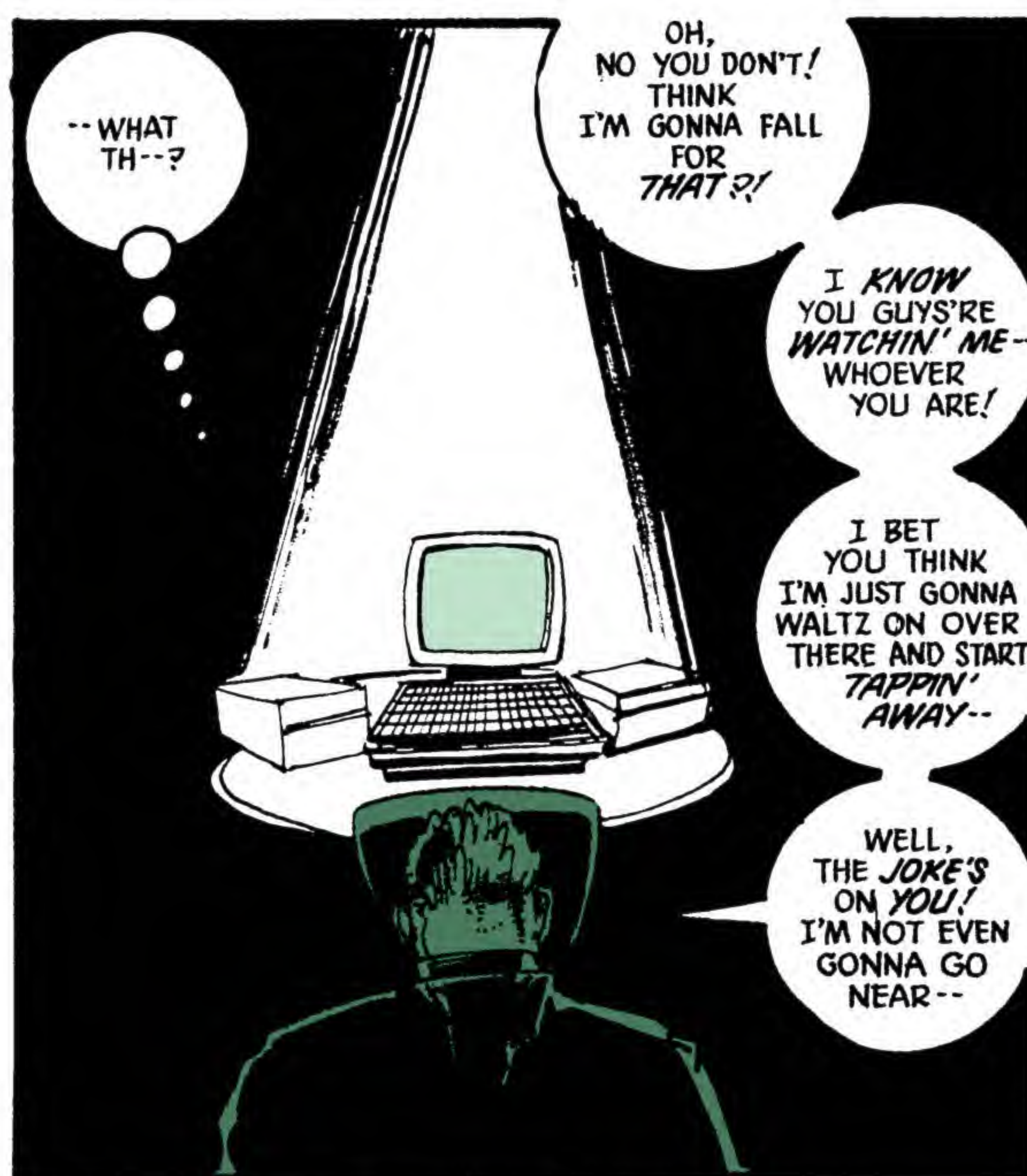
I'LL HAVE  
*PLENTY*  
OF TIME--

I'VE GOT THE  
*KEYS*,  
REMEMBER?









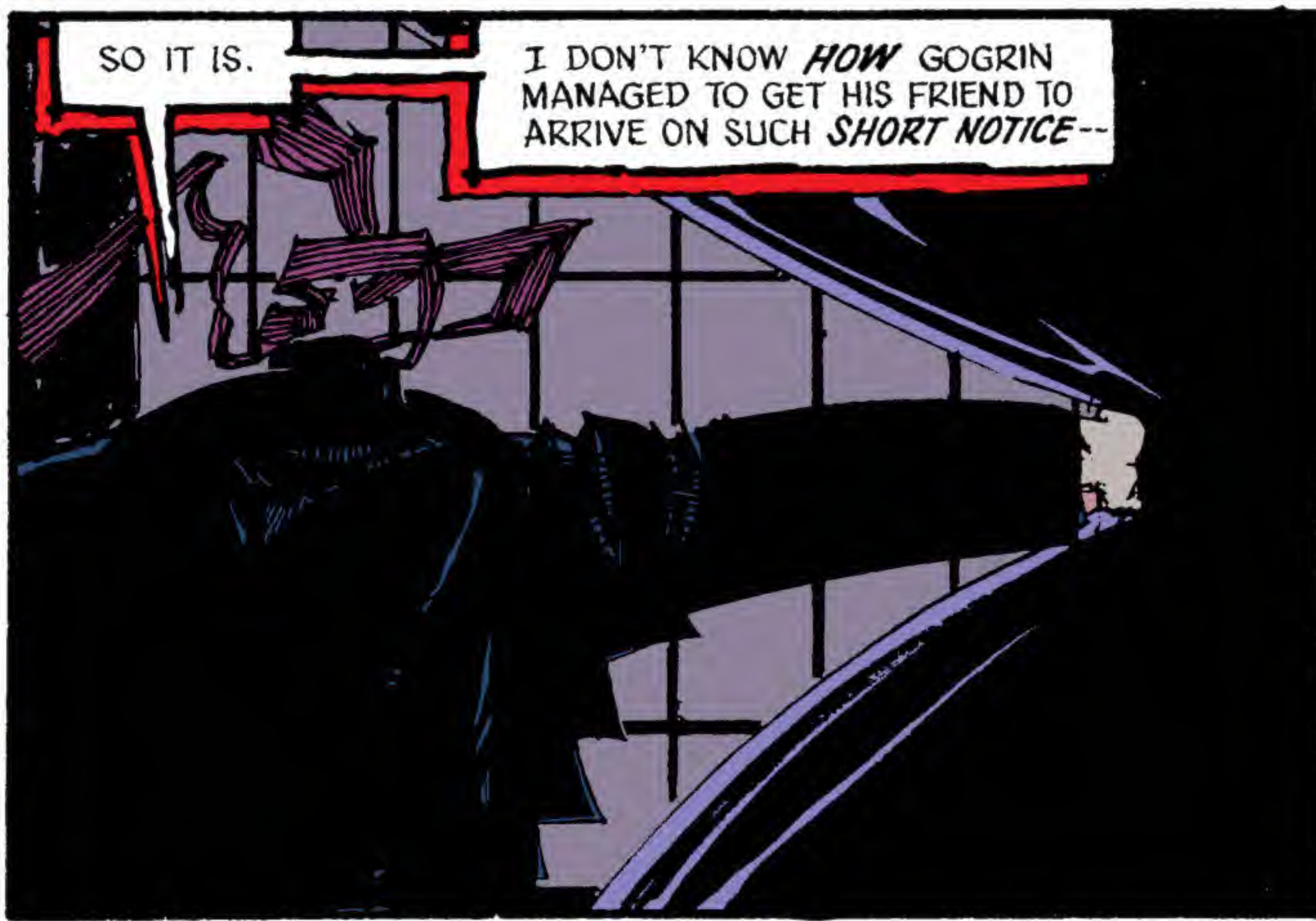




UH...  
IT'S COMING  
FROM A  
PHONE  
BOOTH...

...ON THE  
STREET...

...IN FRONT  
OF THIS  
BUILDING...



SO IT IS.

I DON'T KNOW *HOW* GOGGRIN  
MANAGED TO GET HIS FRIEND TO  
ARRIVE ON SUCH *SHORT NOTICE*--

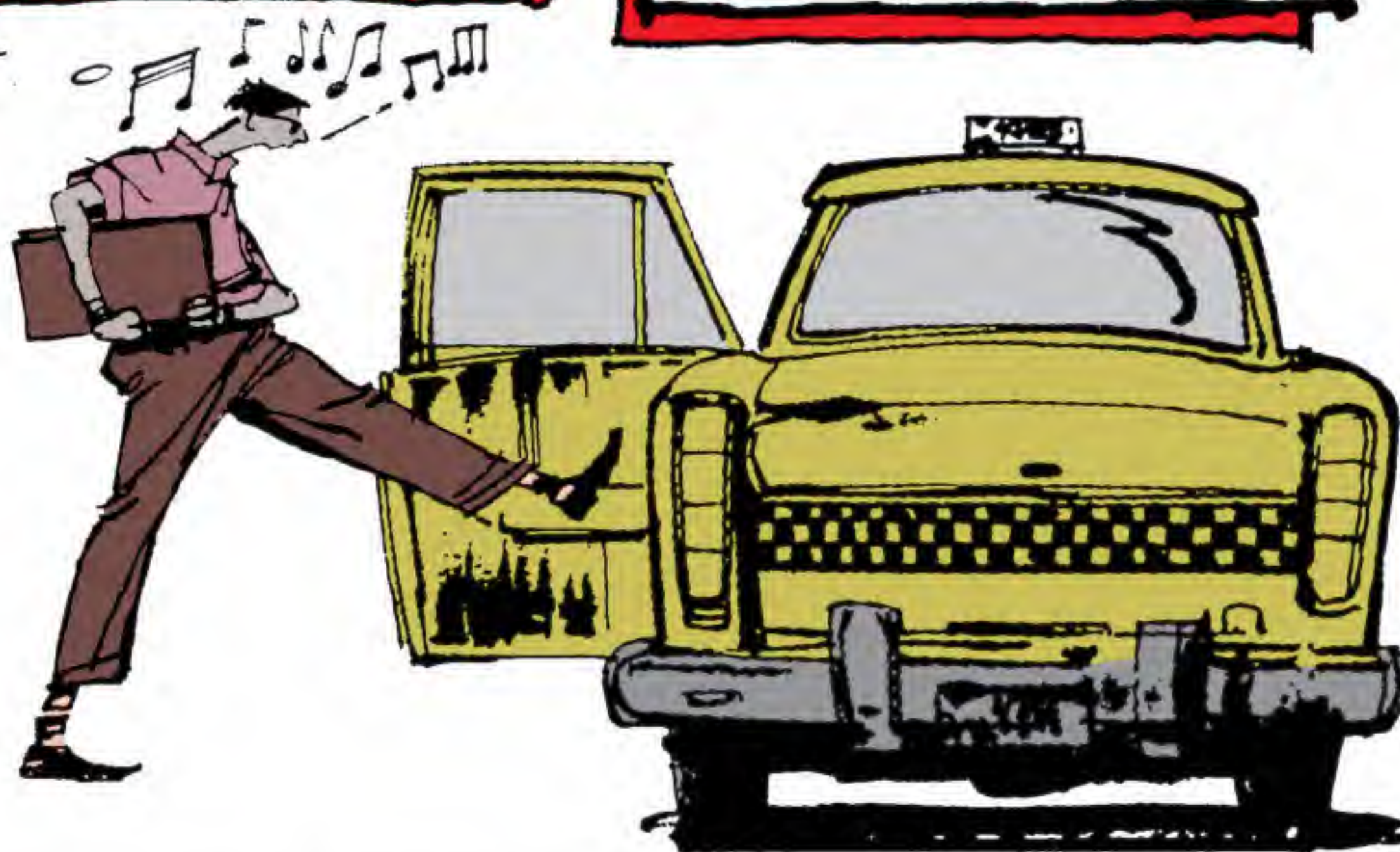


--BUT I *INTEND*  
TO FIND OUT--



HMM...VERY *EFFICIENT*.

I MIGHT HAVE SOME USE  
FOR THAT KIND OF *TALENT*...



WHAT  
THE HELL--  
HE -- HE  
LOCKED ME  
*OUT!*

SOMEHOW,  
HE MANAGED  
TO LATCH ONTO  
AN 800 TRUNK LINE!  
HE COULD BE CALLING  
*ANYWHERE*--  
THERE'S NO WAY  
I CAN TRACE  
HIM!

THEN--  
THOSE *LAST*  
FEW CALLS--  
HE *KNEW*  
WE WERE  
WATCHING  
HIM!

IT'S  
LIKE HE'S  
*SHOWING OFF*--  
PLAYING  
A GAME  
WITH US...



A VERY  
*DANGEROUS*  
GAME,  
MAVIS...

I BELIEVE  
IT'S TIME WE...  
*SPOKE*...



OH MAN... GOTTA  
TELL THE GUYS  
ABOUT THIS--  
MAYBE THEY'LL  
GET ME  
OUTTA HERE  
ONCE THAT  
OTHER--



ULP?!

WHO--

MEN CALL ME  
*THE SHADOW*,  
LEONARD GOGGIN...



OUTSTANDING!  
YOU COME TO  
*RESCUE*  
ME--?!

NOT QUITE... I AM YOUR  
*CAPTOR*--



NO!  
REALLY?! YOU?  
I MEAN-- YOU AND  
YOUR PALS RIGGED THIS  
WHOLE THING UP?  
I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT!

MAN!  
ALL YOU HADDA DO  
WAS  
*SAY THE WORD*  
AND I'DA  
SPILLED MY GUTS!

I MEAN,  
*THE SHADOW*--  
SHEESH--  
YOU'RE OUR  
IDOL!

HECK--  
WE EVEN  
NAMED OUR  
*HACKER GROUP*  
AFTER  
YOU!

WE CALL IT  
*SHADOWNET*!  
PRETTY COOL  
EH?



THAT IS ALL VERY... INTERESTING. BUT  
I REQUIRE *INFORMATION* OF YOU,  
LEONARD. INFORMATION ABOUT *ALBERT*  
*RENN*...

OH, YEAH... *AL*... WELL, WE  
USETA HANG TOGETHER,  
BUT HE WENT STRAIGHT  
FOR A WHILE-- LANDED  
SOME CUSHY JOB  
IN THE VALLEY  
WORKIN' FOR  
*NISSETCO*...

DIDN'T  
HEAR FROM HIM  
FOR *MONTHS*, 'TIL A WEEK  
OR TWO AGO. SAID HIS  
BOSS STOLE THIS THING  
HE WAS WORKIN' ON--  
SOME KIND'A  
*NEURAL FREQUENCY*  
*MODIFIER*--

--WANTED US TO  
HELP HIM STEAL IT BACK.  
*AL*'S A WEIRD ONE, BUT WE  
AGREED. YOU KNOW--ONCE  
A HACKER, *ALWAYS* A HACKER...

TOO BAD  
I COULDN'T  
BE THERE...  
MIGHT'A  
BEEN *FUN*.

THE  
*NISSETCO*  
BUILDING,  
IN ABOUT  
AN HOUR.

WHERE?



STILL... GIVES ME  
DA *CREEPS*  
THINKIN' 'BOUT  
WHAT SOME'A  
THOSE *LIGHT GUYS*  
DID TH'OTHER  
NIGHT...

...SETTIN'  
THISSELVES  
ON FIRE--  
-BRRR-

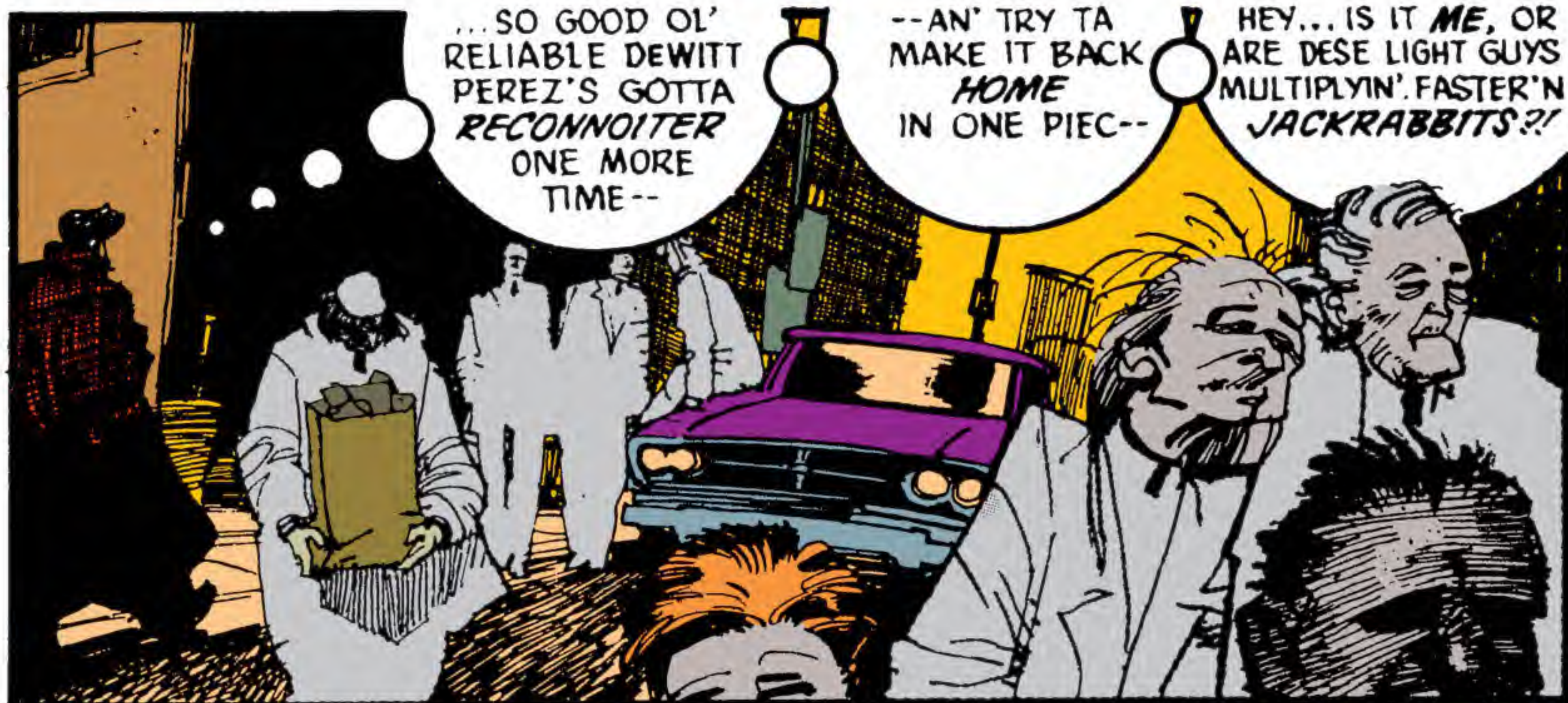
GUESS  
THE *MASTER'S*  
TOO *BUSY*  
T' HANDLE THIS  
ONE YET...



...SO GOOD OL'  
RELIABLE DEWITT  
PEREZ'S GOTTA  
*RECONNOITER*  
ONE MORE  
TIME--

--AN' TRY TA  
MAKE IT BACK  
*HOME*  
IN ONE PIEC--

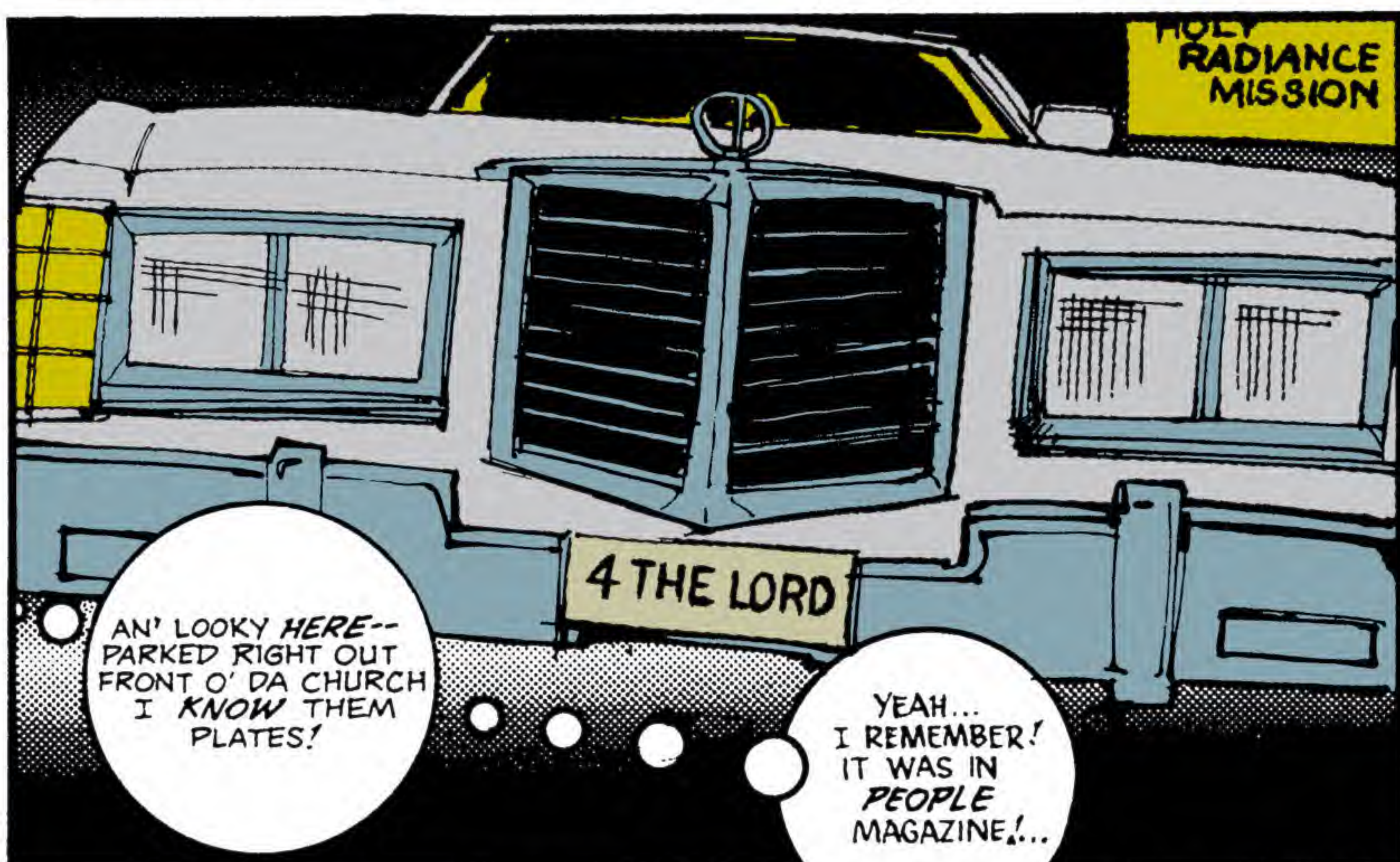
HEY... IS IT *ME*, OR  
ARE DESE *LIGHT GUYS*  
MULTIPLYIN' FASTER'N  
*JACKRABBITS*?!



BACK  
TO  
WORK...

AH, WELL...  
MEBBE  
I'LL GET ME  
SOME *SOUP*  
AGAIN...

...DEY GOT  
*GOOD SOUP*  
OVER AT  
TH'MISSION...



AN' LOOKY *HERE*--  
PARKED RIGHT OUT  
FRONT O' DA CHURCH  
I *KNOW* THEM  
PLATES!

YEAH...  
I REMEMBER!  
IT WAS IN  
*PEOPLE*  
MAGAZINE!...

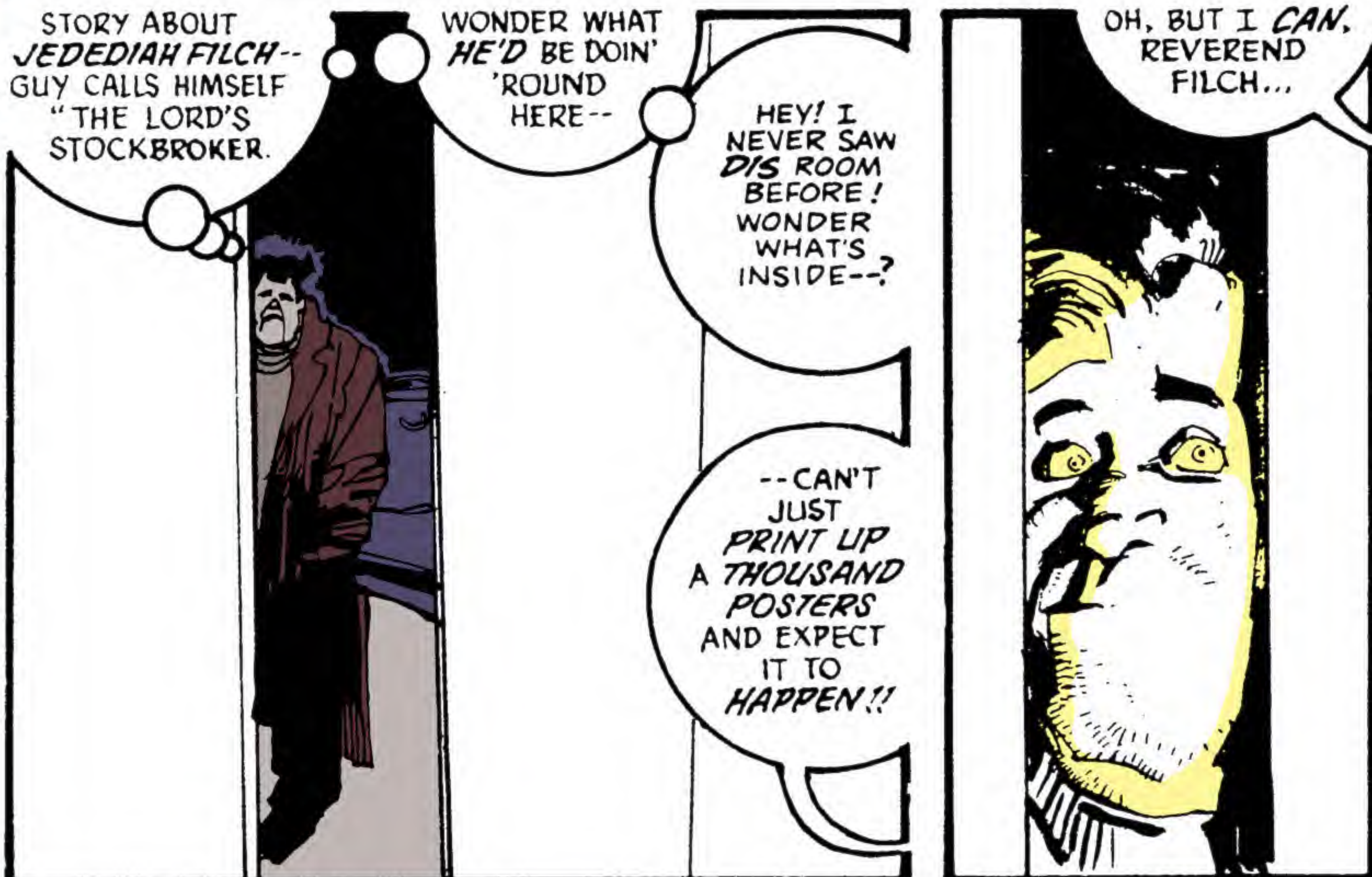
STORY ABOUT  
*JEDEDIAH FILCH*--  
GUY CALLS HIMSELF  
"THE LORD'S  
STOCKBROKER."

WONDER WHAT  
*HE'D* BE DOIN'  
'ROUND  
HERE--

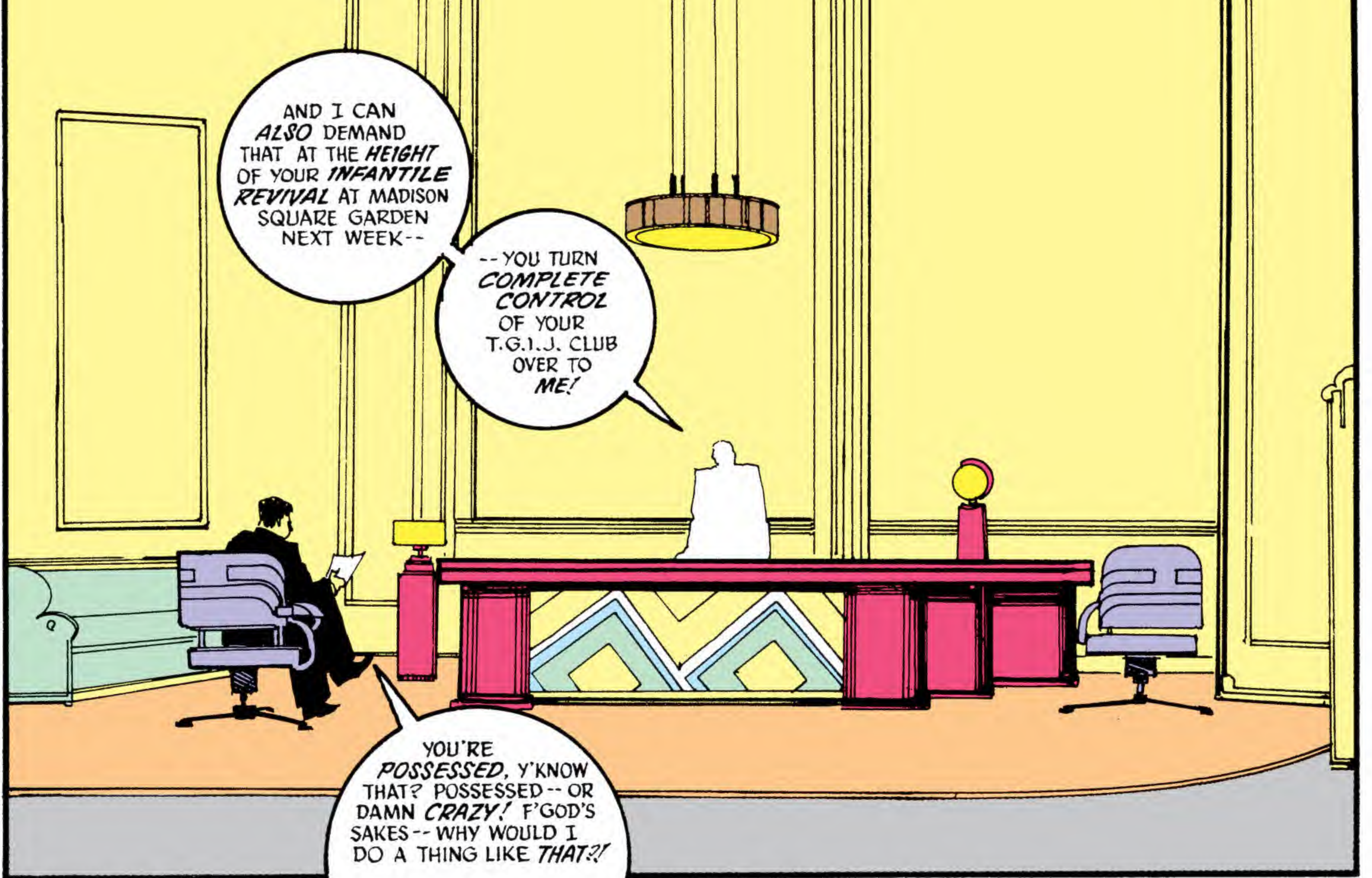
HEY! I  
NEVER SAW  
*DIS* ROOM  
BEFORE!  
WONDER  
WHAT'S  
INSIDE--?

--CAN'T  
JUST  
PRINT UP  
A *THOUSAND*  
POSTERS  
AND EXPECT  
IT TO  
HAPPEN!!

OH, BUT I *CAN*,  
REVEREND  
FILCH...







AND I CAN  
ALSO DEMAND  
THAT AT THE *HEIGHT*  
OF YOUR *INFANTILE*  
*REVIVAL* AT MADISON  
SQUARE GARDEN  
NEXT WEEK--

-- YOU TURN  
*COMPLETE*  
*CONTROL*  
OF YOUR  
T.G.I.J. CLUB  
OVER TO  
*ME!*

YOU'RE  
*POSSESSED*, Y'KNOW  
THAT? *POSSESSED*-- OR  
DAMN *CRAZY!* F'GOD'S  
SAKES-- WHY WOULD I  
DO A THING LIKE *THAT?!*



HERE ARE  
*SIX* REASONS.  
I THINK  
THEY WILL  
SUFFICE...



'HOW THE  
*HELL*--  
I MEAN...

...MUST'VE  
BEEN AN  
*INSIDE* JOB...  
WHO WAS IT?  
IKE? PAT?  
LOU-ANN?

Y-YOU  
AIN'T PLANNING  
TO *DO* ANYTHING  
WITH *THESE*,  
ARE YOU?



'COURSE  
YOU AIN'T.  
YOU'RE TOO  
SMART TO DO  
ANYTHING  
*STUPID*.

I GOT  
*FRIENDS*  
IN THIS BUSINESS,  
MR. LIGHT--YOU MAKE  
A SPECTACLE OF THIS  
LITTLE *TRYST* O' MINE,  
THEY'LL CRUSH YOU  
LIKE --



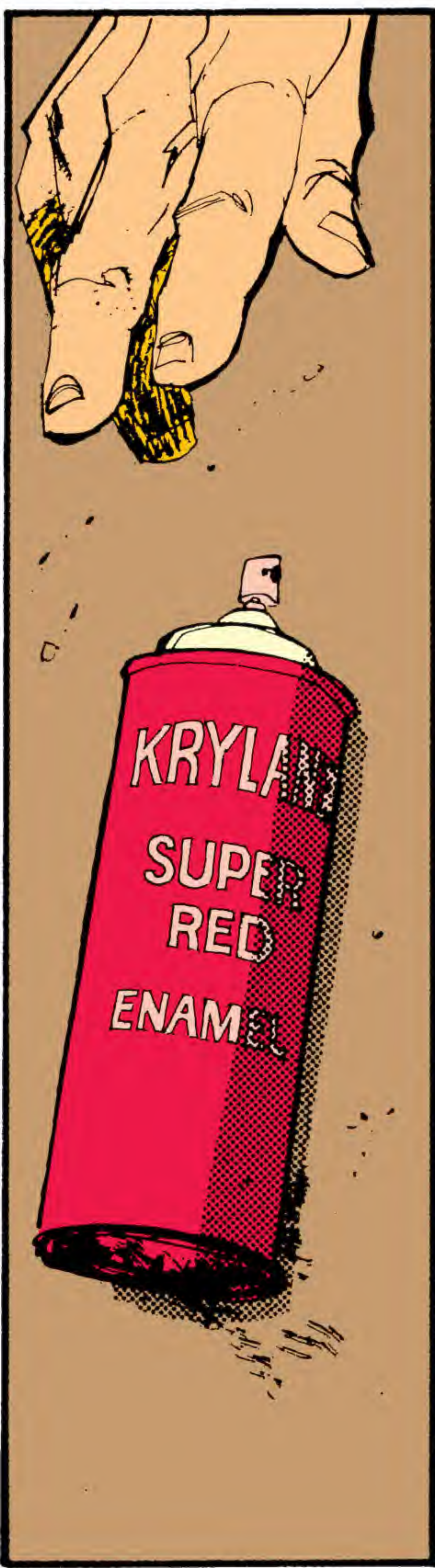
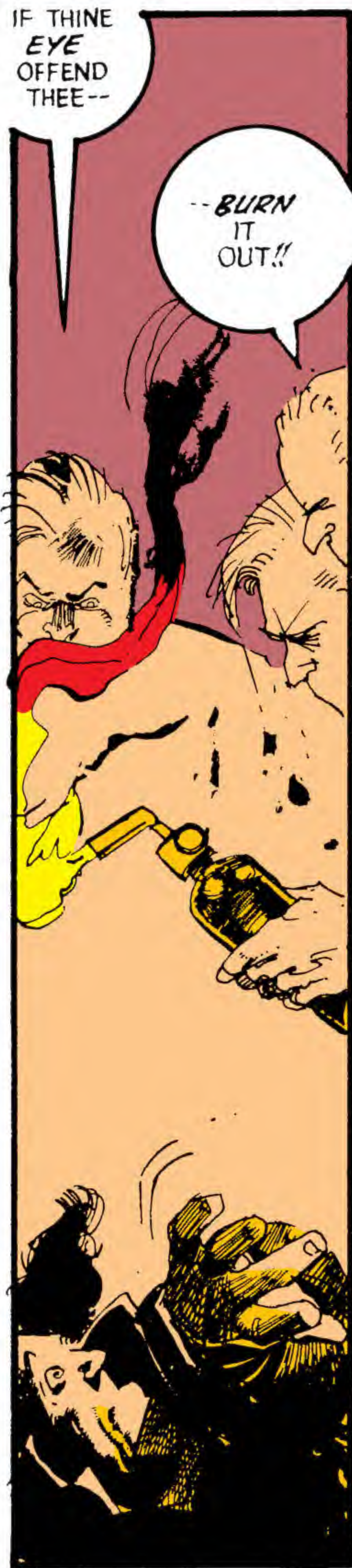
WH-WHAT'RE  
YOU --

C'MON AN'  
CUT THAT OUT!  
THOSE  
*PARLOR TRICKS*  
MIGHT IMPRESS  
THE *RUBES*, BUT I  
DON'T FALL FOR--

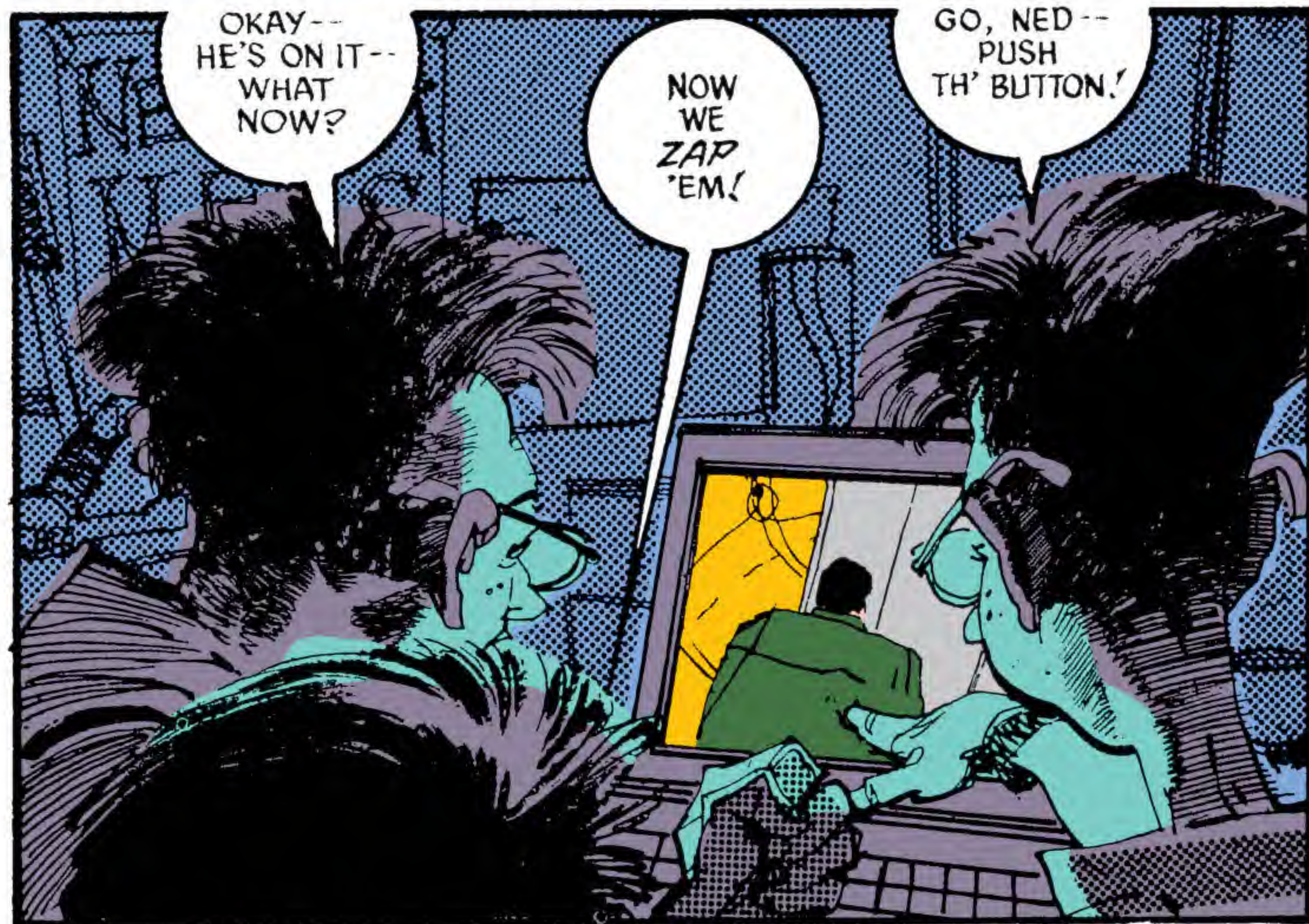
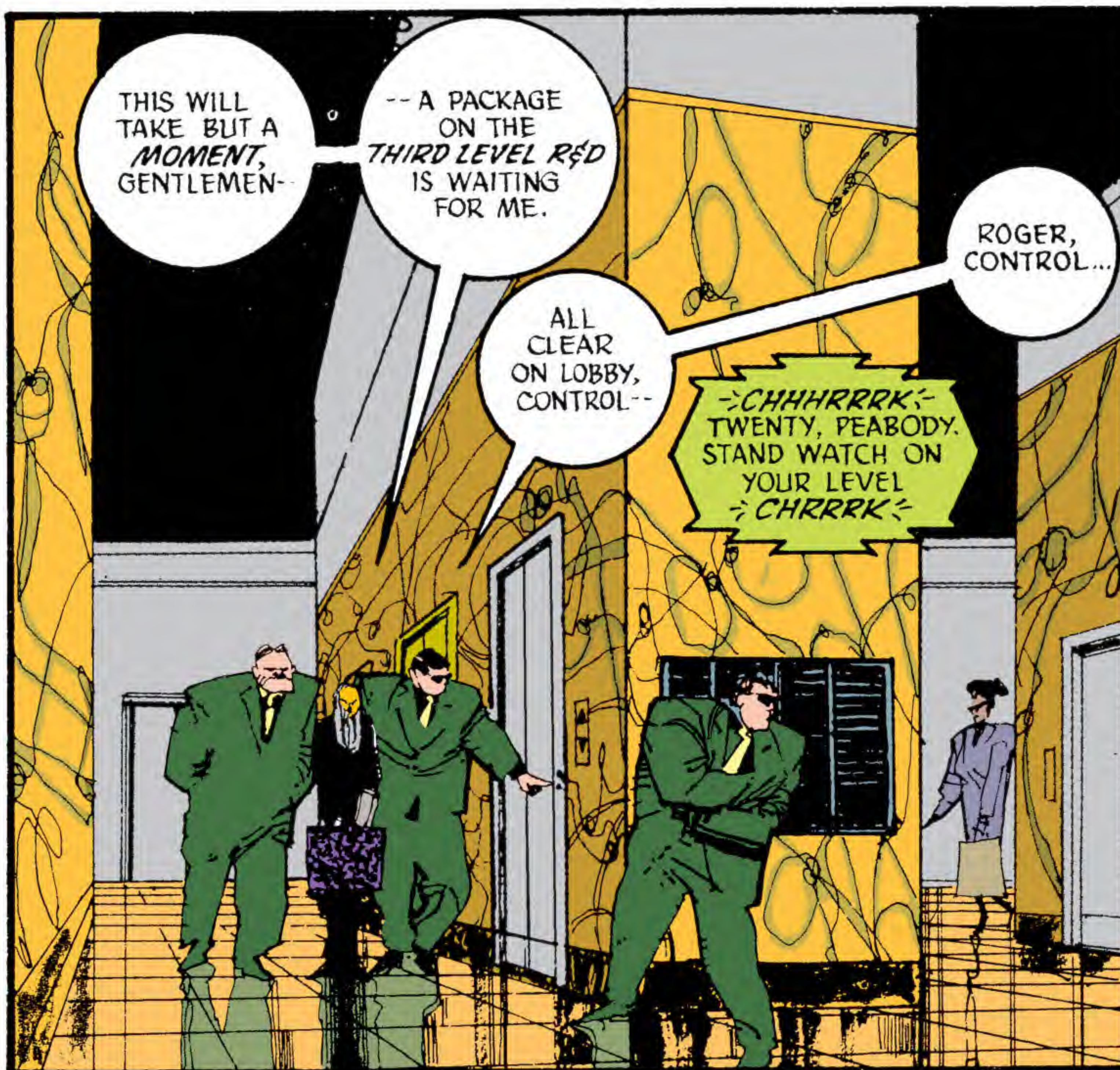


HOLY  
SPIT!

















YOU GOT  
SUMTHIN'  
O' MINE,  
MISTUH KING--  
AH MADE IT--

-- WAAL,  
*MOST* OF IT,  
ENNYWAYS--

-- AN'  
THAR AIN'T  
NOBODY ELSE  
*LIVIN'*  
T'CLAIM  
*THEIR*  
SHARE--

-- AH  
MADE  
*SLURE'A*  
THET...

NOW  
HAND IT  
OVUH,  
MISTUH  
KING.



I AM AT  
A... RARE LOSS  
FOR WORDS ...

WHO ARE YOU,  
CHILD-- AND *WHY*  
HAVE YOU SUBJECTED  
ME TO THIS  
*ELABORATE GAME*  
OF YOURS?



Y'DON'T  
RECOGNIZE ME,  
Y'OLD COOT?/  
Y'MUST  
BE GETTIN'  
*SENILE!*

AH'M  
ALBERT RENN,  
DAMMIT! THET  
*NOO-RAL* FREQUENCY  
MODIFIER  
YOU *STOLE* IS  
*MINE!*

RENN--?  
BUT WE  
BELIEVED YOU--  
AND THE *OTHERS*--  
TO BE  
*DEAD!*

THIS IS  
*SURPRISING*..  
BUT HARDLY  
*RELEVANT*.  
YOU SIGNED  
A CONTRACT.  
YOUR WORK WAS  
THE PROPERTY OF  
*NISSETCO*--



BUT I AM  
A *FAIR* MAN...  
AND YOUR WORK  
HAS *INDEED*  
PROVED  
*INVALUABLE*  
TO US.

SO IF  
YOU MIGHT  
WISH TO *RENEW*  
YOUR CONTRACT...  
IT CAN BE  
ARRANGED...  
*SON...*



SON?? WELL,  
AH DUNNO,  
MISTUH  
KING...  
GOTTA  
THINK--

YOU  
*IGNORANT CUR!*  
Y'DON'T KNOW  
THE *FIRST THING*  
'BOUT LIFE IN  
*THIS*  
WORLD!

Y'WANT  
SOMETHING  
*HERE*-- Y'GOTTA  
TAKE IT--

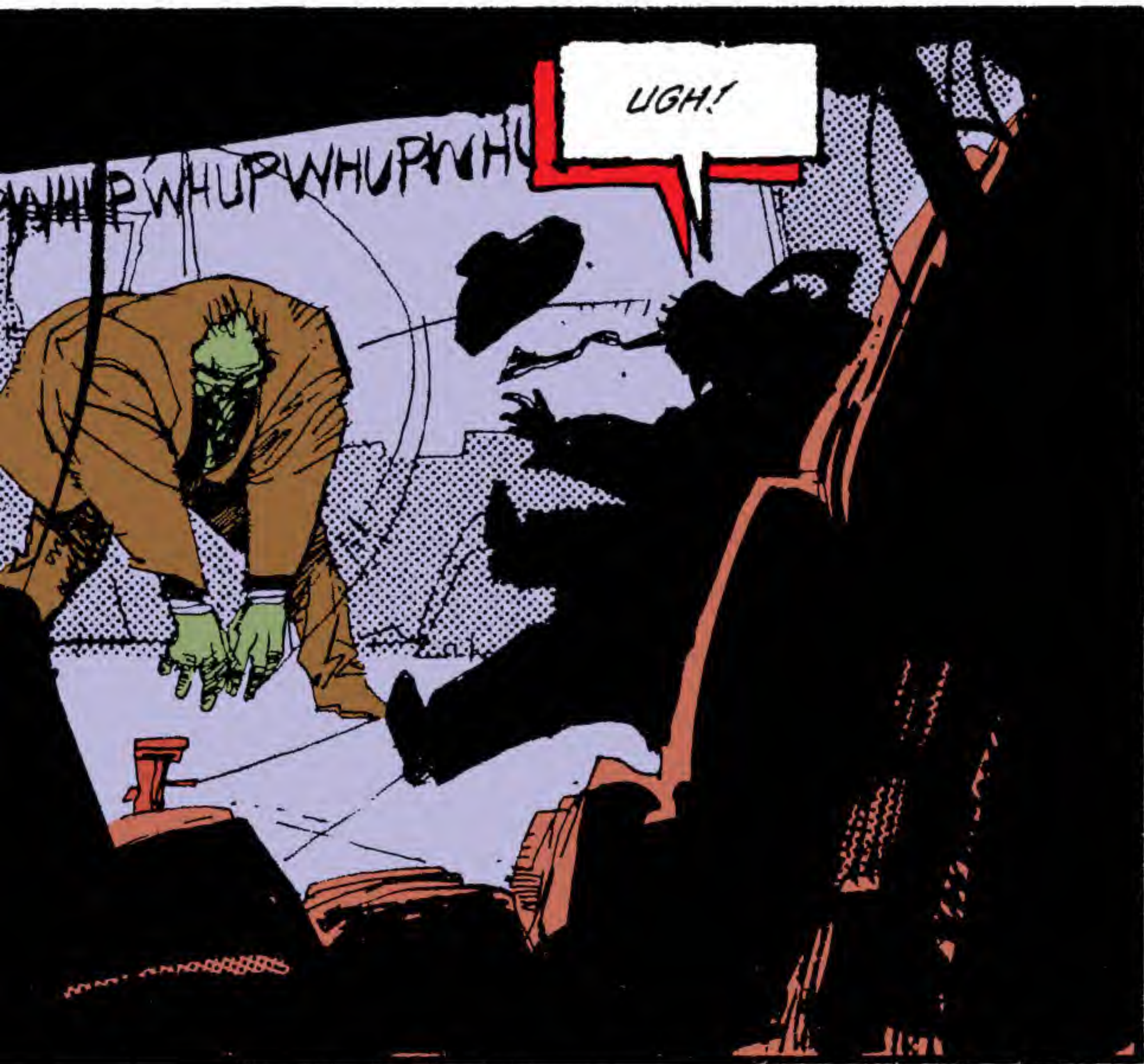
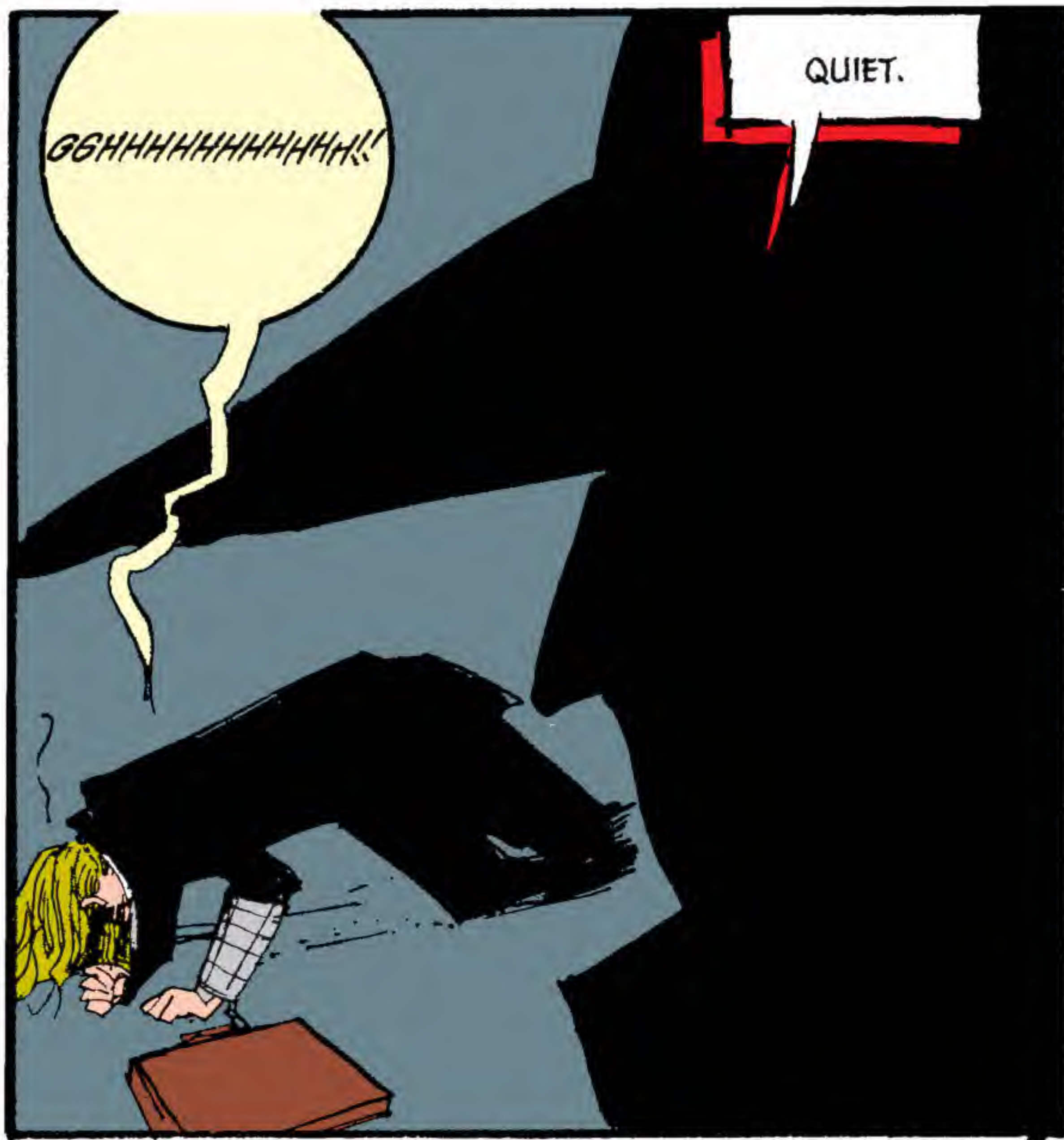














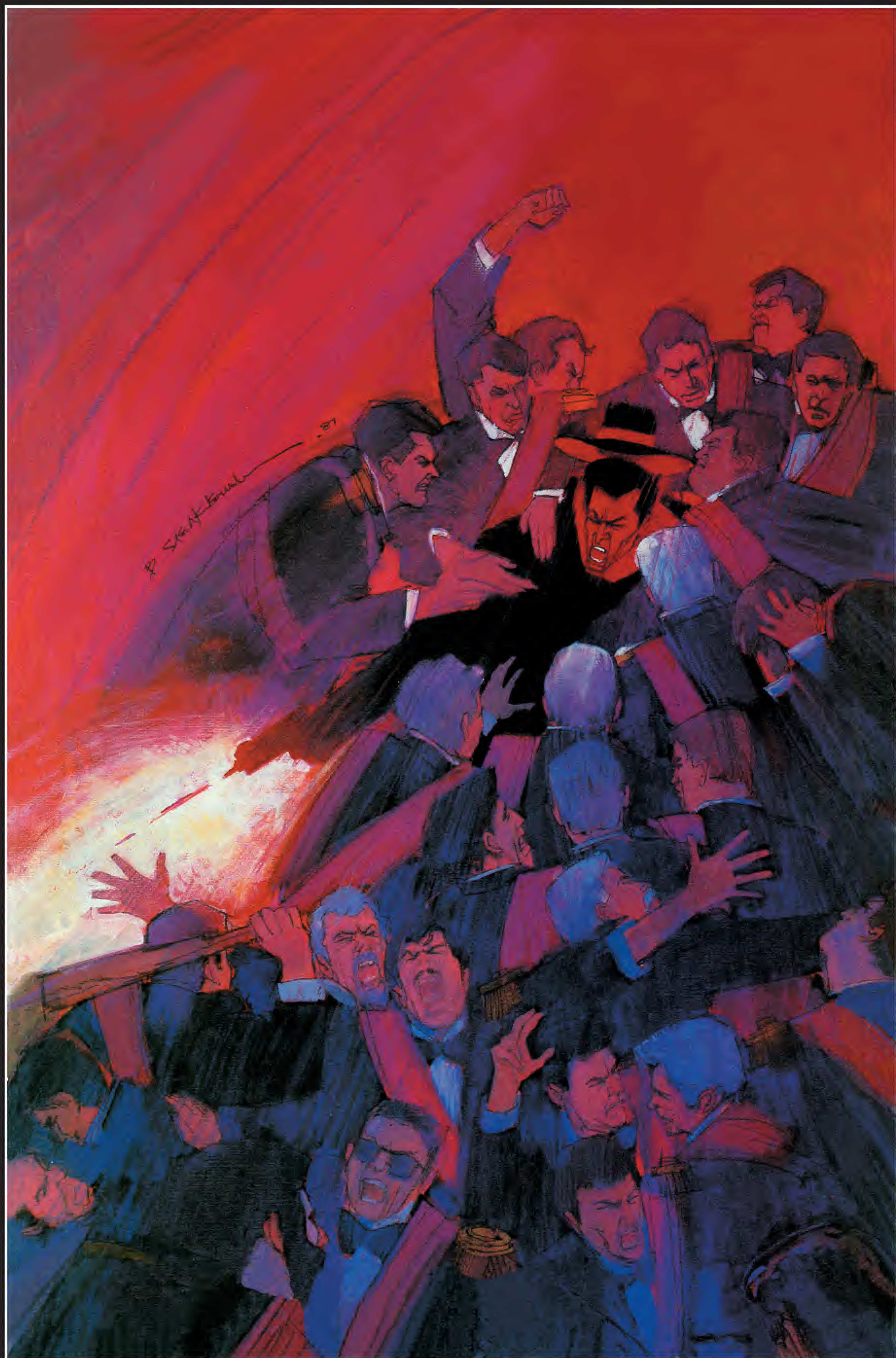
PREPARE  
-GULUCCHHH-  
TO FIRE...

— NEXT —  
THE  
SAVING  
GRACE!





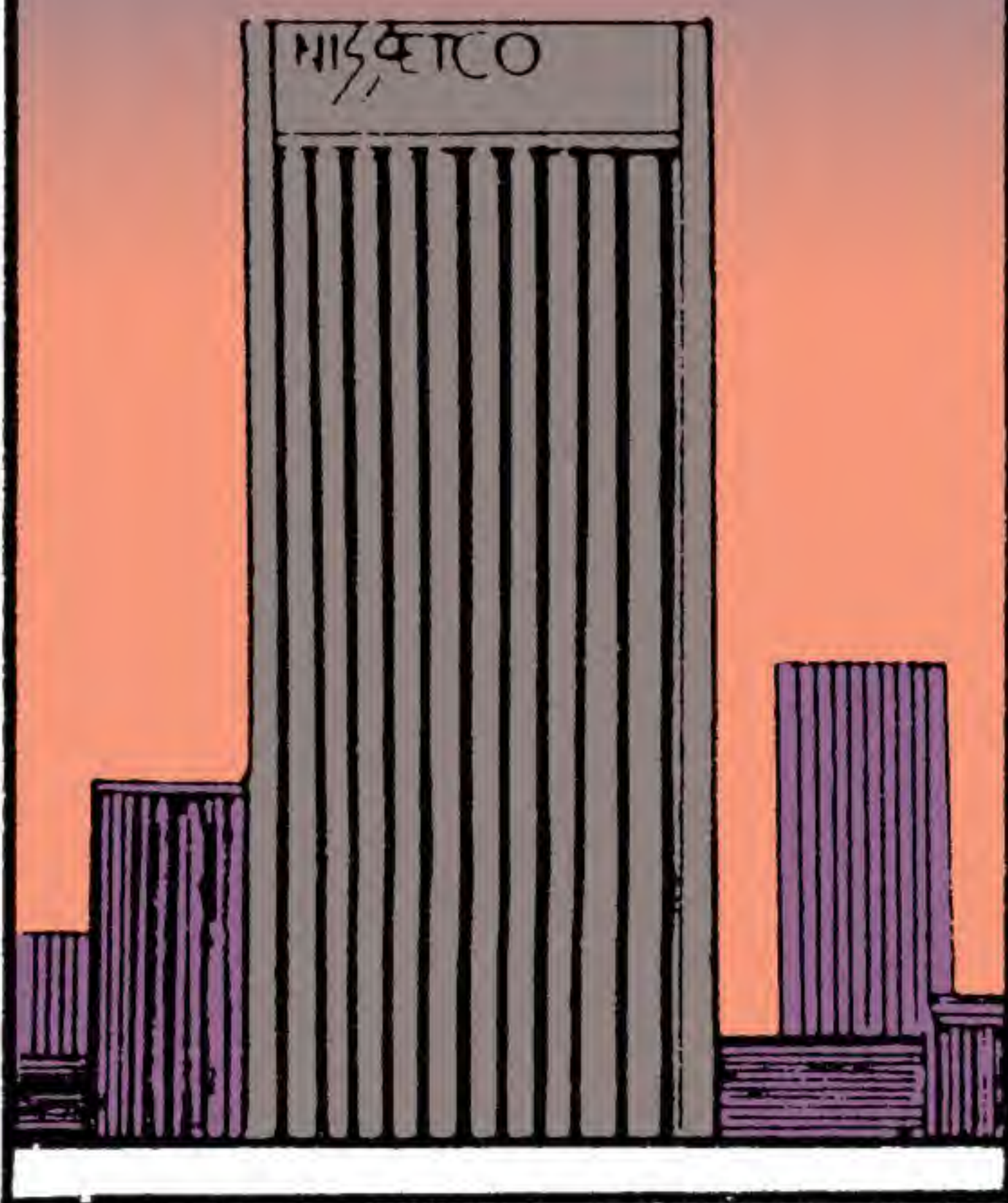




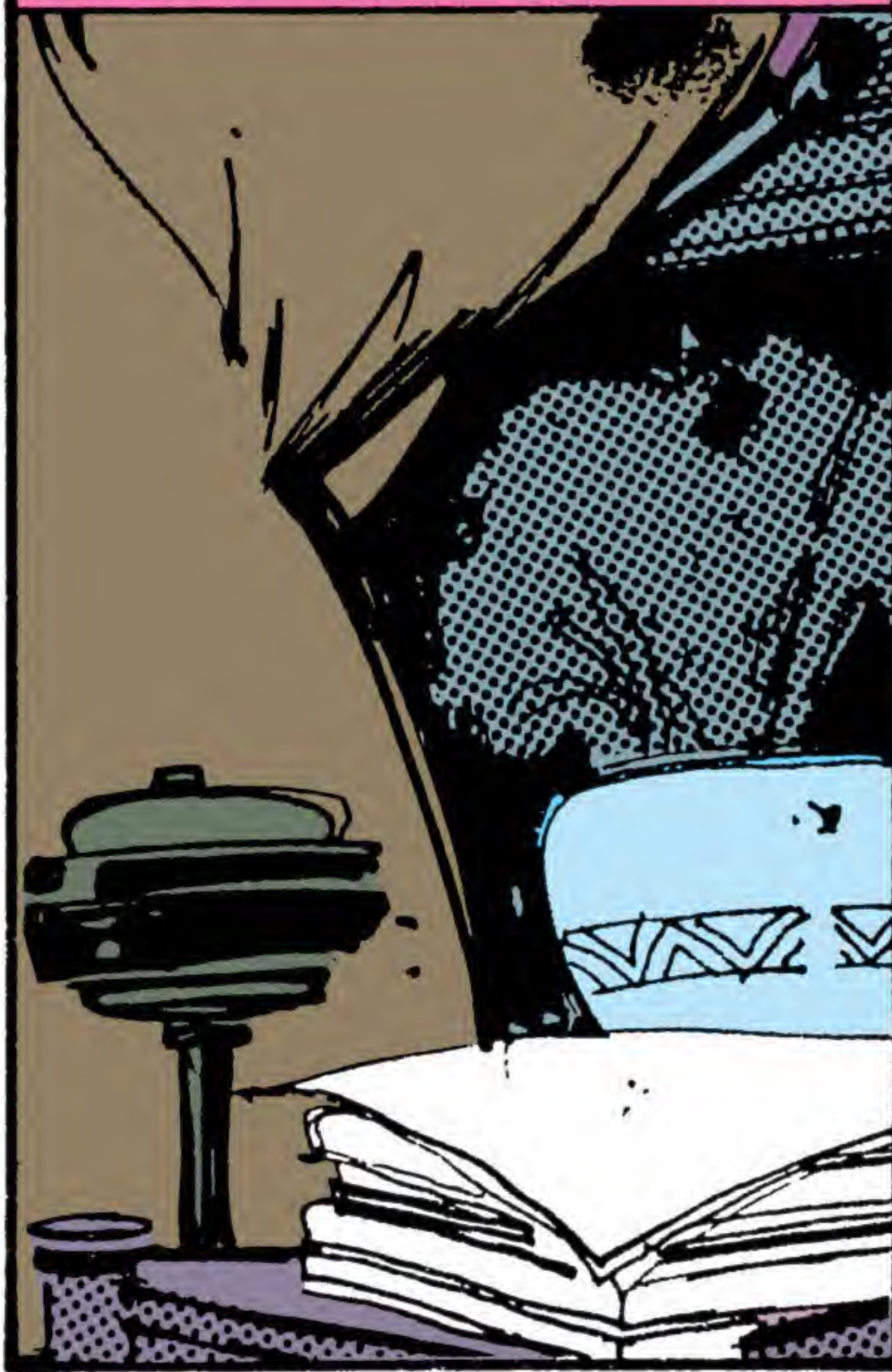


THE TIME: MIDNIGHT.

THE PLACE: THE NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS OF NISSETCO, A TAIWANESE CORPORATION SPECIALIZING IN CONSUMER ELECTRONICS...



MORE PRECISELY: THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF NISSETCO, LATELY THE TARGET OF A TERRORIST BOMBING...



THE HIRED GUNS: SHADOWNET, A GROUP OF FUN-LOVING COMPUTER HACKER TERRORISTS...



THE DUPE: ALBERT RENN, A BRILLIANT BUT TERRIBLY CONFUSED YOUNG BIO-MECHANICAL WIZARD...



THE PRIZE: A PORTABLE LINK-UP TO A SATELLITE TRANSMITTER SET TO BROADCAST MIND-ALTERING SIGNALS THROUGH ANY NISSETCO PRODUCT...



THE ODD MAN OUT: THE SHADOW, CURRENTLY ABOUT TO MEET HIS MAKER, COURTESY OF...



THE INSTIGATOR: BENEDICT STARK, ONCE KNOWN AS THE PRINCE OF EVIL, PRESENTLY PROPRIETOR OF A MUFFLER SHOP IN NEW JERSEY...



THE CAVALRY: THE AIRBORNE NISSETCO SECURITY SQUAD, UNDER THE COMMAND OF...



THE TARGET: SHIWAN KHAN, FORMER WOULD-BE WORLD DICTATOR, NOW PRESIDENT OF NISSETCO...







BOOM!

BLUOOOSH!!!

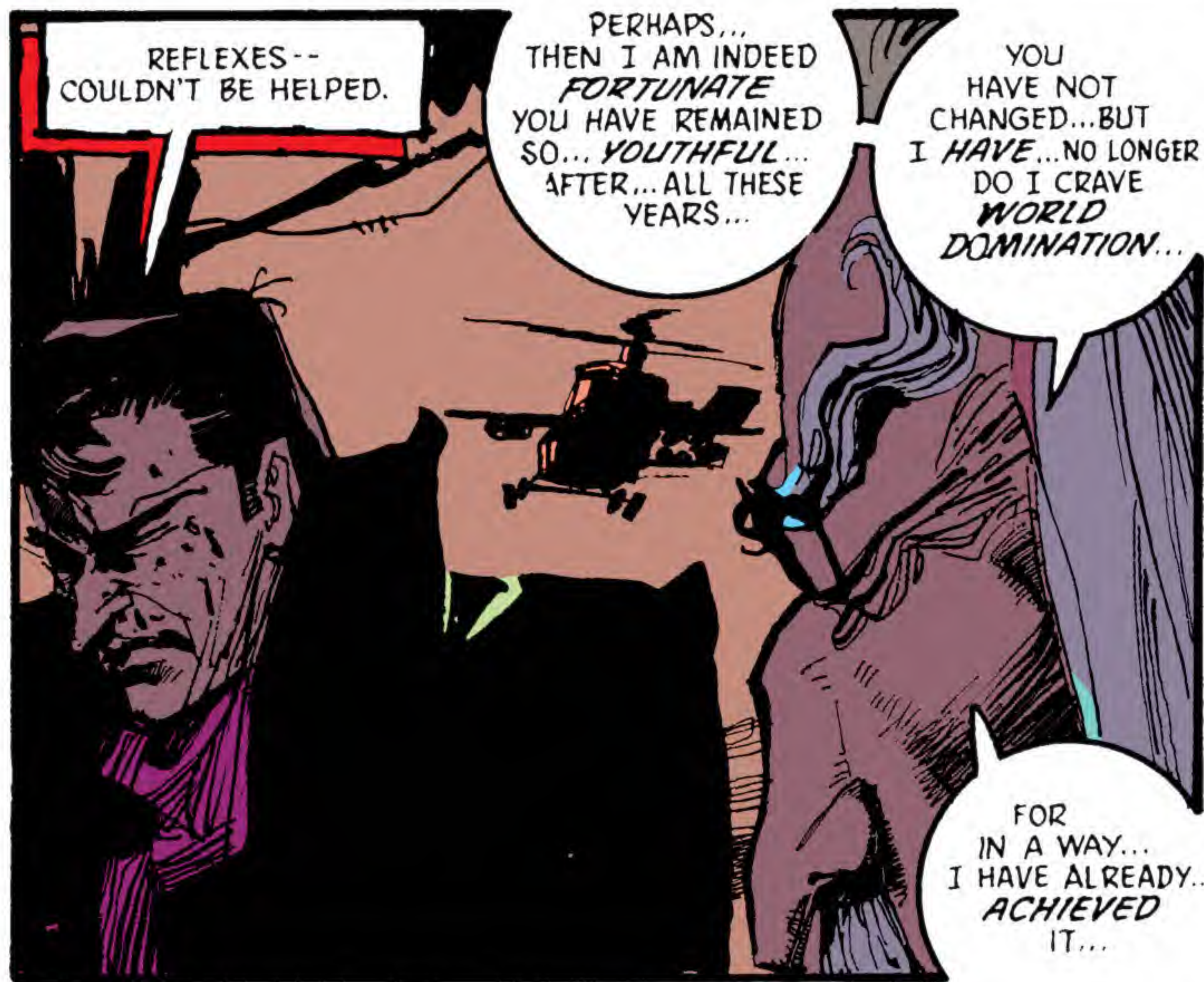
AND,  
FOR THE MOMENT,  
THE SHADOW'S...

# SAVING GRACE

HELPER WORDS	SIENKIEWICZ PICTURES	LAPPAN LETTERS	LEWIS COLORS	CARLIN EDITS
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SHADOWS AND LIGHT: PART 5







WHAT ABOUT  
BENEDICT STARK...  
WHAT WORDS  
WOULD HE HAVE  
FOR YOU?

STARK  
WAS SCUM.  
HE LOST HIS FORTUNE  
IN A *SALAD OIL*  
TRANSACTION IN THE  
EARLY SIXTIES. HE  
THREATENED TO *EXPOSE*  
MY PAST... *INIQUITIES*...  
UNLESS I *REFINANCED*  
HIM.

I  
*IGNORED*  
HIM-- HIS  
*DISFIGUREMENT*  
HAD RENDERED HIM  
USELESS TO ME. HE WAS  
SIMPLY TOO FILLED  
WITH *HATE* TO  
CHANGE WITH  
THE TIMES.

...AND  
TOGETHER  
THEY PLOTTED  
TO TAKE IT  
FROM ME.

LATER,  
HE SOMEHOW  
MANAGED TO  
*PERSUADE* ONE OF  
MY *DESIGNERS* THAT  
I HAD *STOLEN*  
THE BOY'S  
INVENTION...

YES...ALBERT RENN. HE SEEMED  
*CONVINCED* THAT WHAT HE  
WANTED WAS IN YOUR *ATTACHE*--

WE COULD END THIS ALL IF...

NONSENSE--  
THIS CONTAINS  
*PAPERWORK*...  
REAL ESTATE  
*CONTRACTS*...  
ALL OF A  
*PERSONAL*  
NATURE...

RENN  
IS *BRILLIANT*,  
BUT *UNBALANCED*.  
AN ORPHAN  
SEARCHING FOR  
*PARENTAL*  
APPROVAL...

FOR A TIME,  
I BECAME HIS  
PERSONAL *SPONSOR*...  
THE *PATERNAL*  
FIGURE HE SO  
DESPERATELY  
NEEDED... BUT I  
AM A *BUSY*  
MAN,  
AND SO--

--STARK  
ADOPTED  
RENN...  
AND RENN  
IS STILL  
*LOOSE*...

I DOUBT  
YOU WILL FIND  
HIM... WITHOUT  
*GUIDANCE*, HE  
IS... RATHER...  
*SHIFTLESS*...

THE POINT,  
YING KO, IS THAT  
I AM BUT A *VICTIM*...  
A BUSINESSMAN, A  
RESPONSIBLE  
MEMBER OF  
*SOCIETY*...

NOTHING  
MORE...NOTHING  
LESS...

WE SHALL SEE,  
SHIWAN KHAN...  
WE SHALL SEE...





C'MON...  
HURRY UP--

-- THINK  
I HEAR  
A TRAIN  
COM--

HLUH!!  
RAT'S  
CRAWLIN'  
UP MY--

--HEE-HEE--  
THAT WAS  
ME--

JERK!!

COOL IT,  
YOU  
DWEEDS!

HEY,  
MARTY--  
TURN ON  
THE--



--LIGHTS...

OH, MAN!  
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!  
ALL THESE MONTHS  
HANGIN' OUT IN  
HIS OLD PLACE--  
AND WHEN WE FINALLY  
MEET THE GUY,  
WE'RE ON THE  
WRONG SIDE!



YOU  
SEE THE LOOK  
IN HIS FACE?  
MAN WANTED  
TO KILL  
US!

YEAH--  
AND  
HE DON'T  
EVEN KNOW  
WE'RE LIVIN' IN  
HIS OLD  
HEADQUARTERS  
YET!

AL,  
YOU JERK--  
THIS IS  
YOUR  
FAULT!

B-BUT  
FELLUHS--  
I-I- DIN'T  
HAVE NO  
IDEAH!



YOU SHOULD'A  
CHECKED IT OUT--  
THAT'S WHAT  
COMPUTERS'RE  
FOR!

THE  
SHADOWNET'LL  
DO A LOT O' THINGS  
FER A FELLOW  
HACKER--

--BUT  
WE DON'T  
GO UP AGAINST  
THE  
SHADOW!

SORRY  
TA HAVE TO  
DO THIS,  
ALBERT--



-- BUT  
YOU'RE  
OUTTA  
HERE!





I AM *STILL* FAR FROM *CONVINCED*, MAVIS...

BUT HIS LIFE STORY'S AN *OPEN BOOK*--

--HIS *RECORDS* ARE *CLEAN*--



--AND HIS *AUTOBIOGRAPHY* WAS A *BEST SELLER* A COUPLE OF YEARS BACK!

PERHAPS I SHALL READ IT ONE DAY, MAVIS-- WHEN I AM IN THE MOOD FOR *FICTION*.

THERE IS *FAR MORE* TO SHIWAN KHAN THAN MEETS THE EYE-- AND NOT EVEN THE GRANDEST CHARITABLE GESTURES CAN ERASE HIS *VILE* PAST.



HE HAS LURKED BEHIND A SCREEN OF RESPECTABILITY FOR OVER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS NOW...

BUT I SUSPECT THAT *FACADE* IS NOW ABOUT TO FALL AWAY.

WHATEVER HIS REASONS, KHAN IS ABOUT TO *MAKE HIS MOVE*...

...AND THE DEVICE AL RENN CREATED FOR HIM WILL PROVIDE THE *MEANS* TO HIS *TRUE* ENDS...

YOU DON'T THINK YOU MAY BE JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS A BIT--



NO. BENEDICT STARK *KNEW* THE DEVICE'S *VALUE*-- ENOUGH TO RISK HIS *LIFE* TO OBTAIN IT.

NOW ONLY *TWO PEOPLE* KNOW *WHAT* THAT DEVICE IS-- *RENN*, AND *KHAN* HIMSELF...



HAVE LORELEI CALL ALL THE AVAILABLE AGENTS-- I WANT A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR WATCH ON KHAN.

MEANWHILE, LET US TRY TO TRACK DOWN *RENN*... HE'S THE *KEY* TO THIS...

TAK  
TAK  
TAK

ALREADY AHEAD OF YOU ON THE *LATTER*... GOT THAT *HACKER* KID WE SPRANG FROM THE *TOMBS* WORKING ON IT...

Y'SEE, MR. TWITCHKOWITZ-- IT'S *EASY*!

ALL Y'DO IS LOG ON TO THE SYSTEM... SET UP ONE'A THEM *TROJAN HORSE* PROGRAMS I TOLD'YA ABOUT--

WAIT FOR SOME *DUPE* TO ENTER HIS *PASSWORD*--

--AND THEN STEP ON HIS *LINK-UP* AND TAKE OVER!

IF THE CALLER'S GOT A HIGH ENOUGH *CLEARANCE LEVEL*-- LIKE *THIS GUY*--

--Y'CAN DO *ANYTHING* YOU WANT! WATCH!







"--BUT I'M *SURE*  
IT AIN'T *BINGO!*"

NOW LOOK,  
DEAR FRIENDS...  
NOBODY  
FEELS *WORSE*  
ABOUT THIS  
THAN I DO--

I'D BEEN  
WORKING AT THIS  
SINCE I WAS  
A *KID*--

NOW, ROGER...  
THERE'S NO NEED  
TO GET *PERSONAL*...  
INDEED, WE *ALL*  
HAVE CERTAIN ELEMENTS  
OF OUR LIVES  
WE'RE NONE TOO  
PROUD OF...

...OR WOULD YOU CONSIDER  
DIVERTING FAMINE RELIEF  
FUNDS TO CENTRAL  
AMERICAN REBELS  
*HONORABLE*...?

NOW YOU JUST  
HOLD IT! LEAST I AIN'T  
NO PART-TIME BIG  
MUCKITY-MUCK IN THE  
*WHITE AMERICA LEAGUE*  
LIKE HOLLOWAY  
THERE--

WHY, YOU  
SON-OF-A--

BROTHERHOOD  
TOLERANCE  
EQUALITY

DON'T YOU BE  
GETTIN' *RIGHTEOUS*  
WITH ME, *CLAUDE!*  
AT LEAST I AIN'T  
SELLIN' "*MIRACLE*  
*LOTTERY SELECTORS*"  
TO  
*MY VIEWERS!*

LOOK-- WE *ALL*  
HAVE OUR LITTLE...  
*EXTRAVAGANCES*...  
AND AS LONG AS  
WE'D INDULGED THEM  
*DISCREETLY*, THERE  
WAS NO HARM DONE,  
EITHER TO *US*, OR  
OUR *RATINGS*.

BUT THAT'S  
OVER NOW.  
WE'VE GOT A  
PROBLEM.

THERE'S A  
*NEW PREACHER*  
OUT THERE...WITH  
*BIG IDEAS*.  
HE CALLS HIMSELF  
*THE LIGHT*...  
AND HE'S KIND OF...  
*SPECIAL*.

OH, HE'S GOOD...  
*VERY GOOD*. I'VE  
NEVER SEEN A  
CHARISMATIC  
*TAKE CONTROL*  
OF A GROUP  
LIKE HE DOES. HE...  
GLOWS. LITERALLY.

AND FRIENDS...  
IF HE'S NOT *CLEAN*  
AS A BABY'S BOTTOM,  
THERE'S *NO WAY*  
WE'RE EVER GOING TO  
*FIND OUT!*

I HIRED  
A TEAM OF P.I.'S  
TO *INFILTRATE*  
HIS  
ORGANIZATION--

TWO OF 'EM  
TURNED UP *DEAD*--  
AND  
THE OTHER THREE  
ACTUALLY *JOINED*  
HIS  
CONGREGATION!

AND HERE'S  
THE *WORST* OF IT.  
HE *KNOWS* ABOUT US...  
AND UNLESS WE TURN  
CONTROL OF OUR  
*TELEVISION MINISTRIES*  
OVER TO HIM,  
HE'S PREPARED TO  
EXPOSE US *ALL*.

YEAH--  
YOU WERE *HOT*  
BACK THEN, FILCH--  
TOURING THE  
*TENT CIRCUIT*  
WITH YOUR MOTHER...  
"*GOD'S LITTLE*  
*CUPCAKE*"--  
*HA!*



I SAY WE  
BUMP HIM OFF.  
I HAVE  
THIS FRIEND--

IMPOSSIBLE. HE'S  
HEAVILY GUARDED  
AT ALL TIMES.  
BESIDES, HE'S GOT  
THIS... POWER... I  
CAN'T EXPLAIN IT,  
BUT...

NO. WE  
EITHER DEAL  
WITH HIM.  
OR CLOSE UP  
SHOP.

HA!  
AIN'T  
THIS  
A  
HOOT!

JIMMY BOB!  
YOU CAME!  
I DIDN'T  
THINK--

--THAT  
I'D WANT TO  
HAVE ANYTHIN'  
TO DO WITH A  
PACK OF GODLESS,  
*TAX-EXEMPT*  
SKUNKS  
LIKE YOU?

WELL,  
YOU'RE RIGHT  
ON *THAT* COUNT,  
JED! ONLY REASON  
I *DID* ACCEPT  
YOUR INVITE WAS  
'CAUSE *I* BEEN  
GETTIN' HARASSED  
BY THIS  
*LIGHT* FELLA,  
TOO!

COULDN'T MAKE  
NO HEADWAY  
WITH ME, THOUGH...  
I RUN A *CLEAN*  
OPERATION, PREACHIN'  
THE TV GOSPEL,  
TRYIN' T'HELP  
FOLK *LEARN*  
A THIN' OR TWO!

Y'ALL CAN JUS'  
HAND OVER YOUR  
MINISTRIES  
TO THIS THUG...  
Y'PROBABLY  
ALL *DESERVE*  
WHAT'S COMIN'  
TO YOU--

--BUT YOU JUS'  
TELL THIS MR. LIGHT  
THAT IF HE  
COMES GUNNIN'  
FOR ME--

--AH'M  
GONNA WHUP  
HIS *BUTT!*

**SLAM**

AHEM...WELL,  
GENTLEMEN...I THINK  
WE'D BETTER *ADJOURN*  
FOR NOW...IT'S  
BEEN QUITE  
A DAY.

LET'S ALL  
PRAY FOR GUIDANCE  
AND MEET AGAIN  
VERY SOON. A DECISION  
IS NEEDED  
BY NEXT SATURDAY.

LOU-ANN...  
PLEASE  
GET ME--

NO,  
NOT NOW,  
LOU-ANN...I'VE  
GOT A...  
HEADACHE

JUST  
GIVE ME AN  
OUTSIDE LINE,  
WILL YOU?

**BRING**

WELL DONE,  
FILCH...  
YES...

I SEE...WELL,  
MY ZEALOTS WILL  
DEAL WITH *HIM*  
EASILY ENOUGH.

YES. WELL...  
YOU MUST  
EXCUSE ME  
NOW...

I HAVE  
A *SERMON*  
TO  
PREACH...





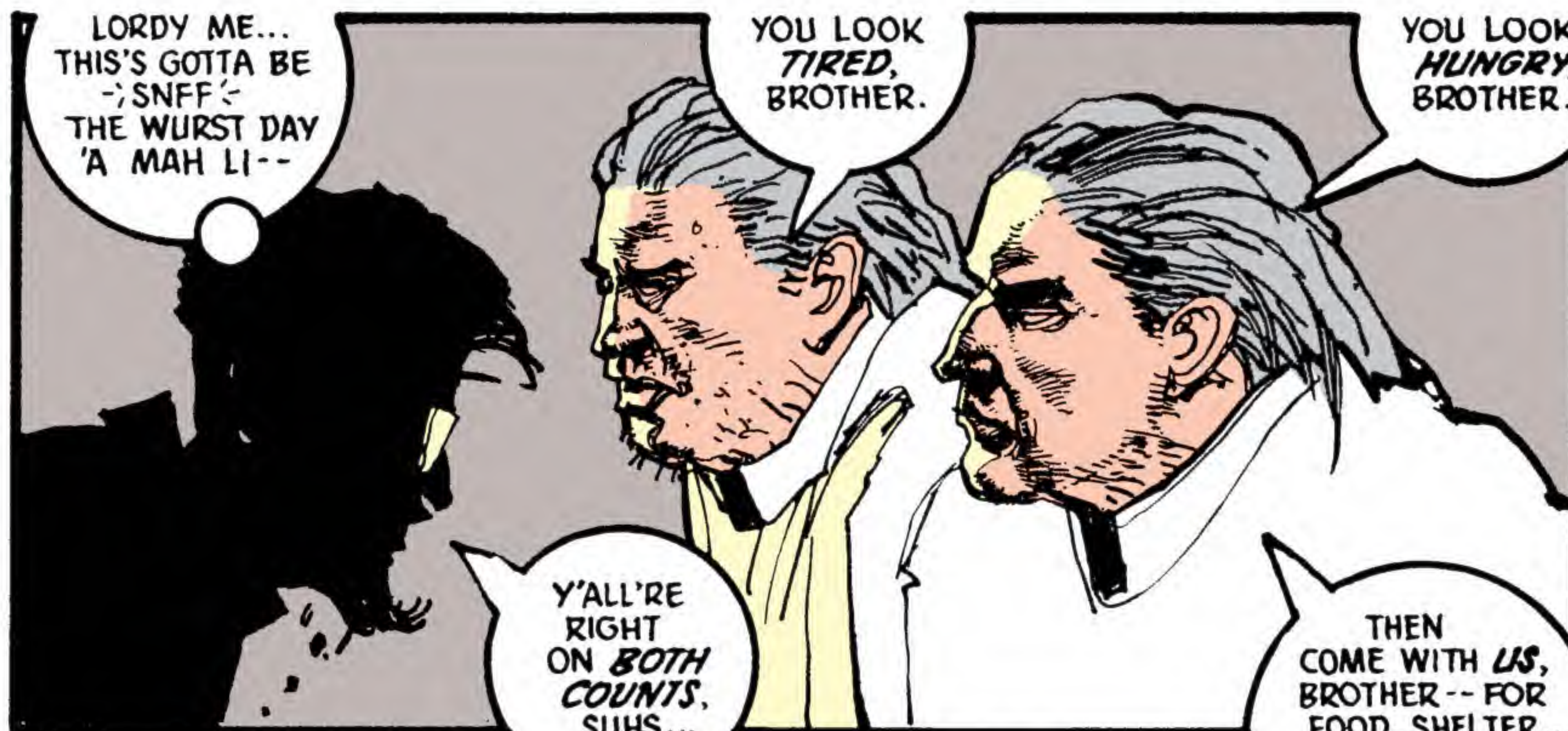
FURST MISTUH KHAN,  
"AIN MISTUH STAHK...  
THEN MAH BUDDIES...  
EVUHBODY'S JES'  
FORSAKEN ME...

AH CAIN'T  
*BELIEVE* IT...  
ME, AL RENN...  
DENIED  
ACCESS!

THAY  
TOOK MAH  
*NOO-RAL*  
FREQUENCY  
MODIFIER...  
TOOK MAH  
*CREDIT*  
*CARDS*...

...THEY  
MIGHT AS  
WELL'A  
STRIPPED ME  
*NEKKID* AN'  
THROWN ME OUT  
IN TA THUH  
COLD, CRUEL  
WORLD!

HECK...  
I AIN'T EVEN  
GOT ENUFF CASH  
T'BUY ME A  
*HAMBURG*!



LORDY ME...  
THIS'S GOTTA BE  
-; SNFF -;  
THE WURST DAY  
'A MAH LI--

YOU LOOK  
*TIRED*,  
BROTHER.

YOU LOOK  
*HUNGRY*,  
BROTHER.

Y'ALL'RE  
RIGHT  
ON *BOTH*  
*COUNTS*,  
SUHS...

THEN  
COME WITH *US*,  
BROTHER -- FOR  
FOOD, SHELTER...



...AND  
PEACE  
OF  
MIND...

HEY... WHAR'S  
THE GRUB? Y'ALL  
SAID AH COULD EAT--  
BUT THIS HERE'S  
A *CHURCH*!

IN TIME,  
BROTHER RENN.  
FIRST, HEAR THE  
WORD, *SEE*  
THE LIGHT...

NOURISH  
THE *SOUL* AND  
THE *REST* WILL  
FOLLOW...



...A *DARKNESS*,  
BROTHERS, LURKING  
*IN* THE SHADOWS --  
*BORN* OF THE  
SHADOWS!

FOR  
MANY YEARS  
I *RESISTED* THE URGE  
TO RETURN AND WALK  
AMONG YOU! DECADES  
PASSED...DECADES  
IN WHICH I DID *LITTLE*  
*ELSE* BUT PREPARE  
FOR THE DAY  
THAT WILL SOON  
BE UPON US!

FOR THE END  
IS COMING, BROTHERS!  
THE HARBINGER OF  
*DARKNESS* HAS RETURNED!  
BUT THIS TIME WE WILL  
*BEAT BACK*  
THE *SHADOW*!  
*THIS* TIME,  
*LIGHT* WILL  
REIGN SUPREME!



NOW, BROTHERS --  
*SEE* THE *LIGHT*...  
*FEEL* THE *LIGHT*!  
FEEL IT  
*WASH AWAY*  
YOUR MORTAL  
CONCERNS!

IT  
COMFORTS...  
IT *CONSOLES*!  
BASK IN ITS *PURITY*--  
AND *FEEL* THE  
*SACRED OBLIGATION*  
TO SERVE IT,  
AS IT SERVES  
*YOU*!



YES...

YES!





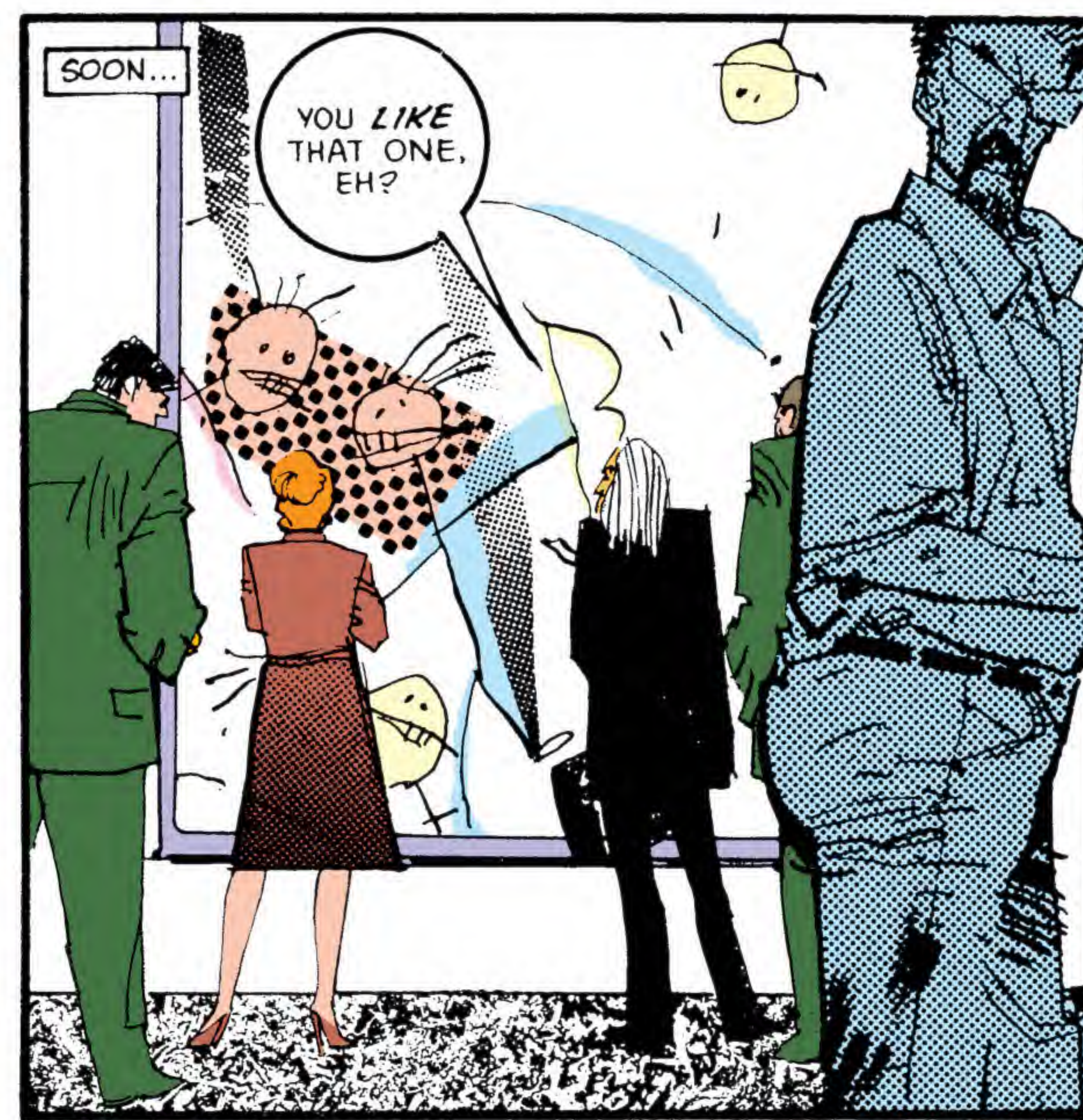
SIMPLY PERFECT...



HE'S JUST ORDERED THE BELUGA WITH CREAM CHEESE--

WHAT?-- WELL, THERE *ISN'T* ANYTHING ELSE TO REPORT!

THINK HE SAID HE WAS HEADING FOR THE MUSEUM, THOUGH...



SOON...

YOU LIKE THAT ONE, EH?



YES, I--

I OWN IT, YOU KNOW. AND SEVERAL MORE LIKE IT AT MY HOME--

--PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE--



UH, SIR-- YOU HAVE THAT CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL DEDICATION AT NOON--

AH... I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN...



PERHAPS SOME OTHER TIME, MY DEAR...



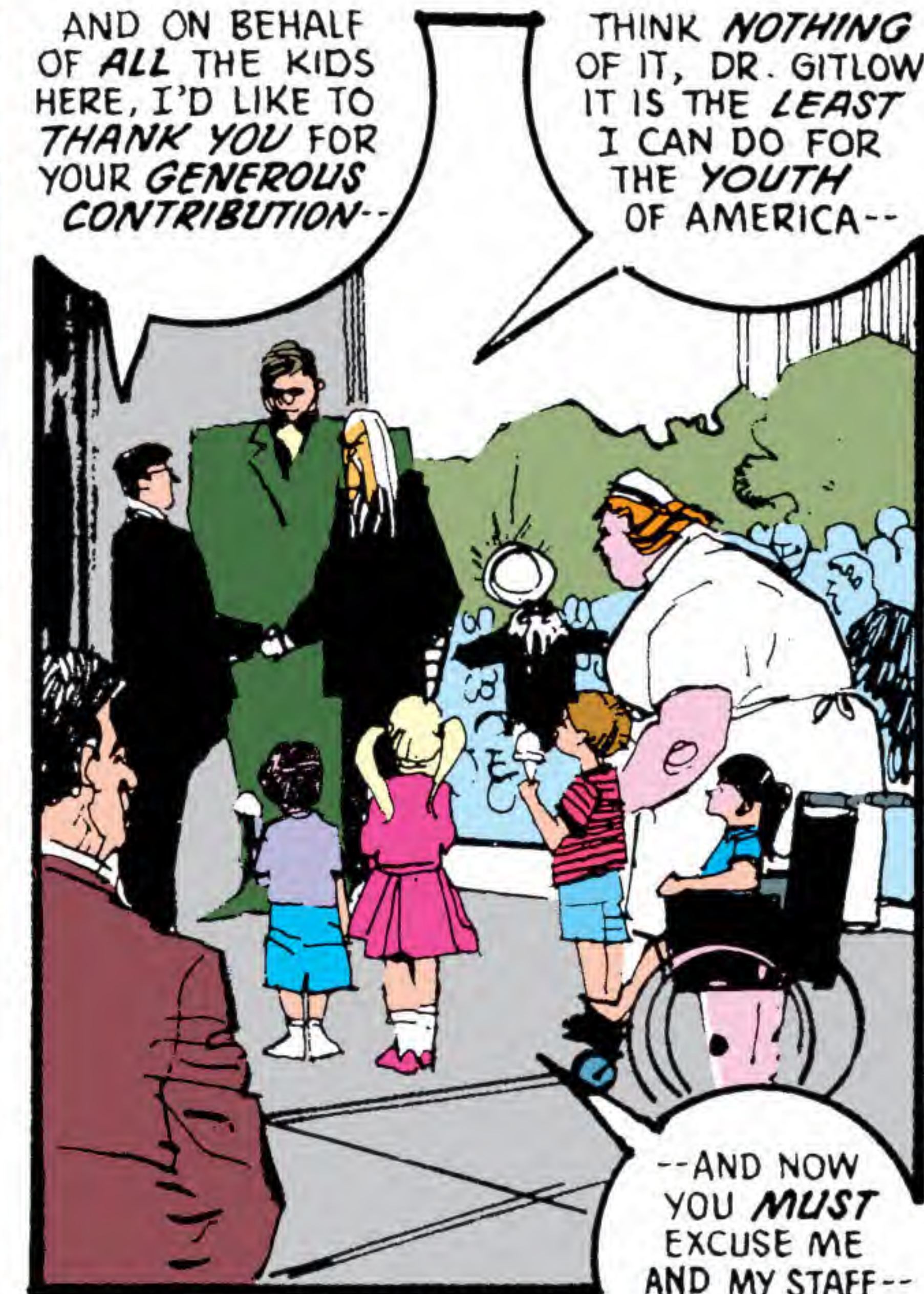
HEADING FOR THE HOSPITAL NOW--

IS THE NEW GAL IN PLACE YET?



"OH, GWEN? SURE-- I BET SHE'S RIGHT IN THE THICK OF IT..."

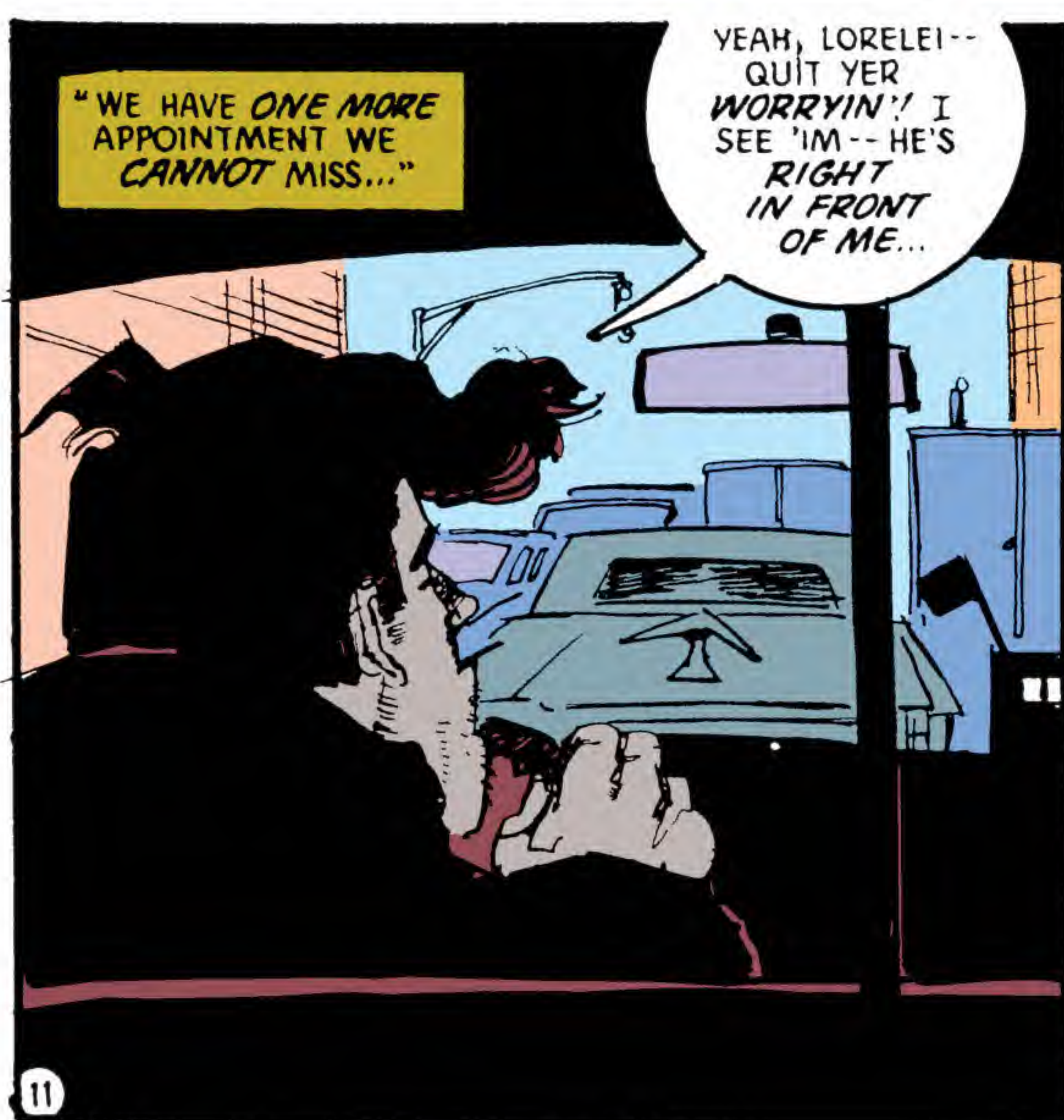
I HATE THIS...



AND ON BEHALF OF ALL THE KIDS HERE, I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION--

THINK NOTHING OF IT, DR. GITLOW-- IT IS THE LEAST I CAN DO FOR THE YOUTH OF AMERICA--

--AND NOW YOU *MUST* EXCUSE ME AND MY STAFF--



"WE HAVE ONE MORE APPOINTMENT WE CANNOT MISS..."

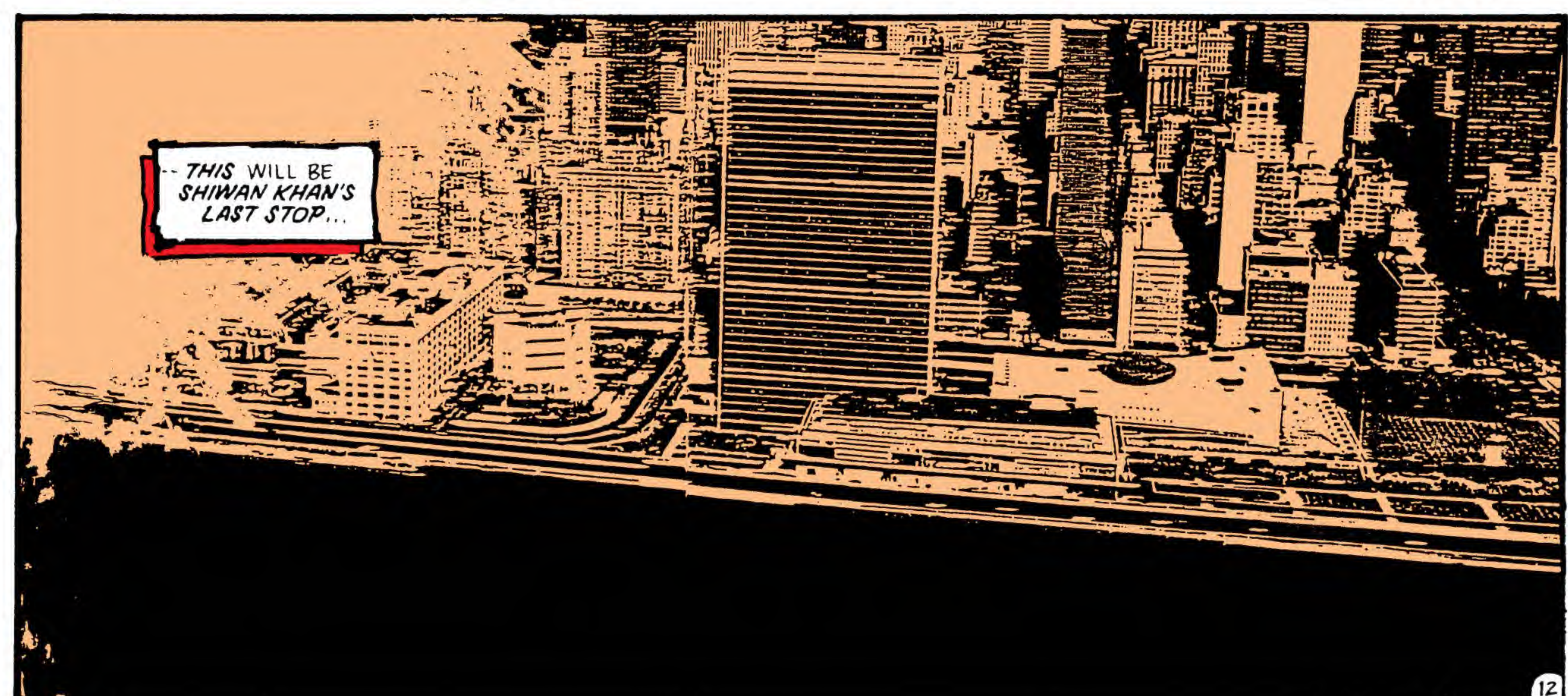
YEAH, LORELEI-- QUIT YER WORRYIN'! I SEE 'IM-- HE'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME...



OH... HIM? YUP-- HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME...

I SENSE THIS DRAMA IS ABOUT TO REACH ITS CONCLUSION, DEWITT...

WHATEVER ELSE TRANSPIRES FROM THIS POINT ON--



--THIS WILL BE SHIWAN KHAN'S LAST STOP--



"NOT SINCE THE LIKES OF MOTHER TERESA HAVE WE SEEN SUCH A TIRELESS PROGRESSION OF *BENEVOLENT* ACTS...INDEED, FEW MEN HAVE *EVER* EXPENDED SO MUCH EFFORT FOR THOSE WITH SO LITTLE..."



"THE '*TELEDIVERSION*' PROGRAM HAS ACHIEVED REMARKABLE RESULTS FOR THE BIRTH RATE PROBLEMS IN SOME COUNTRIES..."

"...WHILE FREELY DISTRIBUTED '*VIDEOVENGEANCE*' COMPUTER GAMES HAVE RELIEVED ETHNIC TENSIONS ELSEWHERE..."



"...AND THE '*SOUNABOUT AFRICA*' PROGRAM HAS BROUGHT THE JOY OF *MUSIC* TO THE LONG-SUFFERING PEOPLE OF *ETHIOPIA*..."



"...AND SO, FOR HIS *DEDICATION* TO HIS FELLOW MAN, WE ARE *PROUD* TO PRESENT THE *HUMANITARIAN* OF THE YEAR AWARD TO..."

"-- *GENG KING!!*"



CLAP CLAP CLAP

THANK YOU...  
THANK YOU  
ALL.

I SEE  
YOU ARE ALL  
RECEIVING  
*TRANSLATION*  
THROUGH THE  
*HEADPHONES*  
*NISSETCO* DONATED  
THE OTHER DAY.  
GOOD.

THEY  
ARE THE BEST  
WE MANUFACTURE.  
THE *BOODO-KHAN*.  
THE BETTER TO HEAR  
WHAT I AM  
ABOUT TO SAY.

BUT FIRST,  
AN  
*APOLOGY*.

PLEASE EXCUSE  
THE MEASURES  
MY SECURITY PEOPLE  
HAVE TAKEN  
HERE --

-- PERHAPS THEY  
ARE OVERLY CAUTIOUS,  
BUT THE RECENT ATTEMPTS  
ON MY LIFE HAVE MADE  
THIS PROTECTIVE BOOTH  
NECESSARY...

AHEM...  
NOW...  
A MOMENT  
PLEASE...



I TRULY WISH  
THAT I COULD SAY  
THAT I AM **HAPPY**  
TO BE HERE TODAY...  
BUT I CANNOT.

I DECIDED ONCE  
THAT I COULD **HELP**  
THE WORLD FOR AS LONG  
AS **IT** HELPED ME. ONE  
DAY SOON, HOWEVER,  
MY WORLD IS DESTINED  
TO **CHANGE**. THE  
**SYMBIOTIC** RELATIONSHIP  
MUST, THEREFORE,  
COME TO AN  
**END**.

AHH...I SEE  
THE **CONFUSION**  
ON YOUR FACES.  
ALLOW ME TO  
EXPLAIN.

I CALCULATED  
TO  
**RULE THE WORLD...**  
AND AT TIMES, I  
**ALMOST SUCCEEDED**.  
MY NAME WAS  
**SHIWAN KHAN**--  
AND I WAS **FEARED**  
BY **ALL**.

MANY  
OF YOU  
KNOW ME AS  
A **PROSPEROUS**  
**TAIWANESE**  
BUSINESSMAN.  
BUT BEFORE THEN,  
I WAS A  
**WARLORD**  
OF MAINLAND  
**CHINA**.

EXCEPT,  
PERHAPS, BY  
THE **COMMUNISTS**.  
THEY FEARED  
**NO ONE**.

IN 1949,  
THEY  
**DISMANTLED**  
MY LITTLE EMPIRE--  
AND **FORCED** ME  
TO LEAVE THE  
COUNTRY. ON A  
SMALL BOAT, I  
JOURNEYED TO  
**TAIWAN**.

THERE WERE...  
**OPPORTUNITIES**  
THERE-- BUT OF A  
**DIFFERENT**  
KIND.

I HAD  
HEARD OF THE  
**MANUFACTURING**  
**EMPIRE** SLOWLY  
BUILDING IN  
AMERICAN-OCCUPIED  
JAPAN AND COULD  
SEE THAT **CONDITIONS**  
WERE SIMILAR HERE.

THE  
CHEAPNESS  
OF LABOR--  
THE PRIDE OF  
WORKMANSHIP--  
ALL THESE THINGS  
WERE AVAILABLE  
ON MY OWN  
ADOPTED  
HOMELAND.

USING THE  
**JAPANESE** STYLE  
OF MANAGEMENT AND  
PRODUCTION, I FORGED  
A NEW EMPIRE-- THE  
**NISSETCO** EMPIRE...  
WITH FACTORIES AND  
RESEARCH FACILITIES  
ACROSS THE  
GLOBE...

WITH RENEWED  
**PROSPERITY**,  
I RESIGNED  
TO FORSAKE THE  
**CRIMINAL LIFE**--  
MY DREAMS OF  
WORLD DOMINATION  
GREW EVER **DIM**  
AS THE YEARS  
WORE ON...

BUT, AT HEART,  
I AM A  
**TRADITIONALIST**.  
THE ORIENT WAS,  
AND WOULD  
FOREVER REMAIN,  
MY HOME.

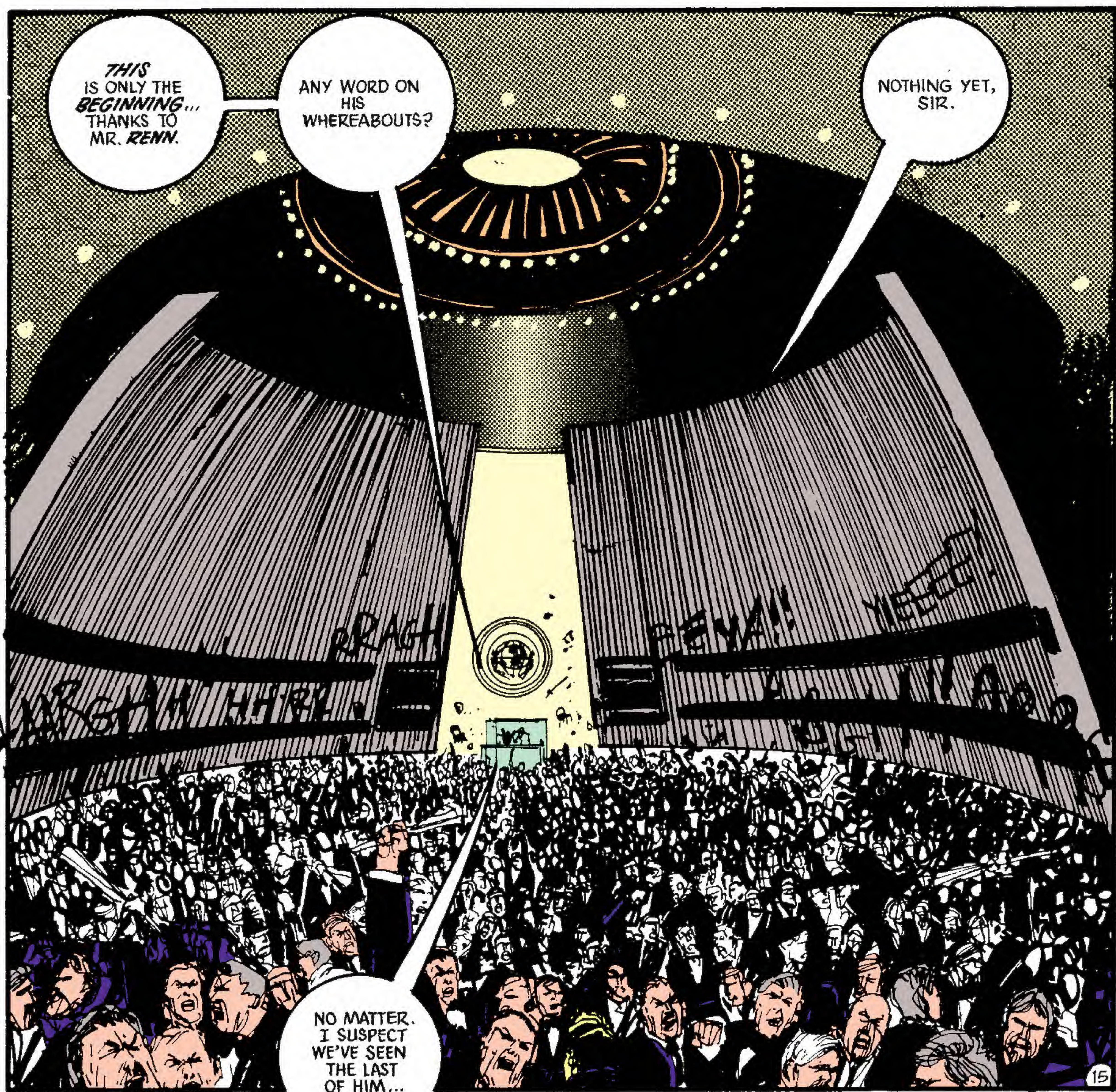
SO WHEN THE  
UNITED NATIONS  
RECOGNIZED  
COMMUNIST CHINA--  
AND AGREED TO RETURN  
TAIWAN TO THE  
COMMUNISTS AT THE  
CLOSE OF THE  
CENTURY--

I CANNOT  
ALLOW YOU TO  
TAKE MY HOMELAND  
AWAY FROM ME  
AGAIN,  
GENTLEMEN.

-- MY PLANS  
WERE **FORCED**  
TO CHANGE...

AFTER ALL,  
THIS IS--AS THE  
AMERICANS SAY--  
A "DOG-EAT-DOG"  
WORLD...











PLEASE  
EXCUSE MY  
*JOVIALITY*, YING KO.  
IT IS JUST THAT  
I AM *PLEASED*  
TO SEE YOU  
AGAIN --

-- THIS TIME,  
AT LAST, ON  
*MY* TERMS.

THIS TIME, KHAN --  
YOU'RE *DEAD*.

**BRACK**

AH. I SEE THAT  
I WAS *CORRECT*  
EARLIER. YOU HAVE  
*NOT* CHANGED.  
UNFORTUNATE.

YOUR TIME  
IS *PAST*, YING KO.  
BULLETS  
NO LONGER WORK  
IN AN AGE OF  
*HIGH*  
TECHNOLOGY.

DO YOU  
SEE HOW *WELL*  
IT ALL WORKS?  
ALL THEIR *RAGE*,  
ALL THEIR *HATRED*--  
RELEASED  
WITH THE TOUCH  
OF A BUTTON!

I BELIEVE  
THE  
NEUROFREQUENCY  
MODIFIER  
IS A  
*RAGING*  
SUCCESS!

WITH THE  
UNITED NATIONS  
REDUCED TO *ASHES*,  
ALL THEIR  
*AGREEMENTS* AND  
*ACCORDS* WILL BE  
*MEANINGLESS*.

AND  
THIS IS ONLY  
THE *BEGINNING*!  
FOR THE PAST  
SIX MONTHS,  
WE'VE INSTALLED  
NEURO-*RECEIVERS*  
THROUGHOUT  
OUR  
PRODUCT LINE--

--IN  
ANTICIPATION  
OF THE DAY  
THIS *LONG RANGE*  
*TRANSMITTER*  
WOULD BE  
*OPERATIONAL*!

SO *TELL* ME,  
YING KO--  
WHAT GOOD  
IS THE POWER  
TO CONTROL  
MEN'S  
*MINDS*--

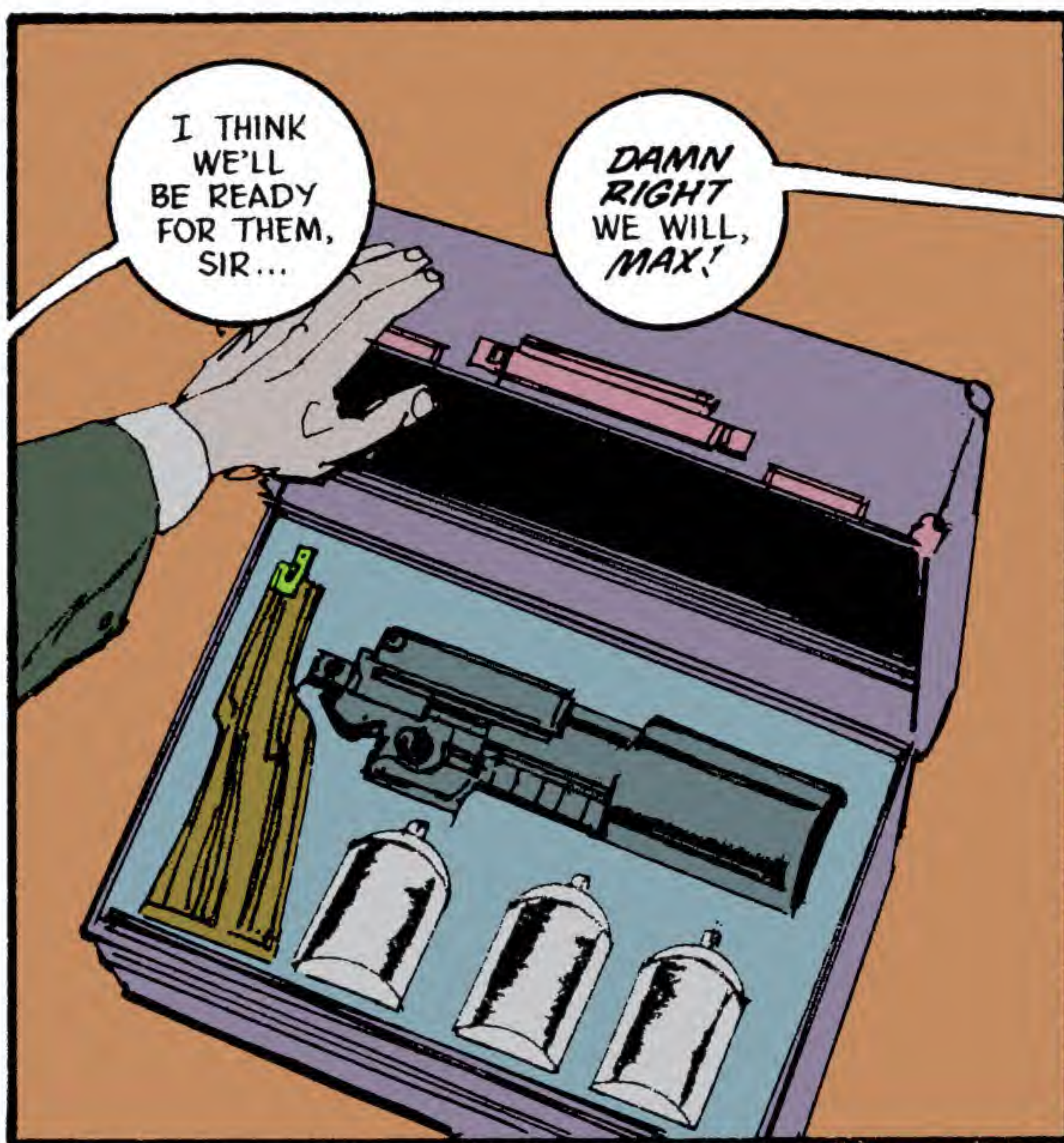
-- WHEN  
THEY HAVE  
ALREADY  
*LOST THEM*  
TO *ME*!

AND THAT,  
I BELIEVE,  
IS *ALL* I  
HAVE TO SAY  
ON THE  
MATTER.

GIVEN CURRENT  
*SALES PROJECTIONS*,  
96% OF THE COUNTRY  
WILL OWN A  
NISSETCO PRODUCT BY  
*CHRISTMAS DAY*!  
AND ONCE THEY  
TURN THEM  
*ON*--

-- *THEY ARE*  
*MINE*!





I THINK WE'LL BE READY FOR THEM, SIR...

DAMN RIGHT WE WILL, MAX!

BUNCH OF THUGS CREATING PANDEMONTUM AT THE LIN--

--WHAT THE HELL KIND OF EXAMPLE IS THAT TO SET FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD?

BUT SIR, THE DISPATCHER SAID IT WAS THE AMBASSADORS THAT WERE--

I'M NOT DEAF, SONNY! I HEARD HIM! BUT SOMEONE'S BEHIND ALL THAT CRAP--

--AND JOE CARDONA'S GOING TO FIND OUT WHO--



UMMM... EVENTUALLY...



AHH...THIS IS GLORIOUS.

I BELIEVE I COULD WATCH THIS SPECTACLE FOR HOURS ON END...

SIR... I THINK WE SHOULD BE GOING SOON...

~SIGH~ YES, I SUPPOSE... ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END...



IT'S GOING TO BE TRICKY...

WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A FAST BREAK FOR THE DOORS--

NONSENSE. WE'RE PERFECTLY SAFE...



I DON'T THINK SO, SIR...

HMM... THEY DO SEEM TO BE RATHER DIRECTED IN THEIR HOSTILITIES... MUST BE THE CALIBRATION...









ALBERT...  
IT IS...  
SO...GOOD...  
TO **SEE** YOU  
AGAIN...

HAD TUH,  
MISTUH KHAN--  
WE GODDUS SUM  
UNFINISHED  
BIZNESS...

AHH...THAT,  
WELL, MUCH AS  
I WOULD *LIKE*  
TO OBLIGE YOU,  
ALBERT...  
I'M AFRAID THAT,  
FOR THE MOMENT,  
I CANNOT  
GIVE YOU YOUR  
DEVICE...

BUT  
THE **KEY**  
IS IN BOSTON--  
SO IF  
YOU WANT TO  
**ACCOMPANY**  
ME THERE--

SORRY,  
MISTUH KHAN--  
BUT  
AH CAIN'T WAIT  
NO  
MORE--

ALBERT--  
LISTEN  
TO ME--

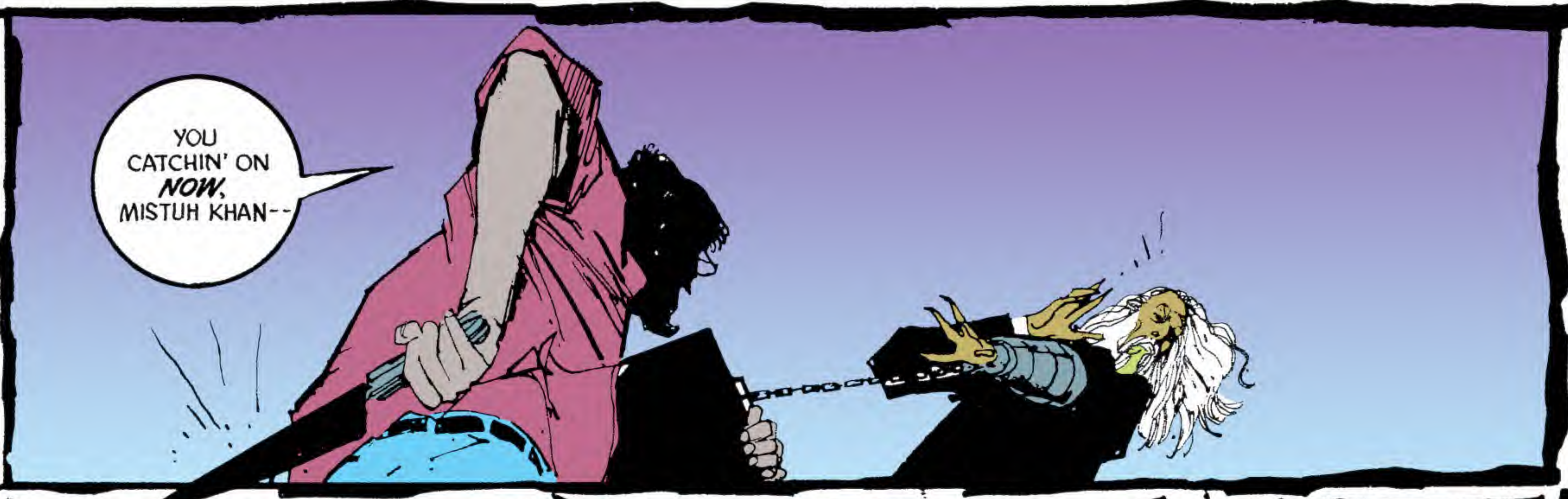
AH'M FINISHED  
LISSENIN' TUH  
YORE **LIES**,  
MISTUH KHAN!  
AH DON'T  
NEED YORE  
**PROMISES**  
ENNYMORE!

AH  
GOT MYSELF  
A **PURPOSE** NOW--  
FUH **ME**  
AND MUH  
MACHINE!

AH  
DONE **SEEN**  
THUH  
**LIGHT!**

ALBERT!  
STOP!

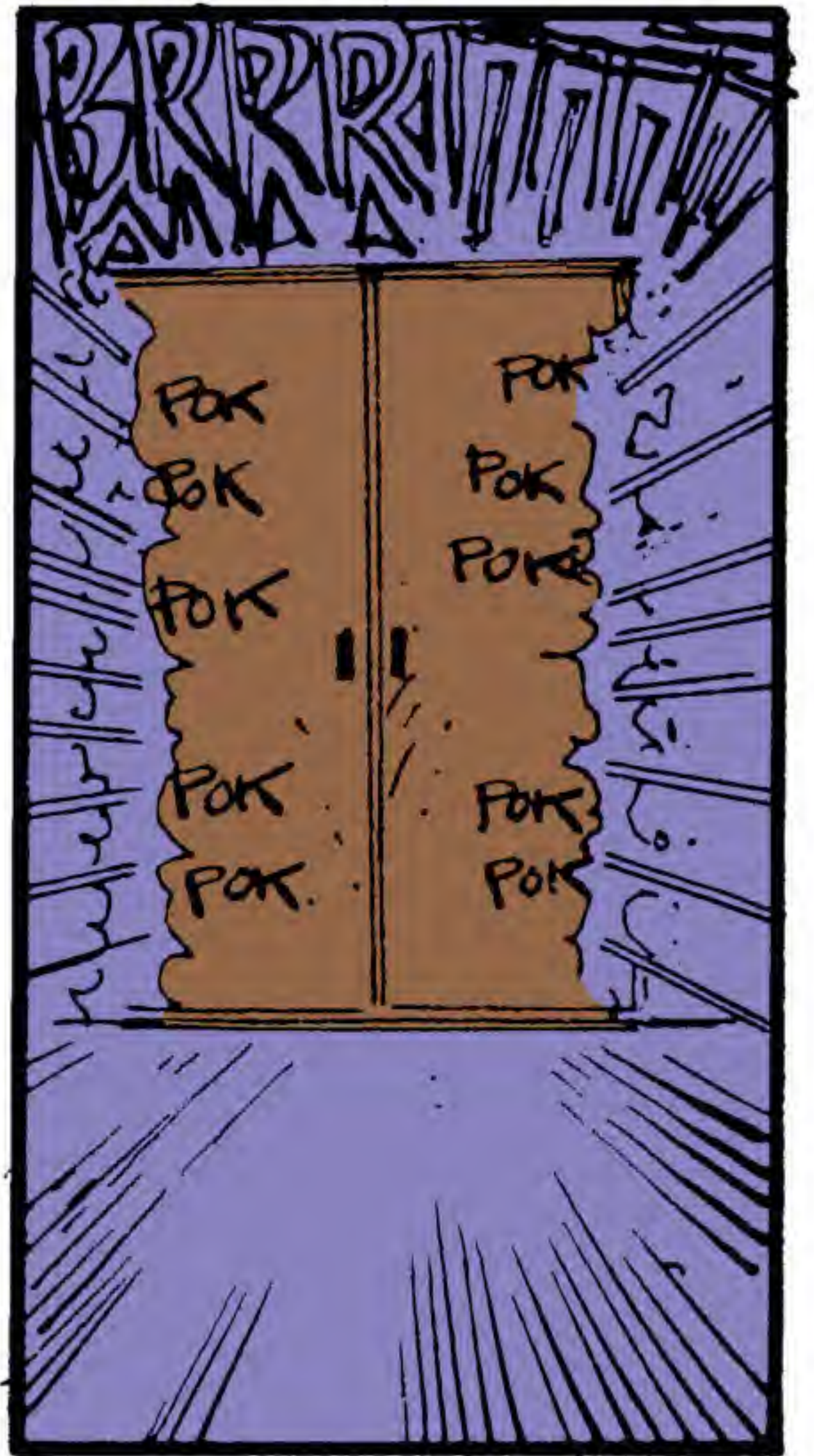
YOU CAIN'T JUST  
**PULL** IT OFF!!  
IT **CAN'T**  
**BE REMOVED!**  
NOT WITHOUT--



YOU  
CATCHIN' ON  
**NOW**,  
MISTUH KHAN--







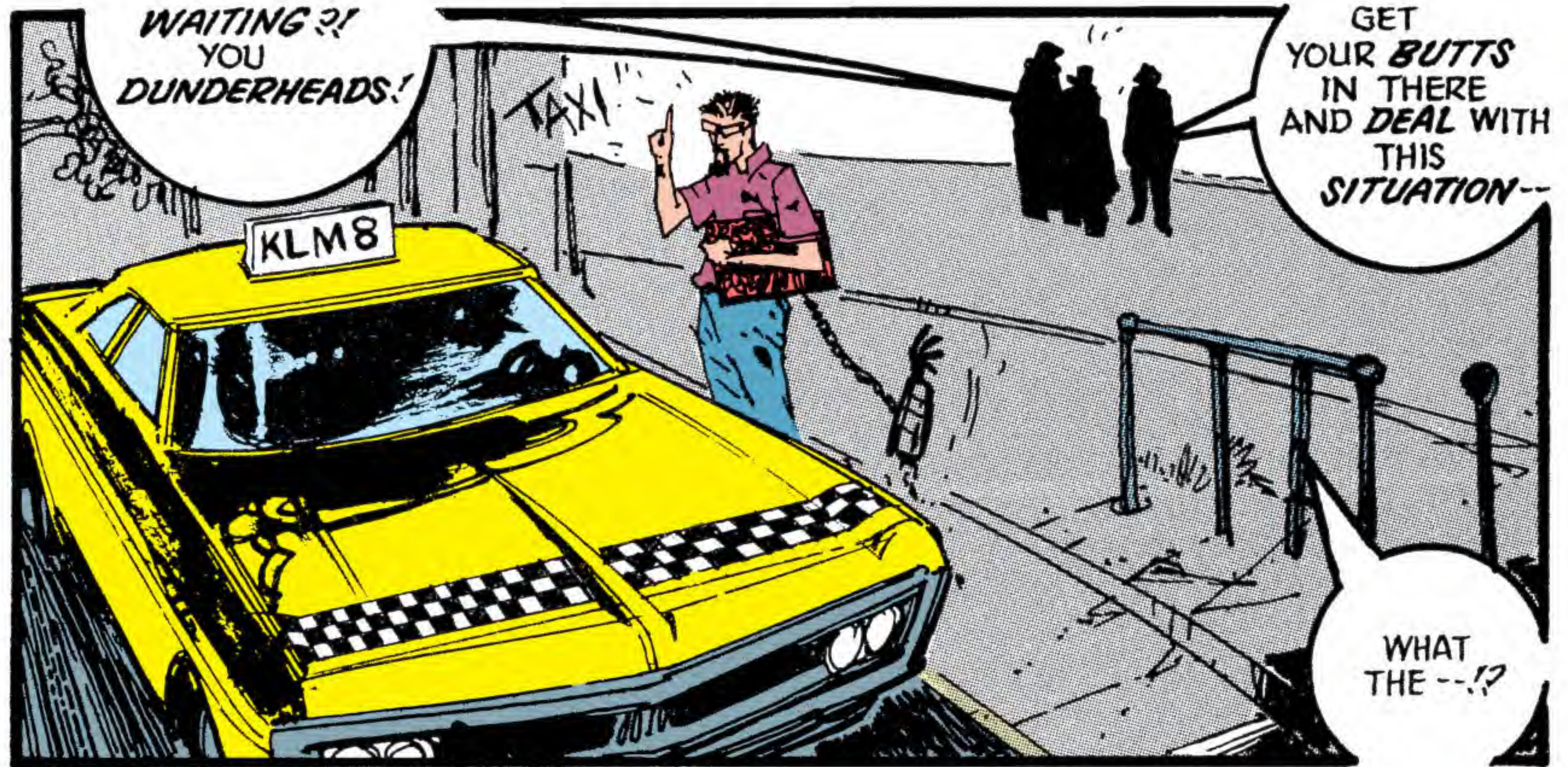




WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?!

LOOK AT THIS -- IT'S A GODDAMN CIRCUS?!

JUST WHAT DO YOU BOYS THINK YOU'RE DOING??



WAITING?! YOU DUNDERHEADS?!

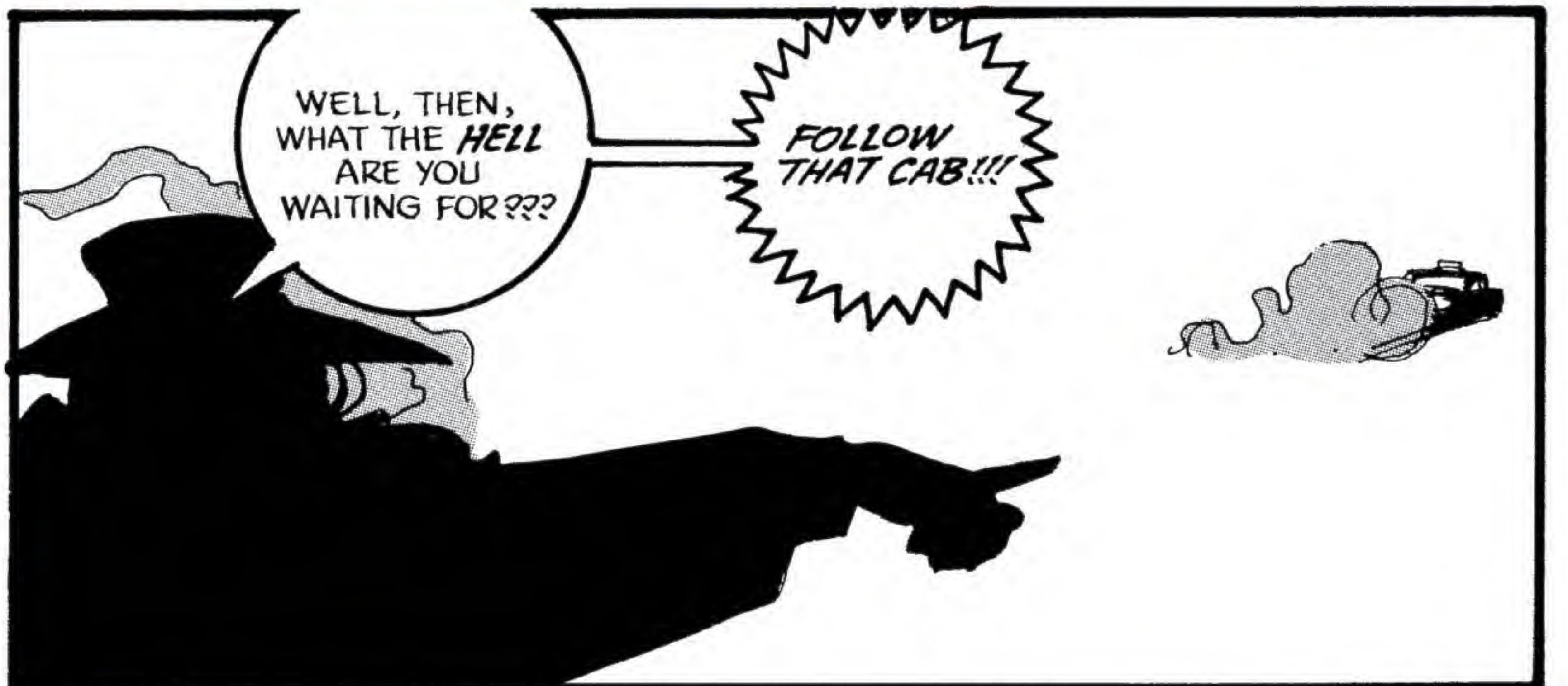
GET YOUR BUTTS IN THERE AND DEAL WITH THIS SITUATION--

WHAT THE --!?



MAX-- DID YOU SEE--??

YES SIR...



WELL, THEN, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WAITING FOR???

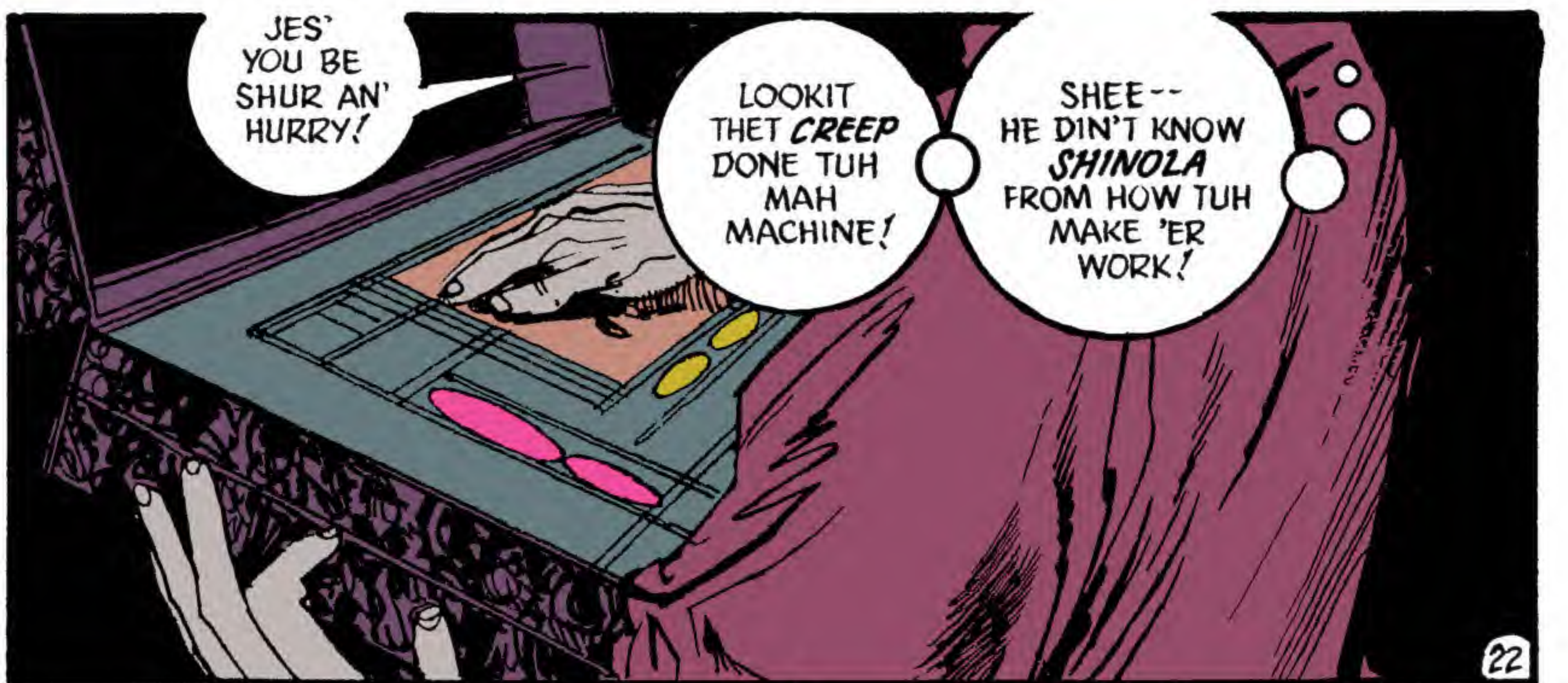
FOLLOW THAT CAB!!!



SO YOU NEVAH TOL' ME, MON-- WHERE WE GOING TO?

UH... BOW'RY AN' RIVIN'TON-- AN' GET THUH LEAD OUT!

NO PROBLEM, MON-- PERCY JENIFER BE DE 'OTTEST DRIVAH DIS SIDE O' TRENCHTOWN!



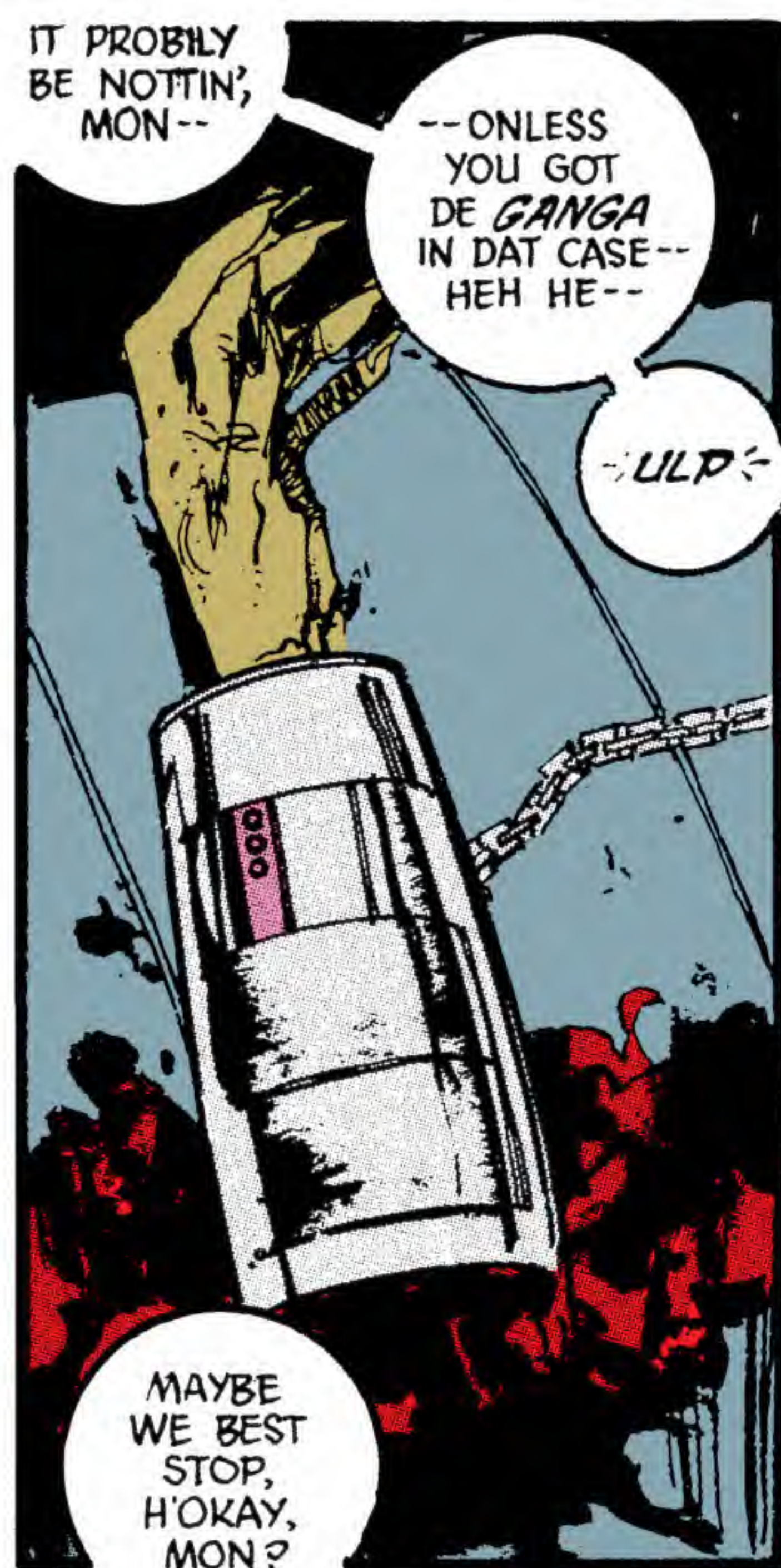
JES' YOU BE SHUR AN' HURRY!

LOOKIT THET CREEP DONE TUH MAH MACHINE!

SHEE-- HE DIN'T KNOW SHINOLA FROM HOW TUH MAKE 'ER WORK!

UHH... WAITING FOR YOU, SIR?









... PERHAPS  
YOU'D BETTER  
CALL FOR THE  
**OTHERS**,  
DEAR  
LORELEI--



AH--  
AH GOT HERE  
SOON'S  
AH COULD--

WHO  
DARES?



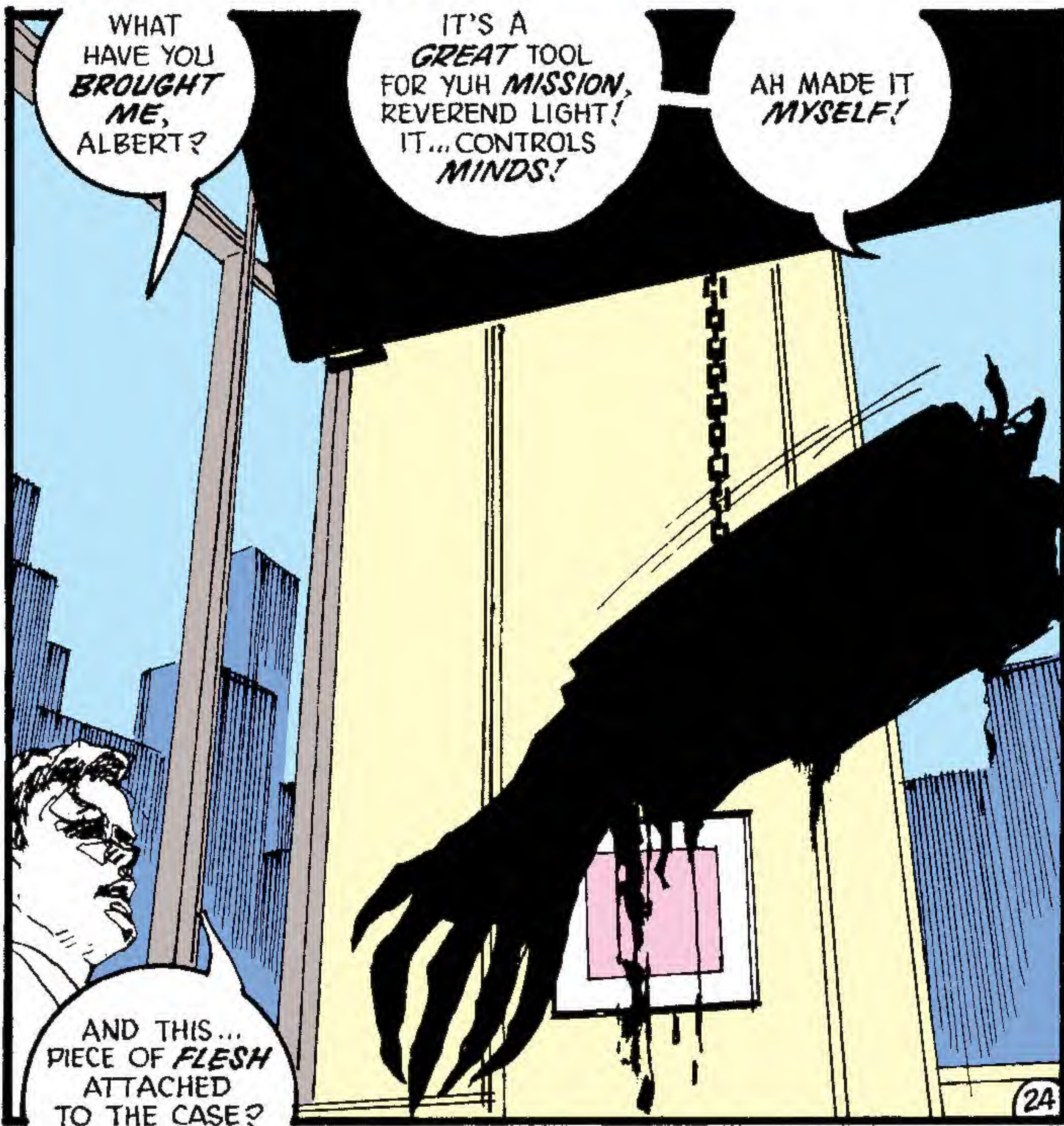
OH.  
IT IS **YOU**,  
MR. RENN.

LET  
HIM  
PASS.



YOU--  
LOCK THE DOORS  
AND SEE TO IT  
THAT  
WE ARE NOT  
DISTURBED.

THE  
REST OF YOU--  
REMAIN HERE  
UNTIL I  
INSTRUCT YOU  
TO DO  
OTHERWISE.

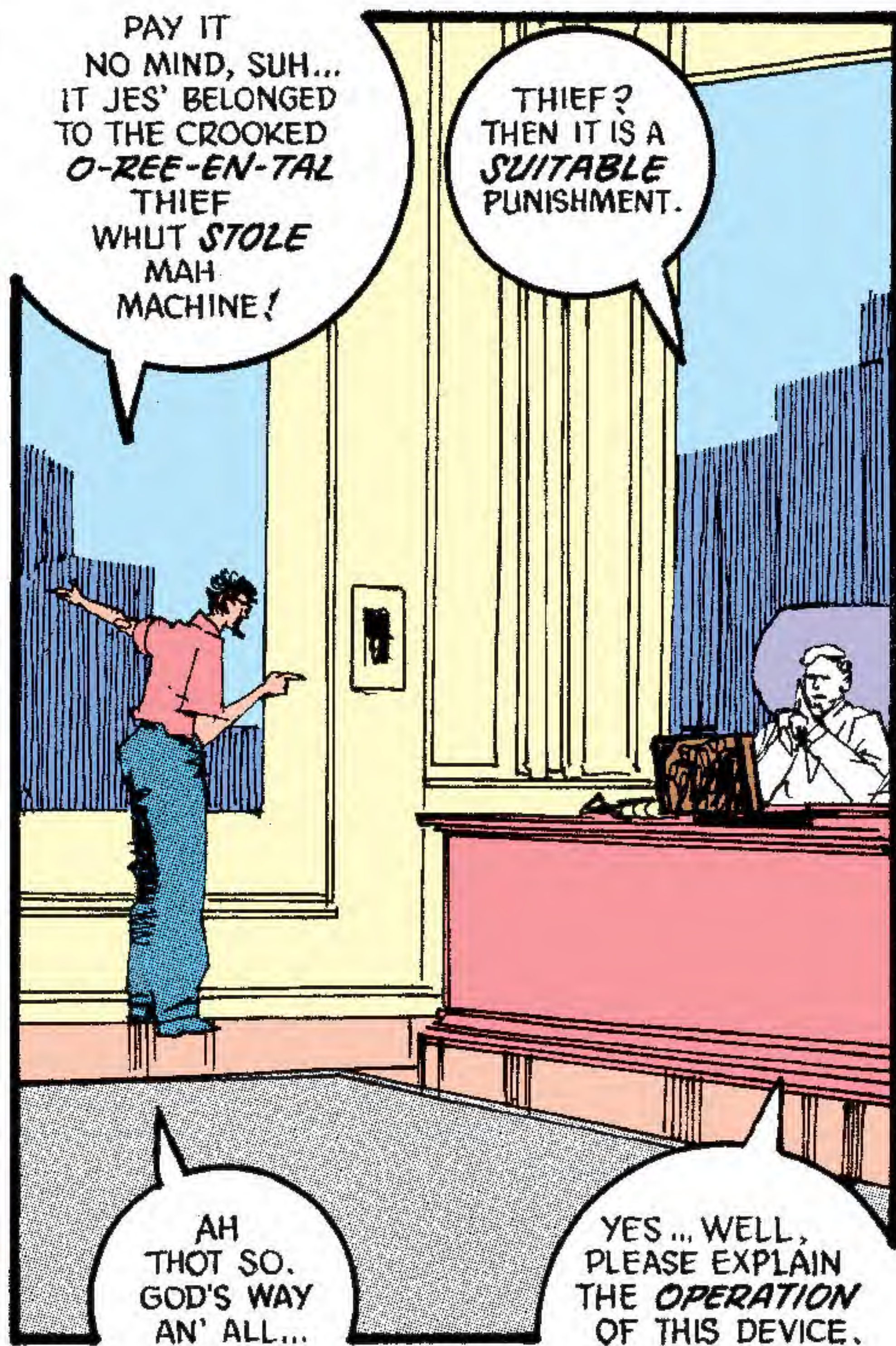


WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
**BROUGHT**  
**ME**,  
ALBERT?

IT'S A  
**GREAT** TOOL  
FOR YUH **MISSION**,  
REVEREND LIGHT!  
IT... CONTROLS  
**MINDS**!

AH MADE IT  
**MYSELF**!

AND THIS...  
PIECE OF **FLESH**  
ATTACHED  
TO THE CASE?



PAY IT  
NO MIND, SUH...  
IT JES' BELONGED  
TO THE CROOKED  
**O-REE-EN-TAL**  
THIEF  
WHUT **STOLE**  
MAH  
MACHINE!

THIEF?  
THEN IT IS A  
**SUITABLE**  
PUNISHMENT.

AH  
THOT SO.  
GOD'S WAY  
AN' ALL...

YES... WELL,  
PLEASE EXPLAIN  
THE **OPERATION**  
OF THIS DEVICE.



WAAL, SHE'S GOT  
AN IMPULSE CARRIER  
THET'LL LOCK ONTA  
ENNY TRANSMISSION AN'  
FILTER THE NEW-RAL CODE  
THRU ENNY  
COMMUNICATION INTERFACE  
BUILT  
TUH READ IT.

WHUT IT MEANS  
IS THET IFF'N YOU C'N  
GET ONTA THE AIRWAVES  
AND GET FOLKS T'WATCH  
YER *SHOW*, YEW C'N CONTROL  
TH' MINDS UF 'BOUT  
EIGHTY PERCENT  
UV YER VIEWERS...



IS THAT  
*ALL* THERE IS  
TO IT?

THA'S IT!  
AH MADE IT  
*SIMPLE!*  
EVEN A KID  
COULD --



-- DARN! AH  
PLUM FERGOT  
'BOUT  
*THEM!*

POLICE?  
THEY FOLLOWED YOU  
*HERE?*



YESSIR,  
AH *GUESS*...  
BUT I DIN'T  
*MEAN* TUH--  
IT WUZ  
JUST--

BROTHER  
CONSTANCE.

YES,  
REVEREND.  
HOW MAY I  
SERVE?

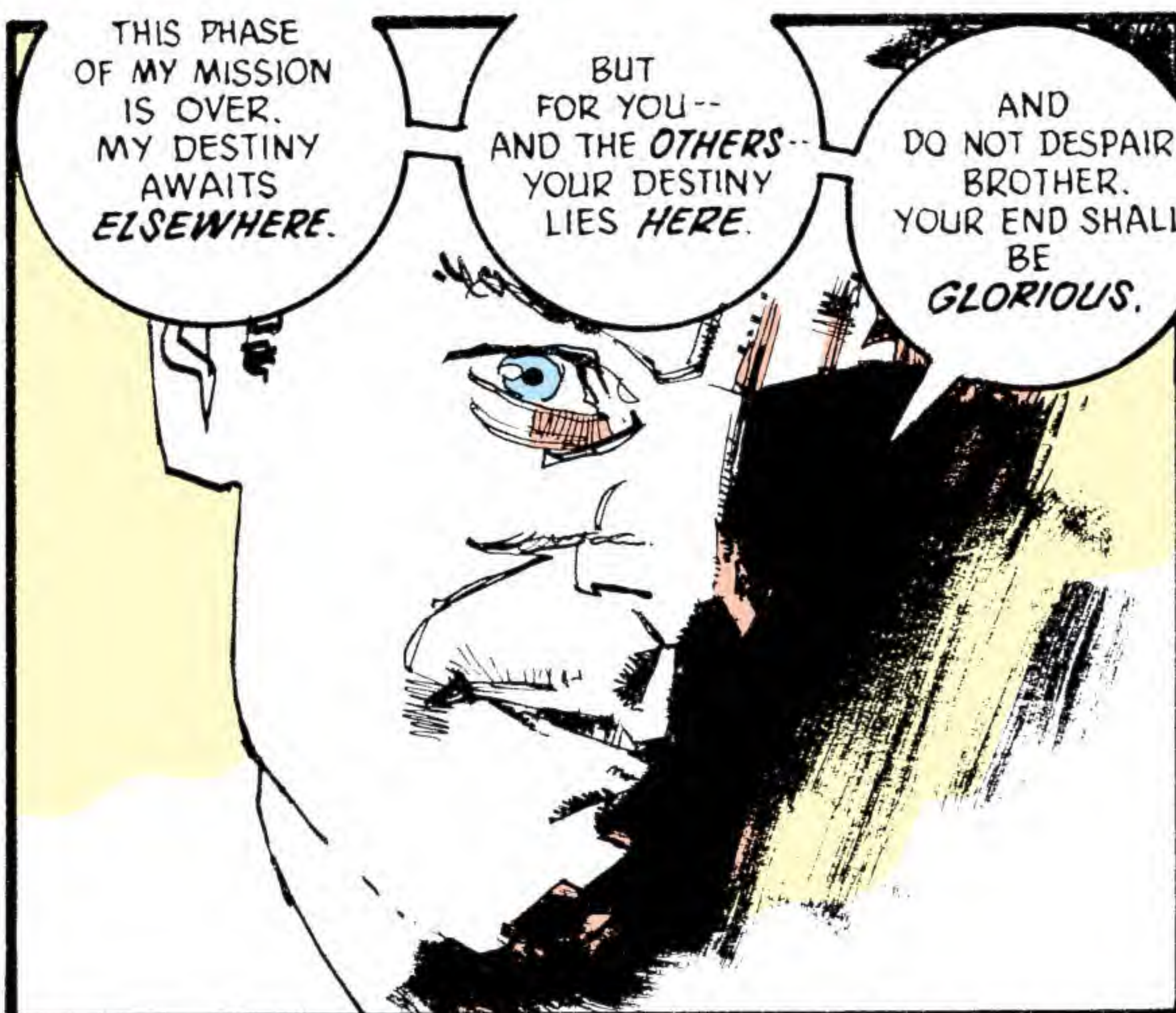
BRING ME  
MY BAG  
I MUST  
LEAVE HERE  
NOW.



THIS PHASE  
OF MY MISSION  
IS OVER.  
MY DESTINY  
AWAITS  
*ELSEWHERE.*

BUT  
FOR YOU--  
AND THE *OTHERS*--  
YOUR DESTINY  
LIES *HERE.*

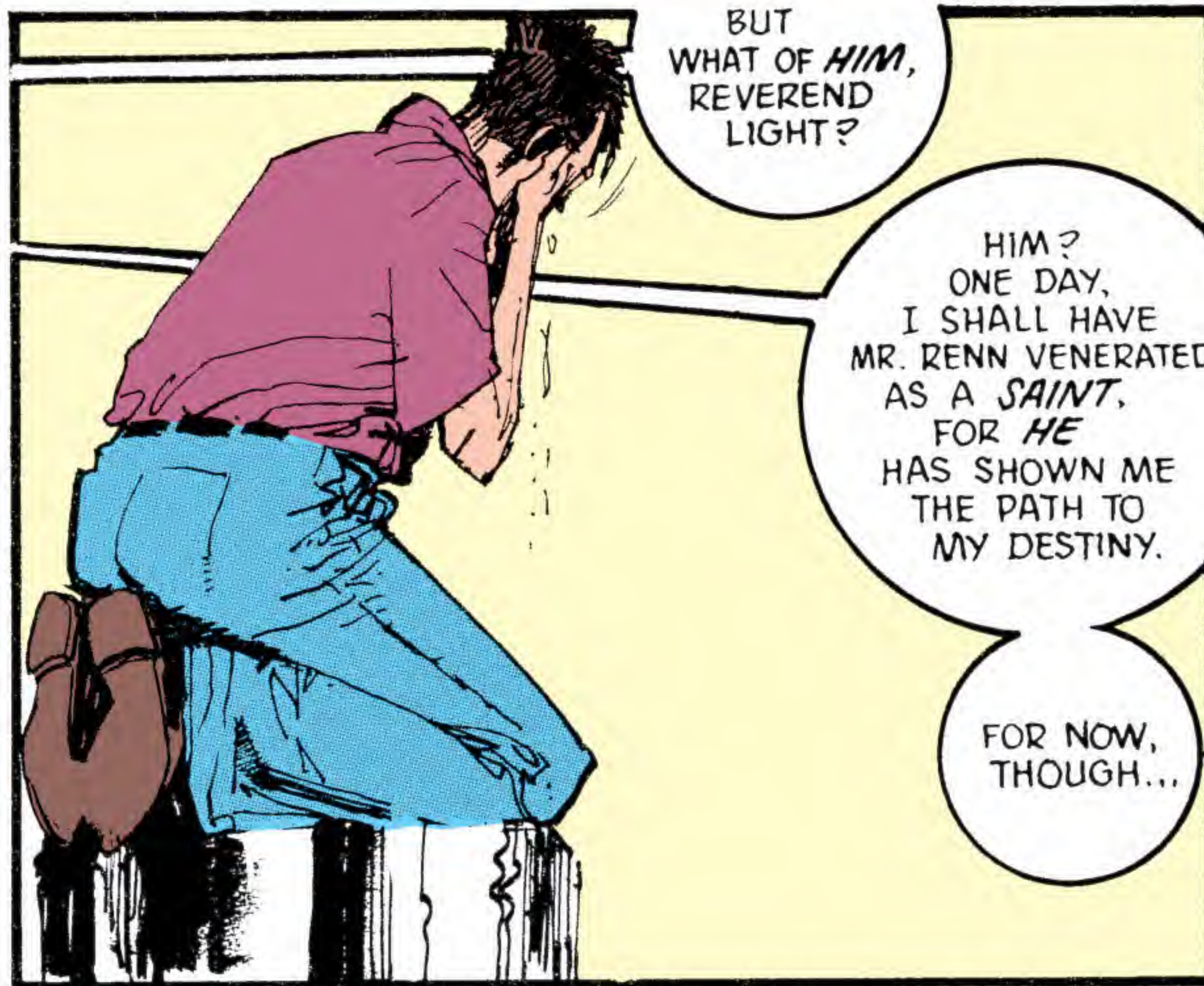
AND  
DO NOT DESPAIR,  
BROTHER.  
YOUR END SHALL  
BE  
*GLORIOUS.*



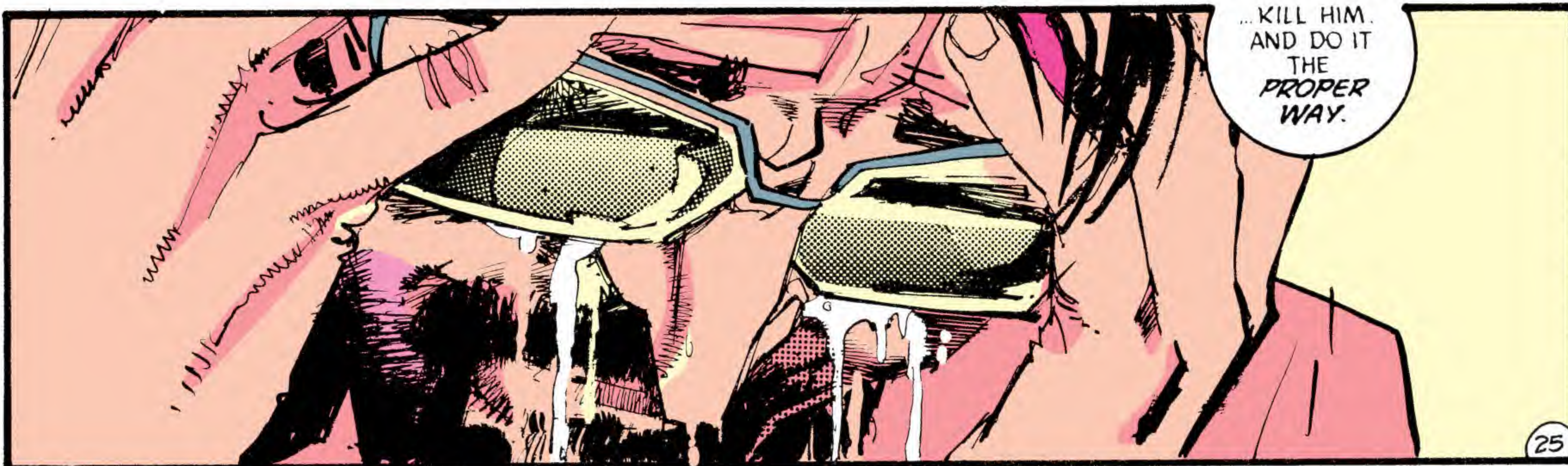
BUT  
WHAT OF *HIM*,  
REVEREND  
LIGHT?

HIM?  
ONE DAY,  
I SHALL HAVE  
MR. RENN VENERATED  
AS A *SAINT*,  
FOR *HE*  
HAS SHOWN ME  
THE PATH TO  
MY DESTINY.

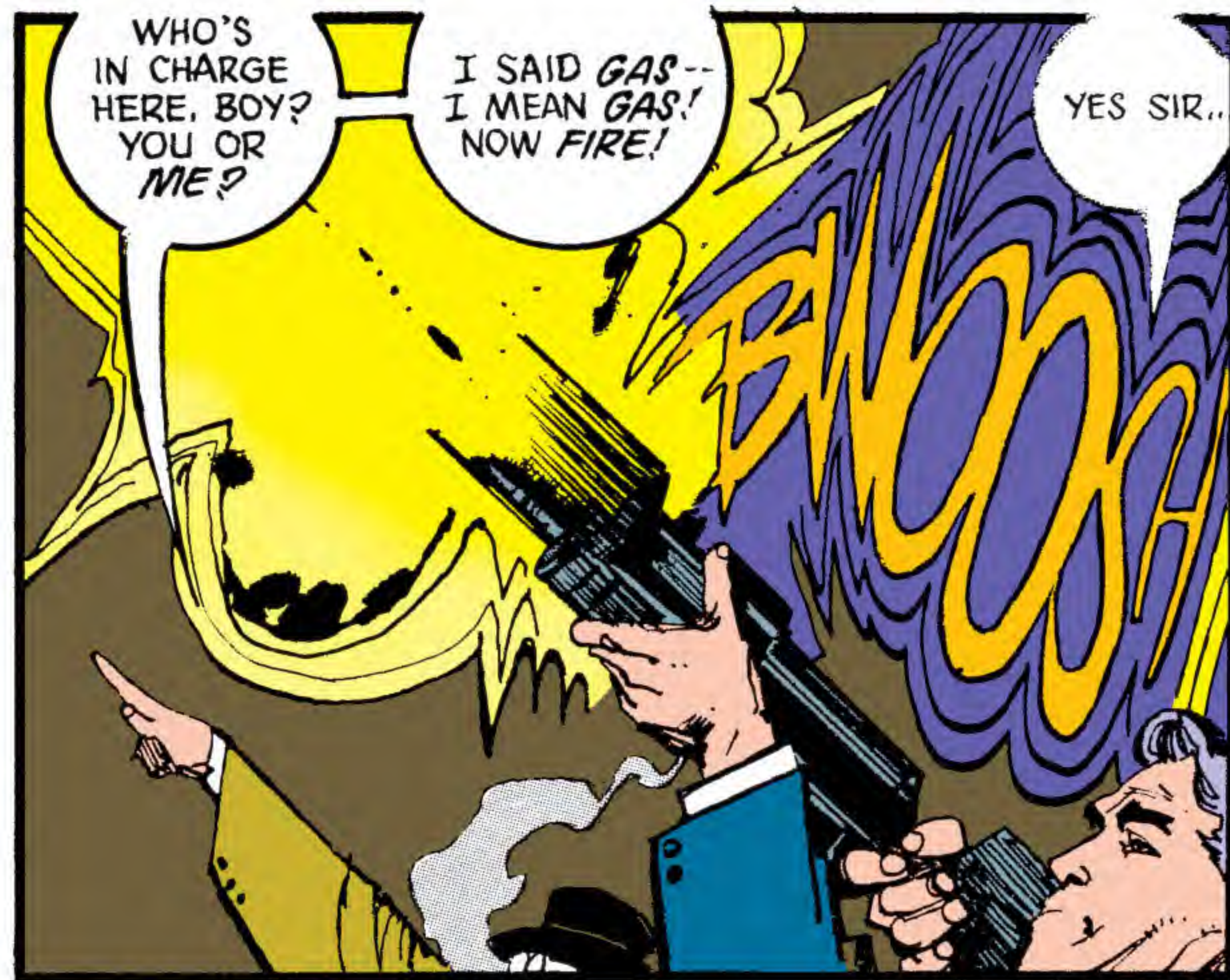
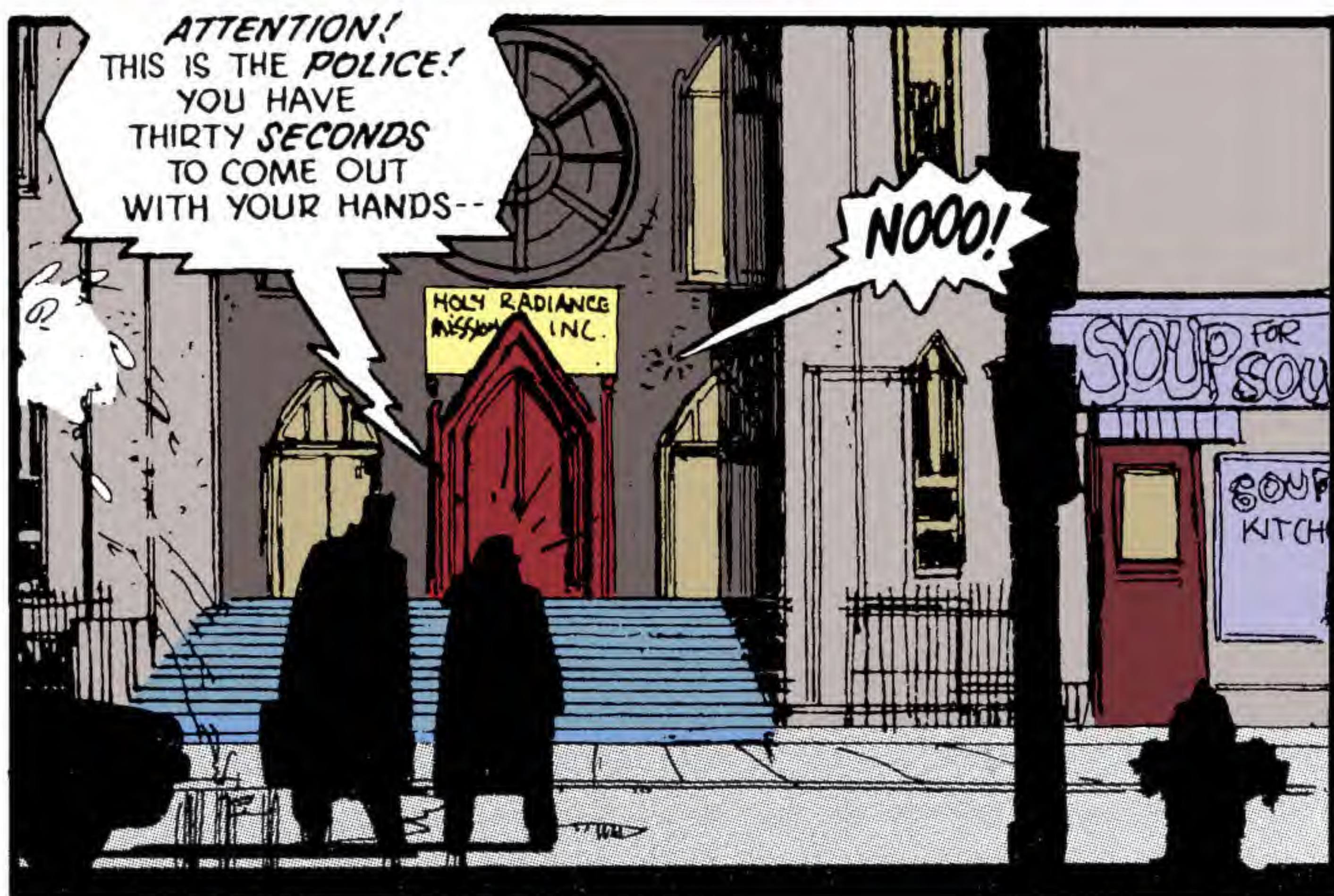
FOR NOW,  
THOUGH...



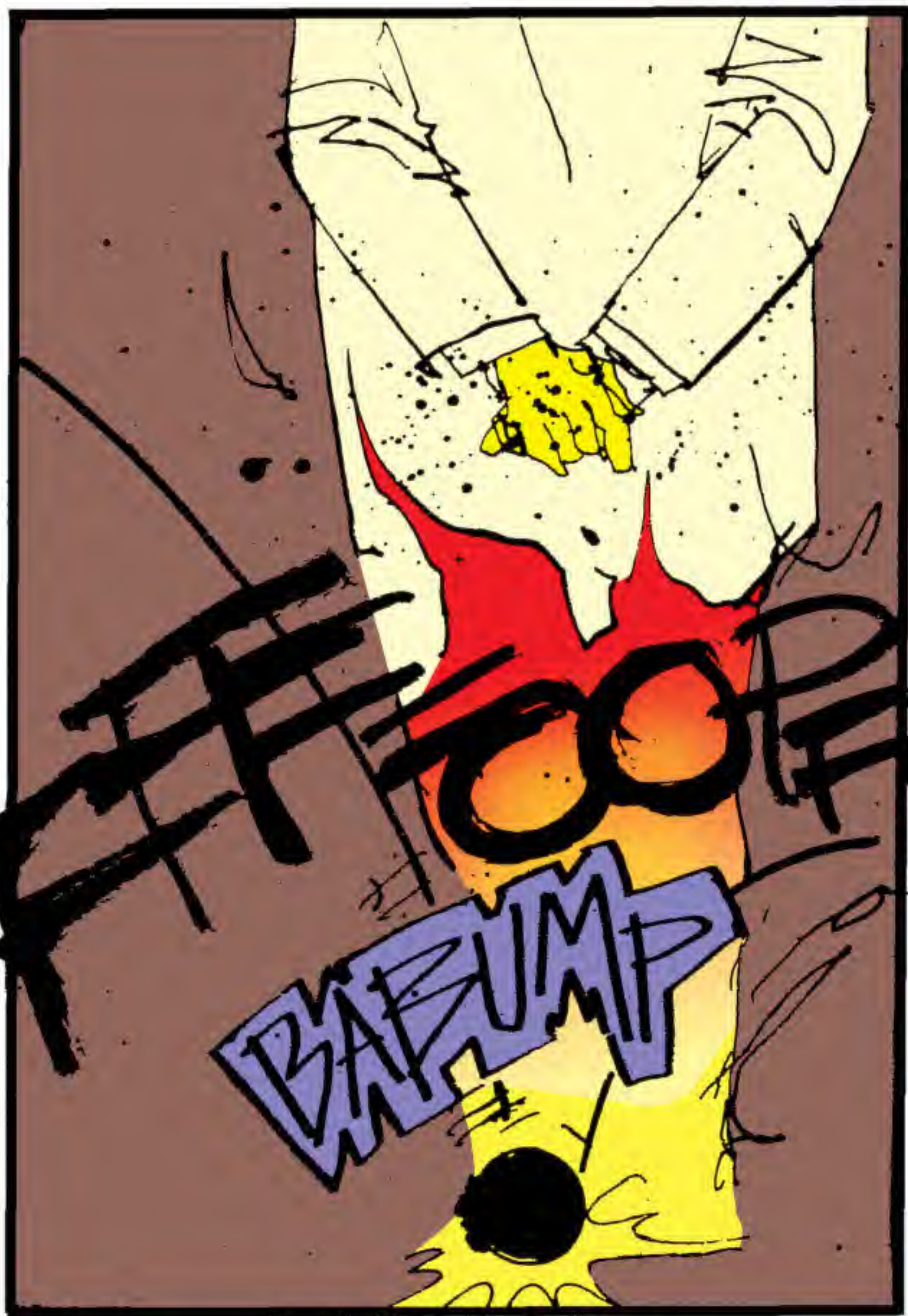
... KILL HIM.  
AND DO IT  
THE  
*PROPER*  
WAY.















**NEXT:** SHADOWS AND LIGHT: *THE CONCLUSION* -- **PASSION PLAY**







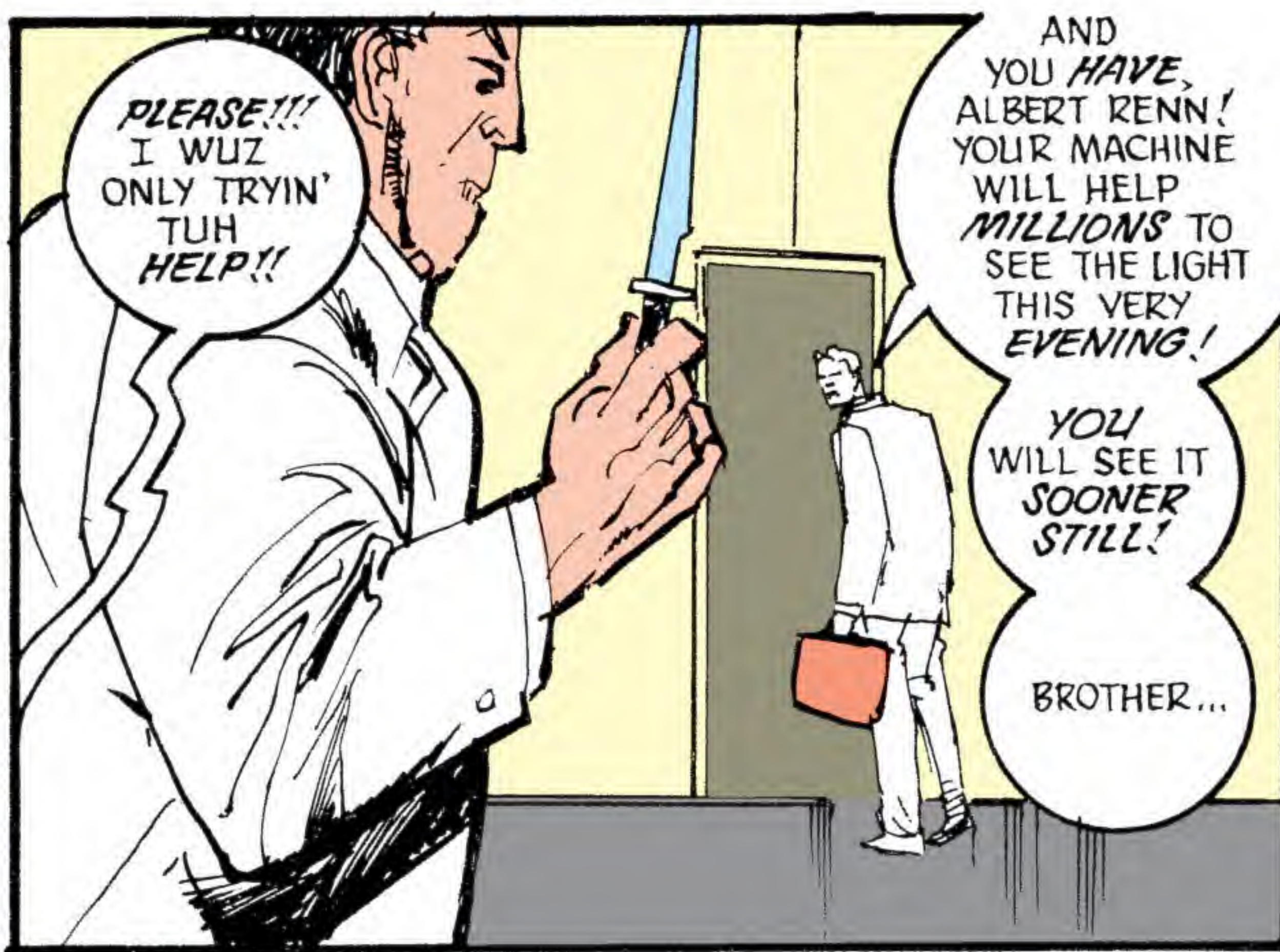


POLICE!  
YOU'LL PAY  
FOR  
LEADING THEM  
HERE--

PAY  
DEARLY!

--B-BUT  
MISTUH LIGHT--  
IT WUZ A  
MISTAKE!

YES...  
PAY THE MAN,  
BROTHER  
CONSTANCE.



PLEASE!!!  
I WUZ  
ONLY TRYIN'  
TUH  
HELP!!

AND  
YOU HAVE,  
ALBERT RENN!  
YOUR MACHINE  
WILL HELP  
MILLIONS TO  
SEE THE LIGHT  
THIS VERY  
EVENING!

YOU  
WILL SEE IT  
SOONER  
STILL!

BROTHER...

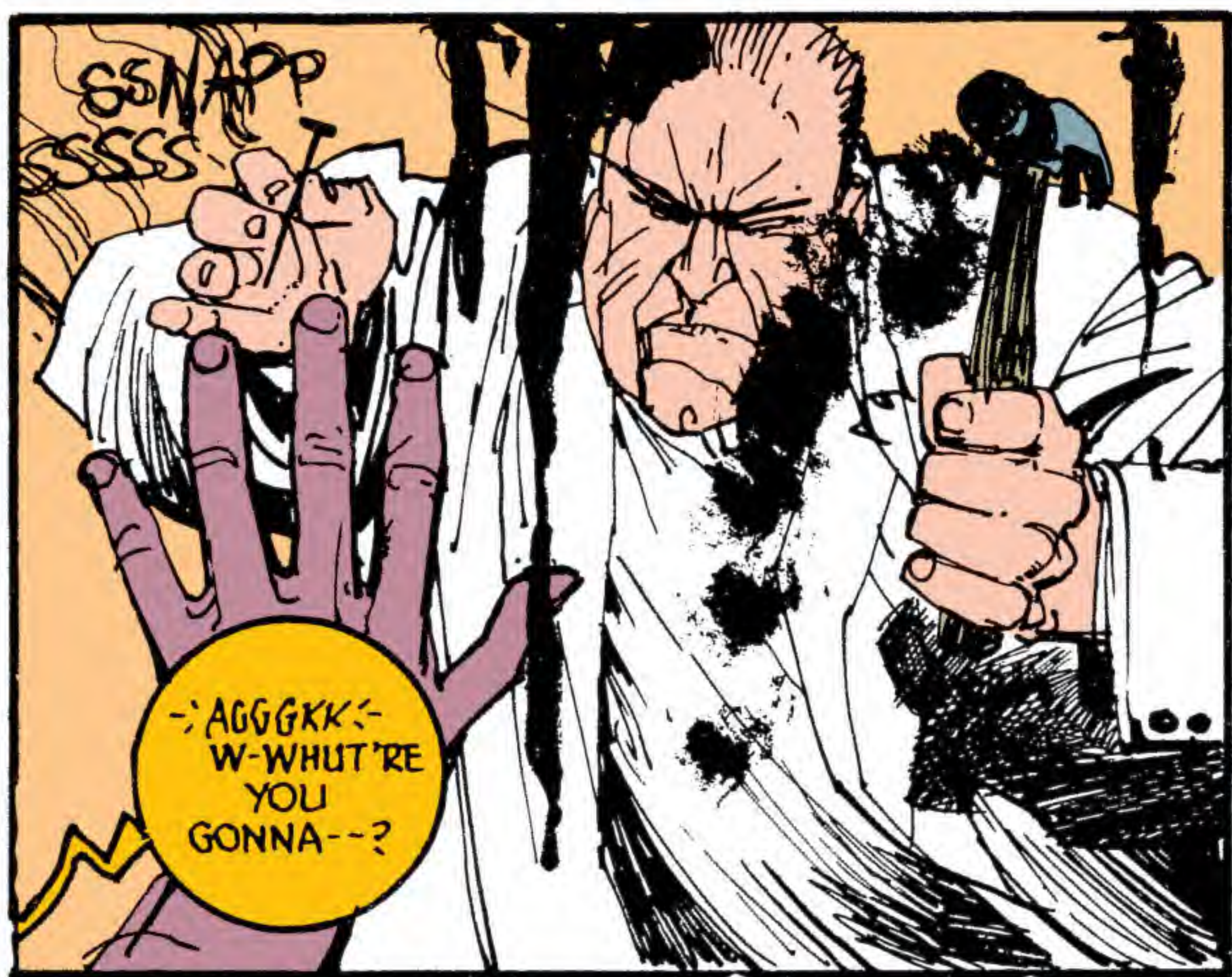


SEE THAT  
ALBERT  
SEES THE LIGHT--  
BEFORE HE  
DIES...

NOOOOOOOO



MUH  
EYEEEEESSSSSS



SSNAPP  
SSSSSS

-AGGGKK-  
W-WHUT'RE  
YOU  
GONNA--?



KRRINGCH

OH GOD OH  
GOD IT HURTS  
BUT I GOTTA  
GEDDOUTA



HERE OH GEEZ  
THESE GUYS'RE NUTS  
LOOKIT 'EM -NGGHH-  
JES BURNIN' BURNIN'  
LAHK MUH -GARRAH-  
EYES HURTIN'  
SOOO



MUCH  
ANNA SMOKE  
AH CAIN'T SEE  
FER SH--EEZIT...  
'AT'S THUH  
EXIT--



SHADOWS AND LIGHT : *THE FINAL CHAPTER--*

# PASSION PLAY

PRESENTED WITH RELIGIOUS ZEAL BY:

HELPER  
STORY

+ SIENKIEWICZ  
PICTURES

+ LAPPAN  
LETTERS

+ LEWIS  
COLORS

+ CARLIN  
SPIRIT

H-HELP MEEE,...

BLAZES!  
THAT'S HIM!!  
THE ONE  
RESPONSIBLE  
FOR THAT MESS  
AT THE U.N.!

MAX!  
CONNER!  
CLIFF  
THE BUM!

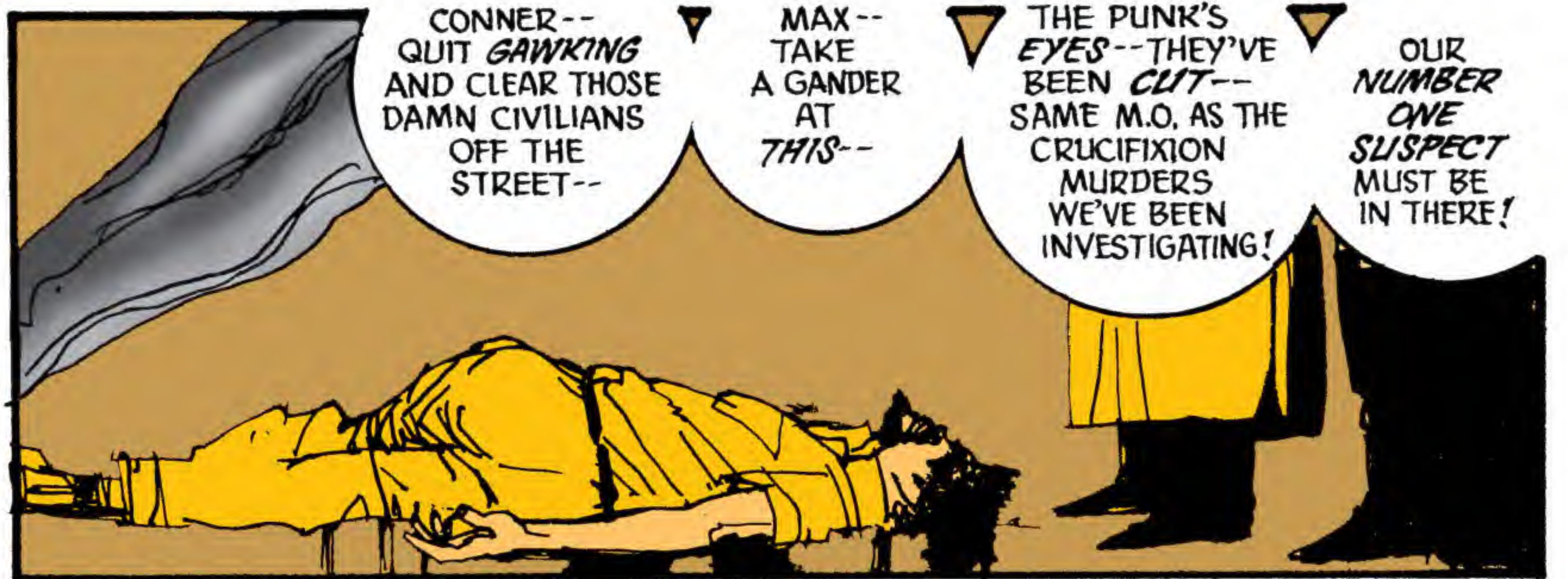
BUT...  
JEEZ...  
LOOKIT  
HIS  
EYES...

BLOODY  
MESS...

AL?

YO!  
ALBERT!





CONNER--  
QUIT *GAWKING*  
AND CLEAR THOSE  
DAMN CIVILIANS  
OFF THE  
STREET--

MAX--  
TAKE  
A GANDER  
AT  
*THIS*--

THE PUNK'S  
*EYES*--THEY'VE  
BEEN *CLIT*--  
SAME M.O., AS THE  
CRUCIFIXION  
MURDERS  
WE'VE BEEN  
INVESTIGATING!

OUR  
*NUMBER*  
*ONE*  
*SUSPECT*  
MUST BE  
IN THERE!



THAT'S  
NICE,  
SIR...

WHAT?!

MAX--YOU  
*IMPERTINENT*  
*OAF*--

--GET *IN* THERE  
FOR A LOOK-SEE  
BEFORE I HAVE YOUR  
*ASS BUSTED*  
DOWN TO--



????

????



HE'S  
RIGHT, MAX...  
THAT *WAS* A  
FAIRLY  
*IMPERTINENT*  
REMARK...

COULDN'T  
HELP IT,  
TWITCH...  
HE GETS ME  
SO DARNED  
*STEAMED*...

THINK HE'LL  
REMEMBER  
IT?

NOT A CHANCE...

THAT'S WHAT  
I THOUGHT...WELL,  
BETTER PACK  
THEM UP...



YOU KNOW,  
I BELIEVE WE SHOULD  
GET MR. RENN TO A  
*DOCTOR*... HE APPEARS  
RATHER *PEKID*  
TO ME...

LATER, TWITCH--  
DA *MASTER* WANTS  
T'SEE DIS *TIVERP*--  
SO LET'S GET  
GOIN'!

*HAY!*





WHERE  
YOU T'INK  
YOU GOIN',  
MON?

DOT GUY  
MAKE ME  
TOTAL  
MUY  
WHEELS--

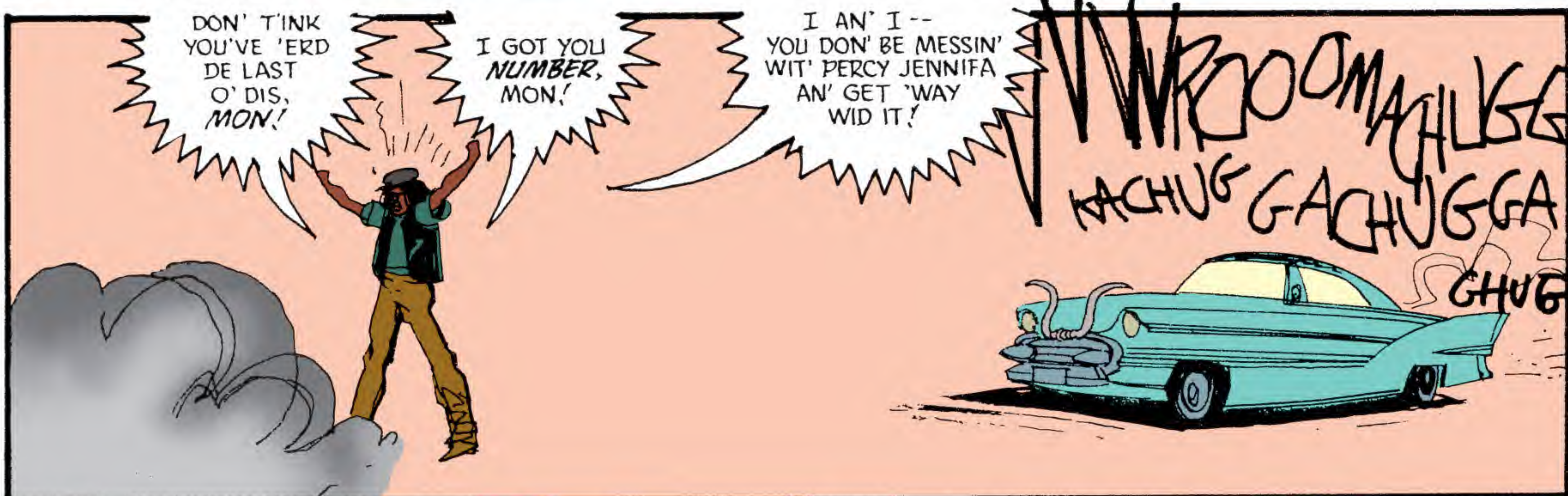
-- NO  
WHEELS,  
NO  
JOB...

SO  
WHO'S GOIN'  
PAY FOR  
MY COB?

OKAY, MAV--  
SOON'S I GET  
OUR *PIGEON*  
SETTLED, YOU  
HEAD ON OUT--  
WE'LL CATCH UP  
WIT' YA  
OVER AT DA  
MASTER'S...



'EY!  
YOU LIS'NEN  
TO ME??

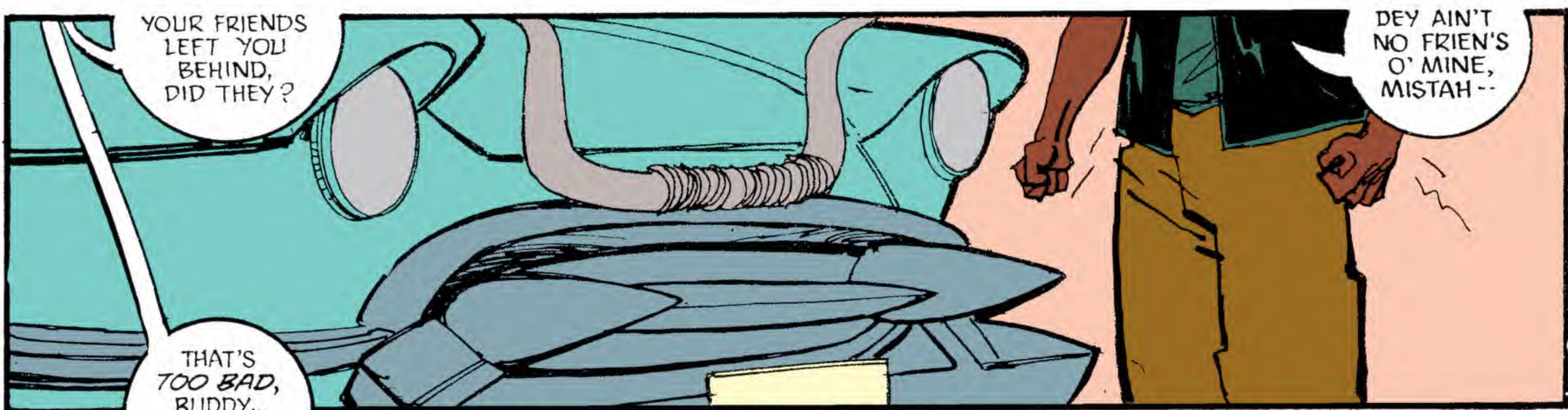


DON' T'INK  
YOU'VE 'ERD  
DE LAST  
O' DIS,  
MON!

I GOT YOL  
*NUMBER*,  
MON!

I AN' I --  
YOU DON' BE MESSIN'  
WIT' PERCY JENNIFA  
AN' GET 'WAY  
WID IT!

WROOM  
ACHUG  
GACHUGGA  
GHUG



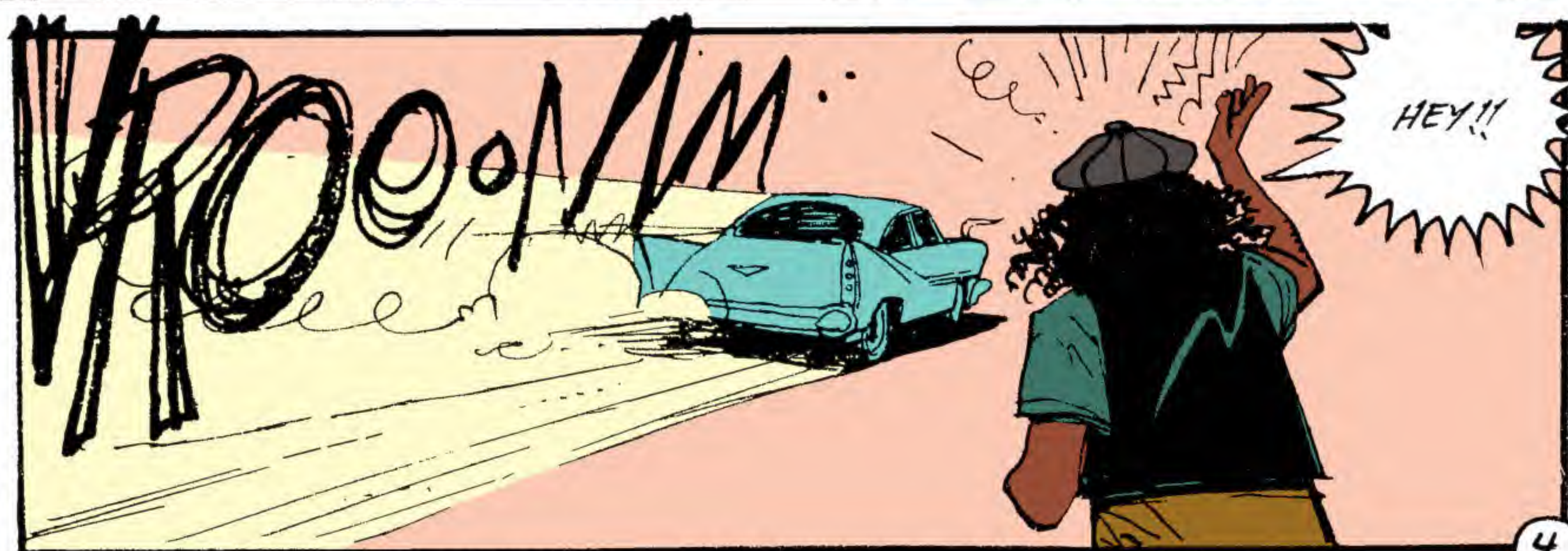
YOUR FRIENDS  
LEFT YOU  
BEHIND,  
DID THEY?

THAT'S  
TOO BAD,  
BUDDY...

DEY AIN'T  
NO FRIEN'S  
O' MINE,  
MISTAH--



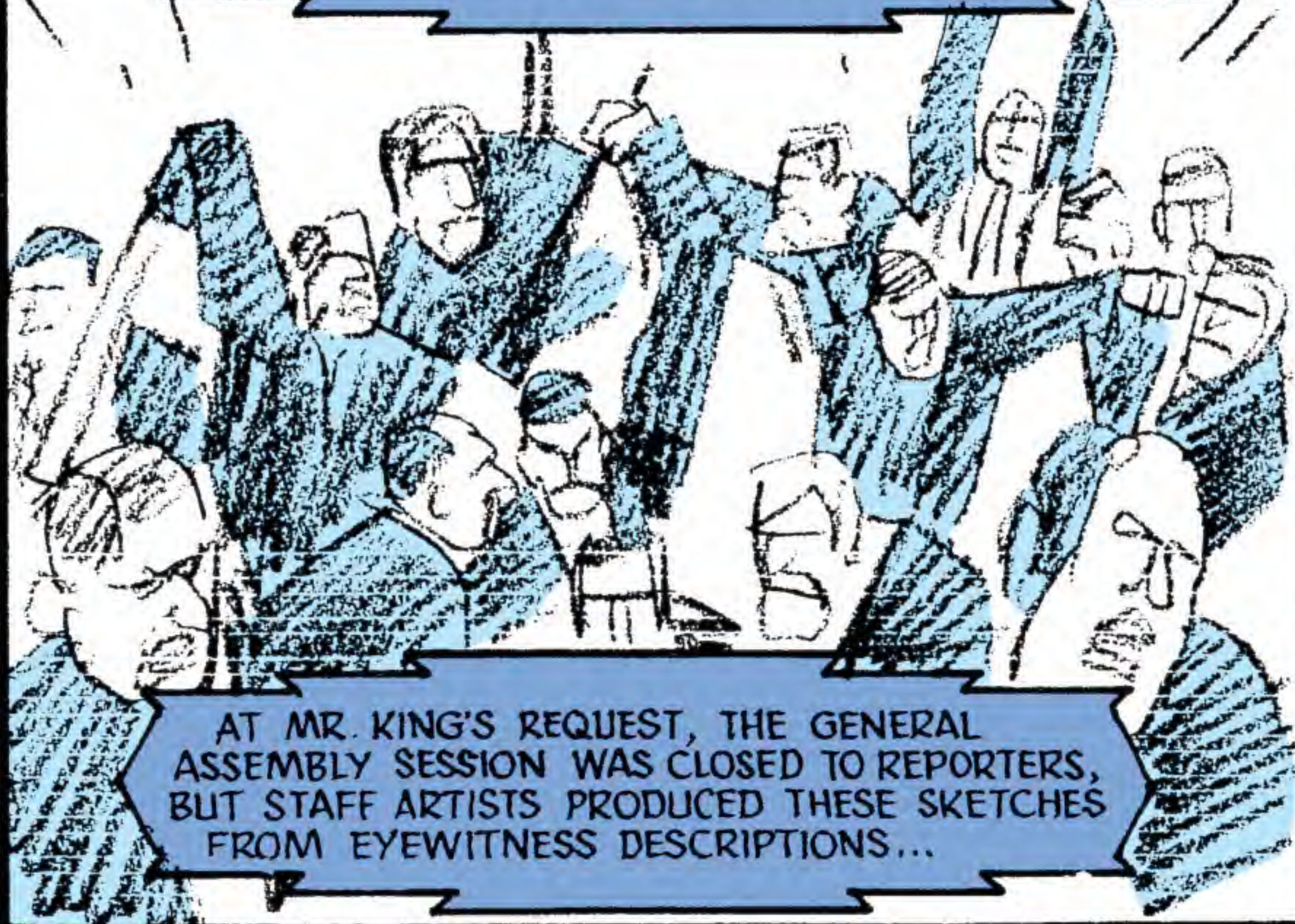
...GUESS I'LL  
JUST HAVE TO  
TRACK 'EM DOWN  
BY *MYSELF*!



HEY!!



A U.N. CEREMONY TO HONOR HUMANITARIAN OF THE YEAR GENG KING LED TO UNEXPLAINABLE CHAOS TODAY, WHEN U.N. DELEGATES WENT TOTALLY MAD FOR A PERIOD OF TEN MINUTES...



AT MR. KING'S REQUEST, THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY SESSION WAS CLOSED TO REPORTERS, BUT STAFF ARTISTS PRODUCED THESE SKETCHES FROM EYEWITNESS DESCRIPTIONS...

POLICE ARE STILL TRYING TO UNRAVEL THE BIZARRE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS THAT BEGAN WITH THE DELEGATES ATTACKING ONE ANOTHER...



...AND CLIMAXED IN AN ATTACK ON MR. KING HIMSELF. ALTHOUGH THE HYSTERIA SUBSIDED SCANT SECONDS BEFORE MR. KING WOULD HAVE BEEN SLAIN...

...MR. KING'S ARM WAS SEVERED DURING THE OPENING MINUTES OF THE INCIDENT. BOTH THE ARM, AND THE ATTACHE CASE CONNECTED TO IT, WERE TAKEN BY THIS MAN...



...AND POLICE HAVE LAUNCHED A CITY-WIDE SEARCH FOR HIM, IN THE BELIEF THAT HE IS IN SOME WAY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ENTIRE INCIDENT.

ALTHOUGH IN SHOCK, MR. KING IS EXPECTED TO SURVIVE HIS ORDEAL, BUT SINCE HIS ARM HAS NOT YET BEEN RECOVERED, THERE IS LITTLE CHANCE THAT IT CAN BE RE-ATTACHED...



AT LAST COUNT, POLICE HAVE RECEIVED CALLS FROM 56 KNOWN TERRORIST GROUPS, EACH CLAIMING RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE --

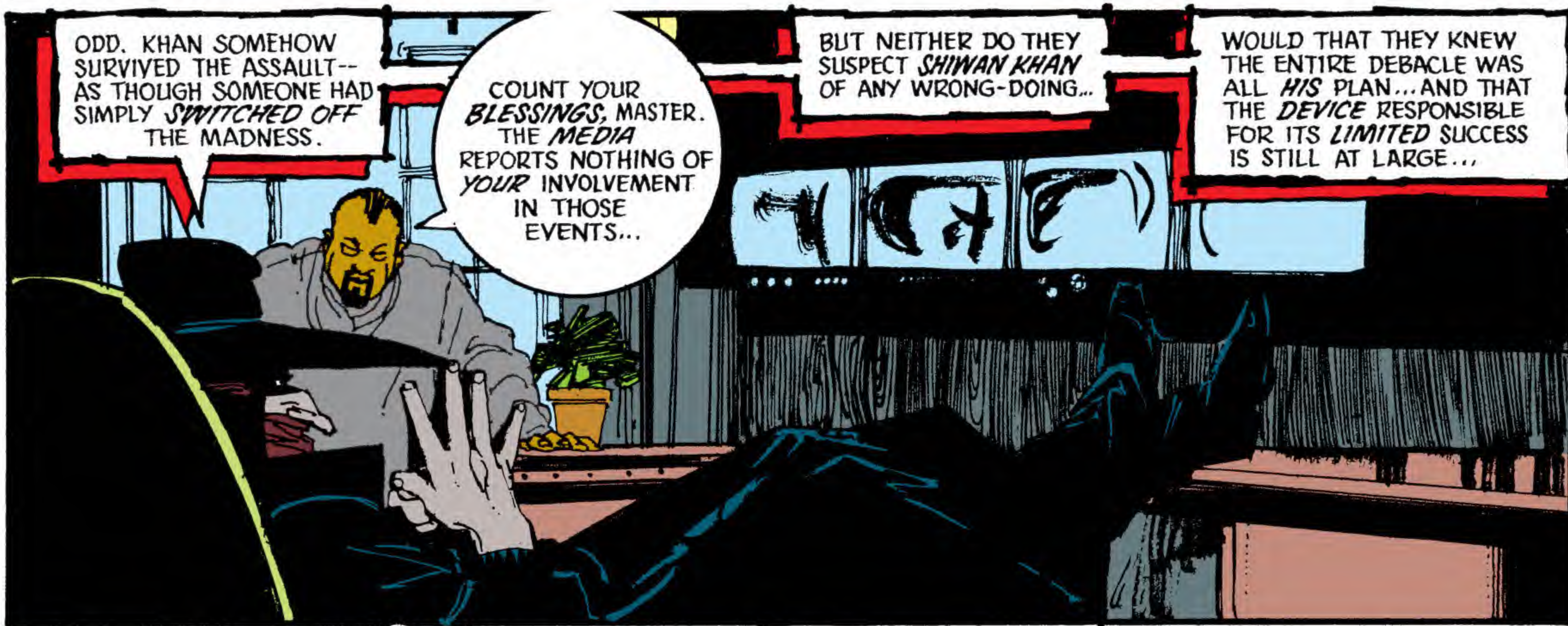
CLICK

ODD. KHAN SOMEHOW SURVIVED THE ASSAULT-- AS THOUGH SOMEONE HAD SIMPLY SWITCHED OFF THE MADNESS.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS, MASTER. THE MEDIA REPORTS NOTHING OF YOUR INVOLVEMENT IN THOSE EVENTS...

BUT NEITHER DO THEY SUSPECT SHIWAN KHAN OF ANY WRONG-DOING...

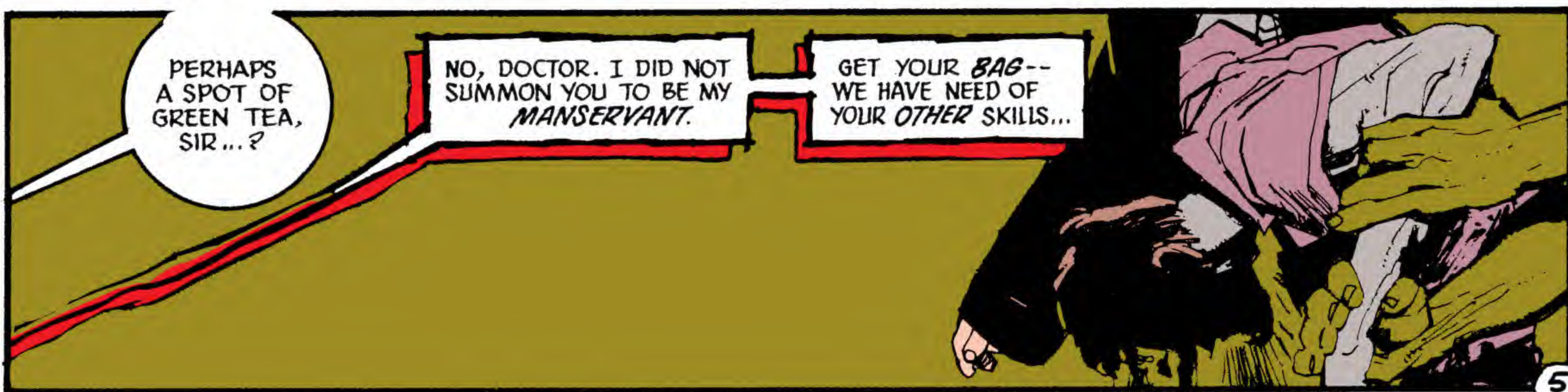
WOULD THAT THEY KNEW THE ENTIRE DEBACLE WAS ALL HIS PLAN...AND THAT THE DEVICE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS LIMITED SUCCESS IS STILL AT LARGE...



PERHAPS A SPOT OF GREEN TEA, SIR...?

NO, DOCTOR. I DID NOT SUMMON YOU TO BE MY MANSERVANT.

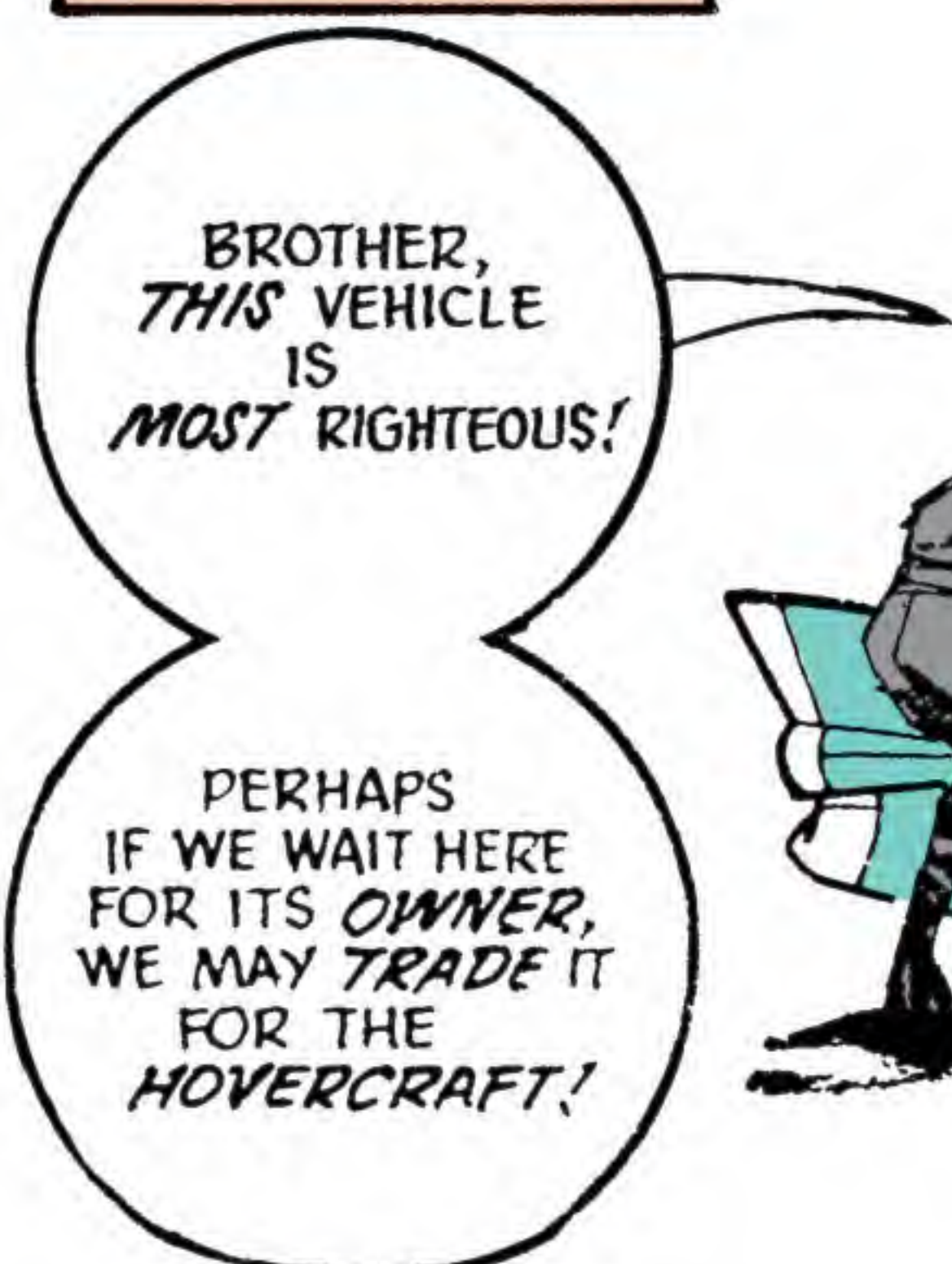
GET YOUR BAG-- WE HAVE NEED OF YOUR OTHER SKILLS...







"-- BUT YOU KNOW THOSE KIDS..."







HEY! W-WHO'RE YOU FOLKS? Y'AIN'T WIT' REV'RUND LIGHT OR NOTHIN', ARE YUH??

NO, NO, ALBERT-- YOU'RE WITH FRIENDS.. I THINK...

LEN? I-IZZAT YOU? WHY'S EVUHTHIN' SO... DARK--

ALBERT-- LISTEN CAREFULLY. THERE'S A MAN HERE-- HE'S GOT SOME QUESTIONS...

UHH... IF I WERE YOU, AL-OLD-PAL-- I'D SERIOUSLY CONSIDER SPILLING MY GUTS--



W-WHY NOT-- AIN'T GOT NUTHIN' T'HIDE NO MORE... NOT SINCE EVUHTHIN' WENT ROTTEN...

TELL ME ABOUT THE TRANSMITTER, RENN-- WHERE HAVE YOU HIDDEN IT?

HIDDEN IT? I AIN'T GOT IT A'T'ALL! I JES' GAVE IT TUH MISTUH LIGHT-- AH THOT HE COULD'A USED IT F'UR HIS WORK!

HECK-- HE GOT QUITE A WAY WIT' WORDS ALL BY HISSELF-- MAH NOO-RAL FREQUENCY MODIFIER WOULD'A GIVEN FOLKS THAT LI'L EXTRA PUSH--

DON'T TOUCH.

BUT IF THE DEVICE'S MIND-CONTROLLING CAPABILITIES ARE SO PERSUASIVE-- WHY DIDN'T THE DELEGATES KILL SHIWAN KHAN?

IF THE SIGNAL INDUCED THEIR MADNESS-- WHAT STOPPED THEIR RAMPAGE?

--JES' TA HELP 'EM SWING AROUND T'HIS WAY O' THINKIN'-- OW!

WAAL, Y'SEE, THUH NOO-RAL FREQUENCY SIGNAL COMES INTA TH' BRAIN JES LAHK SOUND OR LIGHT--

--BUT MAH SIGNAL LATCHES ONTA SPECIAL PARTS O' THE BRAIN-- AND STIRS 'EM UP LAHK YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE! MAKE A MAN DO THE DARN CRAZIEST THINGS!

AN' THERE AIN'T NUTHIN' T'STOP 'EM FROM KEEPIN' ON DOIN' IT--

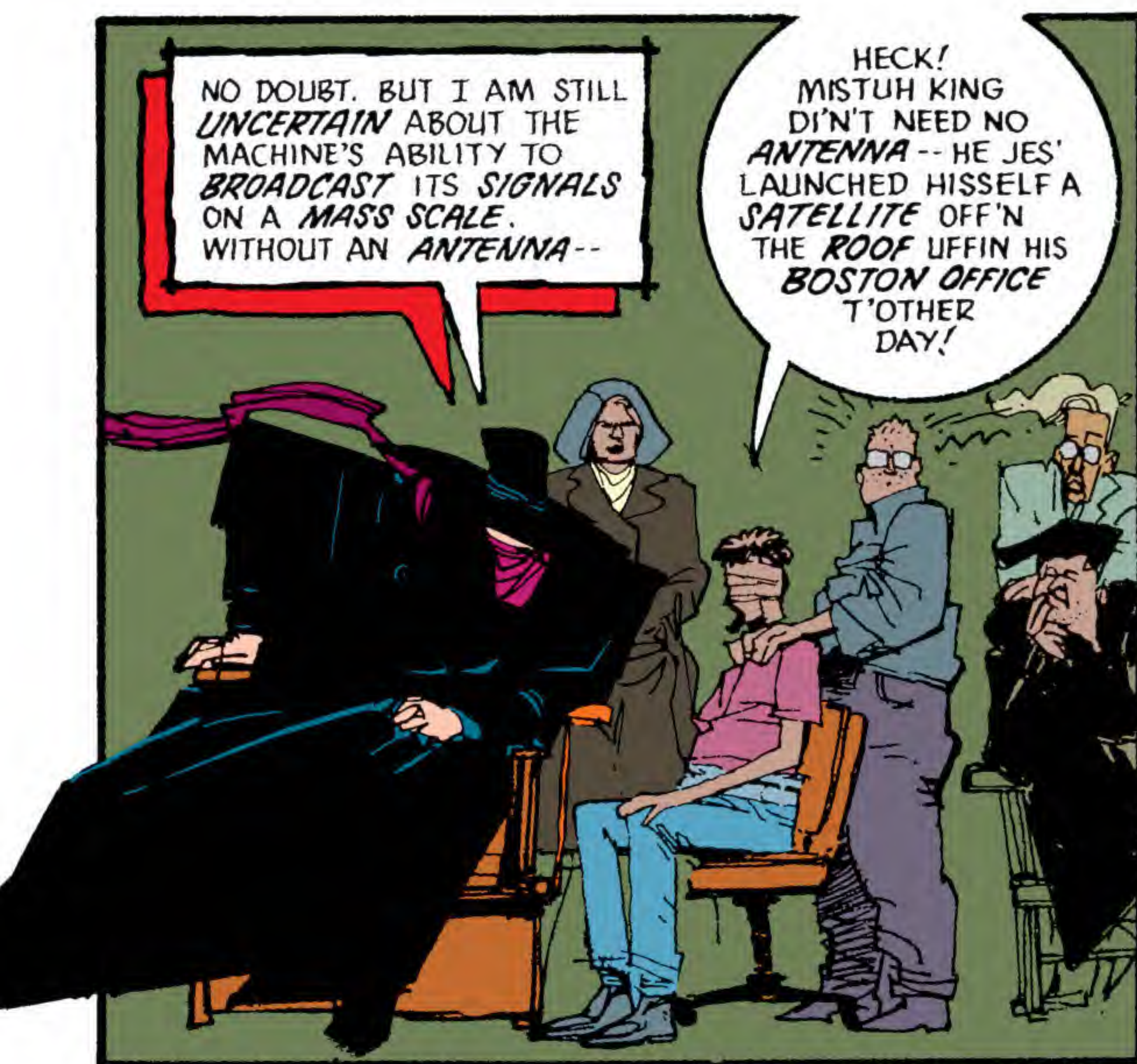
--TILL THEY FINISH DOIN' THE THIN' THE SIGNAL TOLE 'EM T'DO-- OR YUH SEND A NULL PULSE THROUGH THE TRANSMITTER TUH CANCEL THUH FIRST SIGNAL.

THAT'S WHUT AH DID AFTER AH TOOK MAH MACHINE BACK FROM MISTUH KING-- I JES' COULDN'T BEAR THUH IDEA OF THEM PEACE-LOVIN' FOLKS BEATIN' EACH OTHER'S BRAINS IN...

GUESS AH DID IT TOO SOON, HUH?

...SPECIALLY IF THEY DID IT AFTER THEY BEAT MISTUH KING'S BRAINS IN!





NO DOUBT. BUT I AM STILL **UNCERTAIN** ABOUT THE MACHINE'S ABILITY TO **BROADCAST** ITS **SIGNALS** ON A **MASS SCALE**. WITHOUT AN **ANTENNA**--

HECK! MISTUH KING DI'N'T NEED NO **ANTENNA**-- HE JES' LAUNCHED HISSELF A **SATELLITE** OFF'N THE **ROOF** UFFIN HIS **BOSTON OFFICE** T'OTHER DAY!

THAT'S IT, THEN! THE **SATELLITE** RECEIVES THE **COMMANDS** FROM THE **PORTABLE UNIT**, AND THEN **FEEDS** THE **DERANGE-O-SIGNAL** INTO THE **BROADCAST FREQUENCIES** OF **OTHER SATELLITES**!

IT'S SO **SIMPLE**! KHAN'S **SATELLITE** JUST SLIPS THE **SPECIAL NEURAL SUBLIMINAL SIGNAL** RIGHT ON TOP OF AN **ORDINARY TELEVISION SIGNAL**-- AND IT GETS **PAINLESSLY DELIVERED** INTO THE **HOMES OF AMERICA**!

UH... AM I BEING TOO **TECHNICAL** FOR YOU GUYS?

NAAAH-- IT'S LIKE A MENTAL **MICKEY FINN**!

OR A **CYANIDE-LACED TYLENOL**!

NEITHER ANALOGY SEEMS PARTICULARLY **APPEALING** TO ME, GENTLEMEN. BUT IT IS **OBVIOUS** THAT THE **SOURCE** OF THE **GREATEST DANGER** LURKS IN THE **SKIES**.

UNTIL WE FIND THIS **LIGHT FELLOW** AND RECOVER THE **TRANSMITTER**, WE MUST MAKE EVERY ATTEMPT TO **DIFFUSE** THE **POTENTIAL FOR DISASTER**.

YOU SEEM TO BE **QUITE KNOWLEDGEABLE** ON THE SUBJECT, MR. GOGGIN. ANY IDEA ON HOW TO GET THIS **SATELLITE** OUT OF THE PICTURE?

YOU'RE ASKING ME!

I MEAN-- **THE SHADOW**, ASKING **LEONARD GOGGIN**?

WOW-- I MEAN-- **YEAH!** THERE'S GOTTA BE A **CONTROL ROOM** IN THE BUILDING THEY **LAUNCHED** THAT **SATELLITE** FROM--

--GET US TO IT, AND ME 'N' AL CAN **KNOCK** THAT **BABY** OUT OF THE **SKY**!



GOOD. MAYIS--ARRANGE A **TRIP** TO THE **NISETCO BUILDING** FOR **LEONARD** AND **MR. RENN**. THE REST OF YOU WILL CONTINUE OUR SEARCH FOR **THE LIGHT**--

HEY!!

FATHER! WE FOUND THIS MAN **OUTSIDE**!

WITH HIS **EAR** TO THE **DOOR**!

MR. **SHADOW**-- LOOK NO **FURTHER**! I'VE GOT MYSELF A **DEEP PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP** WITH THAT **SLEEZEBAG** YOU CALL **THE LIGHT**--

--AN' IT'D BE MY **PERSONAL PLEASURE** TO PUT HIS **NECK** RIGHT ON **YOUR PERSONAL CHOPPING BLOCK**!



I THINK IT WAS THE **CHURCH**, SIR. BURNING IT DOWN WAS NOT A GOOD IDEA. THE FACT THAT THERE WERE 35 PEOPLE INSIDE AT THE TIME MADE IT A BIT WORSE.

THAT WAS PROBABLY WHY CHIEF MARX SUSPENDED YOU. DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, SIR?

THIS MAY COME AS A SHOCK, MAX-- BUT I'M NO **SPRING CHICKEN**! BUT I'M TELLING YOU-- I'M **RIGHT** ON THIS ONE! THERE IS SOMETHING GOING ON-- SOMETHING **BIG**...

...IF I COULD JUST **CONCENTRATE** LONG ENOUGH TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS!

IT'S FAIRLY **SIMPLE**, SIR. IN ALL THE CRUCIFIXION SERIAL MURDERS WE'VE INVESTIGATED, THE VICTIMS HAVE HAD THEIR **EYELIDS REMOVED**.

IN AN UNRELATED CASE, WE PURSUED A SUSPECT FROM THE U.N. TO A CHURCH IN THE **BOWERY**. WHEN WE ATTEMPTED TO MAKE AN ARREST, THE CHURCH CAUGHT FIRE --

--AND THE SUSPECT EMERGED WITH HIS EYELIDS SLIT. WE WERE OVERCOME BY SMOKE...

...THE SUSPECT ESCAPED...

...AND HERE WE ARE.

BUT THERE'S **ONE THING** MISSING, MAX-- THE **ATTACHE CASE**!

THAT **PUNK** RAN INTO THE CHURCH WITH MR. KING'S **ATTACHE**-- AND CAME OUT **EMPTY-HANDED**! OUR BOYS DIDN'T FIND IT-- WHICH MEANS **SOMEONE ELSE** ESCAPED WITH IT--

--THE SAME PERSON WHO **SLICED** OUR SUSPECT'S EYES!

MAX-- THOSE **PHOTOS** OF THE SCENE-- WHERE DID YOU PUT--

RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU, SIR.

HMM... LOOK AT THIS, MAX... THIS **POSTER** HERE-- SOME KIND OF **REVIVAL**... AT THE GARDEN-- TONIGHT... AND THE **NAME** OF THE CHURCH...

LIGHT... **RADIANCE**... EYELIDS... **BAKING** IN THE SUN--

OF COURSE! ALL THE REFERENCES TO **LIGHT**-- ALL THE **CONNECTIONS** FIT!

HOLY **RADIANCE** MISSION

MAX-- OUR **KILLER** IS **STILL LOOSE**-- THANK GOD!!

HE'LL BE AT THIS **REVIVAL** TONIGHT-- I **KNOW** IT-- AND I'M STAKING **EVERYTHING** ON IT!

HE'LL BE THERE-- AND **WE'LL** BE THERE, IN **FORCE**!

**BY GUM!** I'VE DONE IT AGAIN!!





WELL,  
DEAR FRIENDS...  
IT'S TIME FOR US  
TO ARRIVE AT OUR...  
DECISION...

YOU  
ALREADY *KNOW*  
THE LIGHT'S *ULTIMATUM*--  
TRANSFER CONTROL OF  
OUR RESPECTIVE  
ORGANIZATIONS TO  
HIM-- OR FACE  
*EXPOSURE*--

- 'FHAUGHH--  
THAT'S THE *FIRST*  
I'VE HEARD OF  
*THAT ONE*,  
FILCH !!

WHY  
IN *HELL*  
YOU WAIT  
TILL *NOW*  
T' TELL  
*ME ??*



WELL, ORTHO--  
WE *INVITED* YOU  
TO OUR *LAST* MEETING--  
BUT YOU COULDN'T  
ATTEND. SEEMED YOU'D  
LOCKED YOURSELF UP  
IN A *FALLOUT*  
*SHELTER*...

YEAH...  
HELLUVA  
*FUNDRAISING*  
*TECHNIQUE*,  
ORTHO!

DON'T *KNOCK* IT,  
BOYO-- WORKS  
*EVERY TIME*!



PLEASE...  
ENOUGH OF THIS--  
THERE'S *MUCH*  
AT STAKE HERE--  
TO *ALL* OF US...

WELL, I SAY WE  
TELL THIS LIGHT FELLA  
TO *SCREW OFF*-- I  
CAN HANDLE ANYTHING  
HE TOSSES  
AT *ME*!

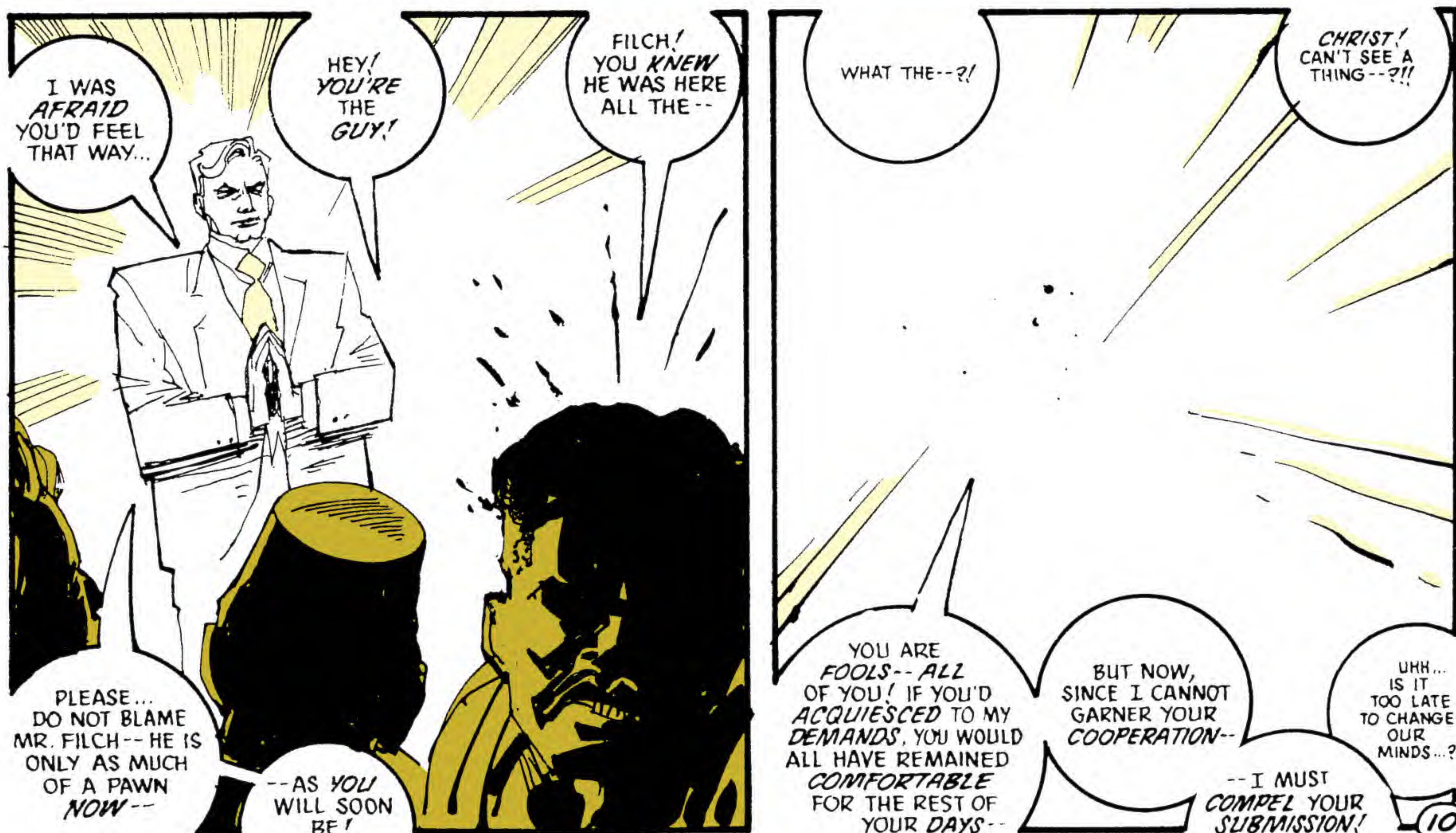
I SECOND  
CLAUDE'S SENTIMENTS--  
MY CONGREGATION  
WILL REMAIN BY ME  
AS I WEATHER THIS  
STORM--



WELL, IT  
LOOKS LIKE  
WE'RE *AGREED*  
ON THIS ONE,  
FILCH--

NEXT TIME  
YOU GET A VISIT  
FROM REVEREND  
LIGHT--

-- TELL HIM  
TO GO OUT AND  
*BUY* AIR TIME  
LIKE THE *REST*  
OF *US*!



I WAS  
*AFRAID*  
YOU'D FEEL  
THAT WAY...

HEY!  
YOU'RE  
THE  
*GUY*!

FILCH!  
YOU *KNEW*  
HE WAS HERE  
ALL THE--

WHAT THE--?!

CHRIST!  
CAN'T SEE A  
THING--?!!

PLEASE...  
DO NOT BLAME  
MR. FILCH-- HE IS  
ONLY AS MUCH  
OF A PAWN  
*NOW*--

-- AS YOU  
WILL SOON  
BE!

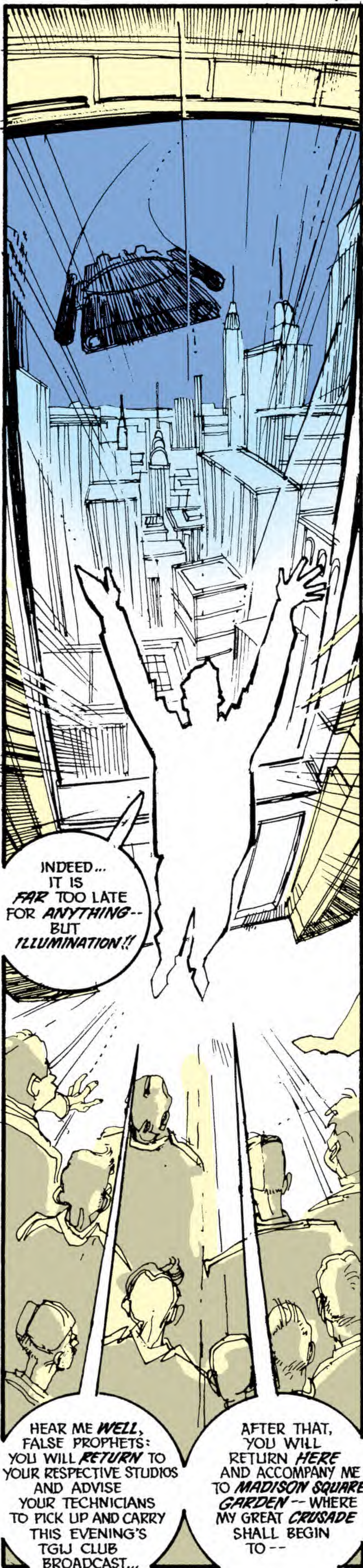
YOU ARE  
*FOOLS*-- *ALL*  
OF YOU! IF YOU'D  
*ACQUIESCED* TO MY  
DEMANDS, YOU WOULD  
ALL HAVE REMAINED  
*COMFORTABLE*  
FOR THE REST OF  
YOUR *DAYS*--

BUT NOW,  
SINCE I CANNOT  
GARNER YOUR  
*COOPERATION*--

UHH...  
IS IT  
TOO LATE  
TO CHANGE  
OUR  
MINDS...?

-- I MUST  
*COMPEL* YOUR  
*SUBMISSION*!





INDEED...  
IT IS  
FAR TOO LATE  
FOR ANYTHING--  
BUT  
ILLUMINATION!!

HEAR ME *WELL*,  
FALSE PROPHETS:  
YOU WILL *RETURN* TO  
YOUR RESPECTIVE STUDIOS  
AND ADVISE  
YOUR TECHNICIANS  
TO PICK UP AND CARRY  
THIS EVENING'S  
TGJ CLUB  
BROADCAST...

AFTER THAT,  
YOU WILL  
RETURN *HERE*  
AND ACCOMPANY ME  
TO *MADISON SQUARE  
GARDEN*-- WHERE  
MY GREAT *CRUSADE*  
SHALL BEGIN  
TO --



WHICH ONE  
IS HE, MISTER  
JIMMY BOB?



THERE--  
THE *VARMINT*  
IN *WHITE*!  
GET 'IM BEFORE  
HE STARTS UP  
WITH HIS--

TOO LATE,  
JIMMY BOB!  
THE LIGHT *SURGES*  
THROUGH ME AGAIN--  
AND *WITH IT*,  
ANY MIND IS  
*MINE TO  
CONTROL*!

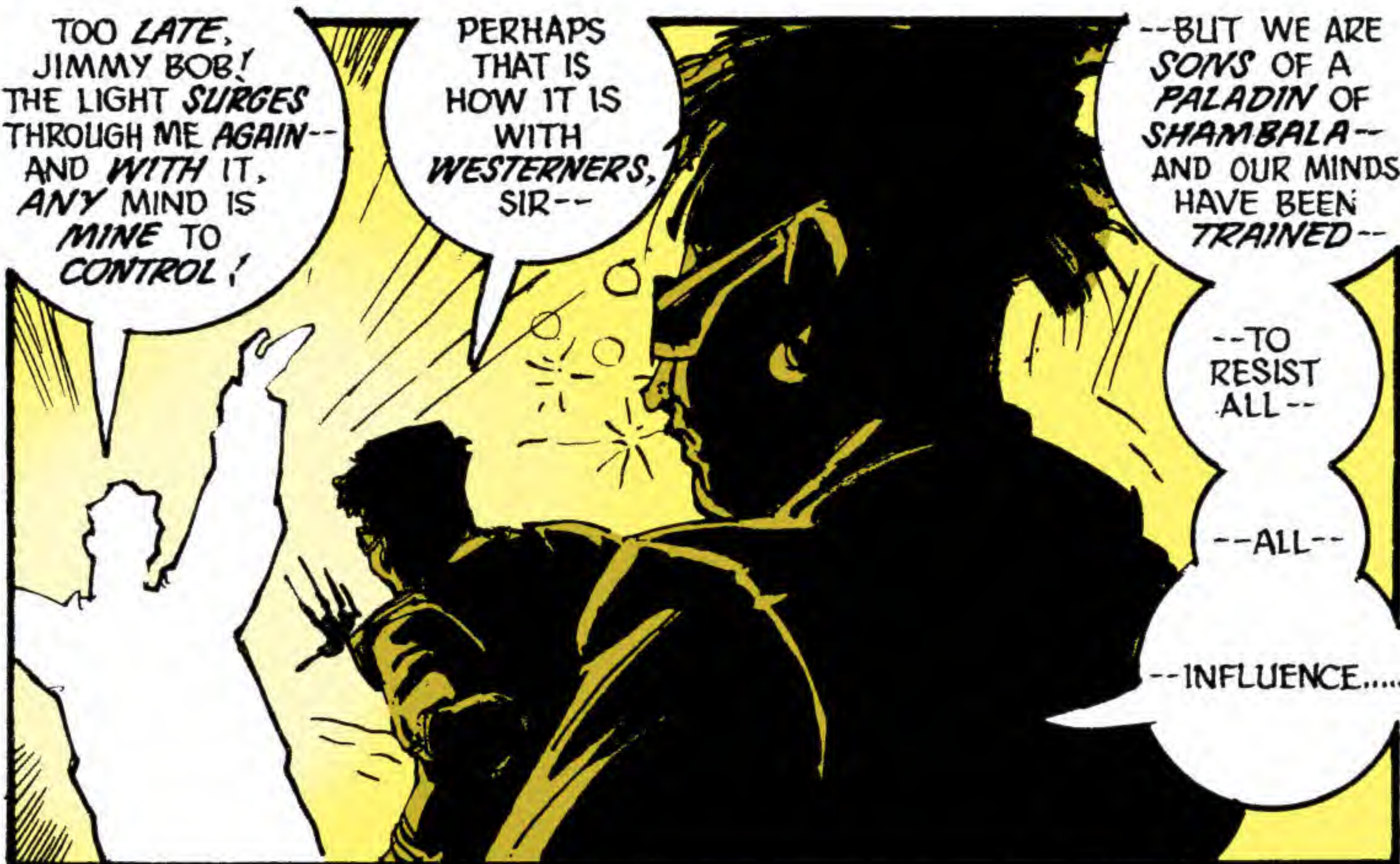
PERHAPS  
THAT IS  
HOW IT IS  
WITH  
*WESTERNERS*,  
SIR--

--BUT WE ARE  
*SONS OF A  
PALADIN OF  
SHAMBALA*--  
AND OUR MINDS  
HAVE BEEN  
*TRAINED*--

--TO  
RESIST  
ALL--

--ALL--

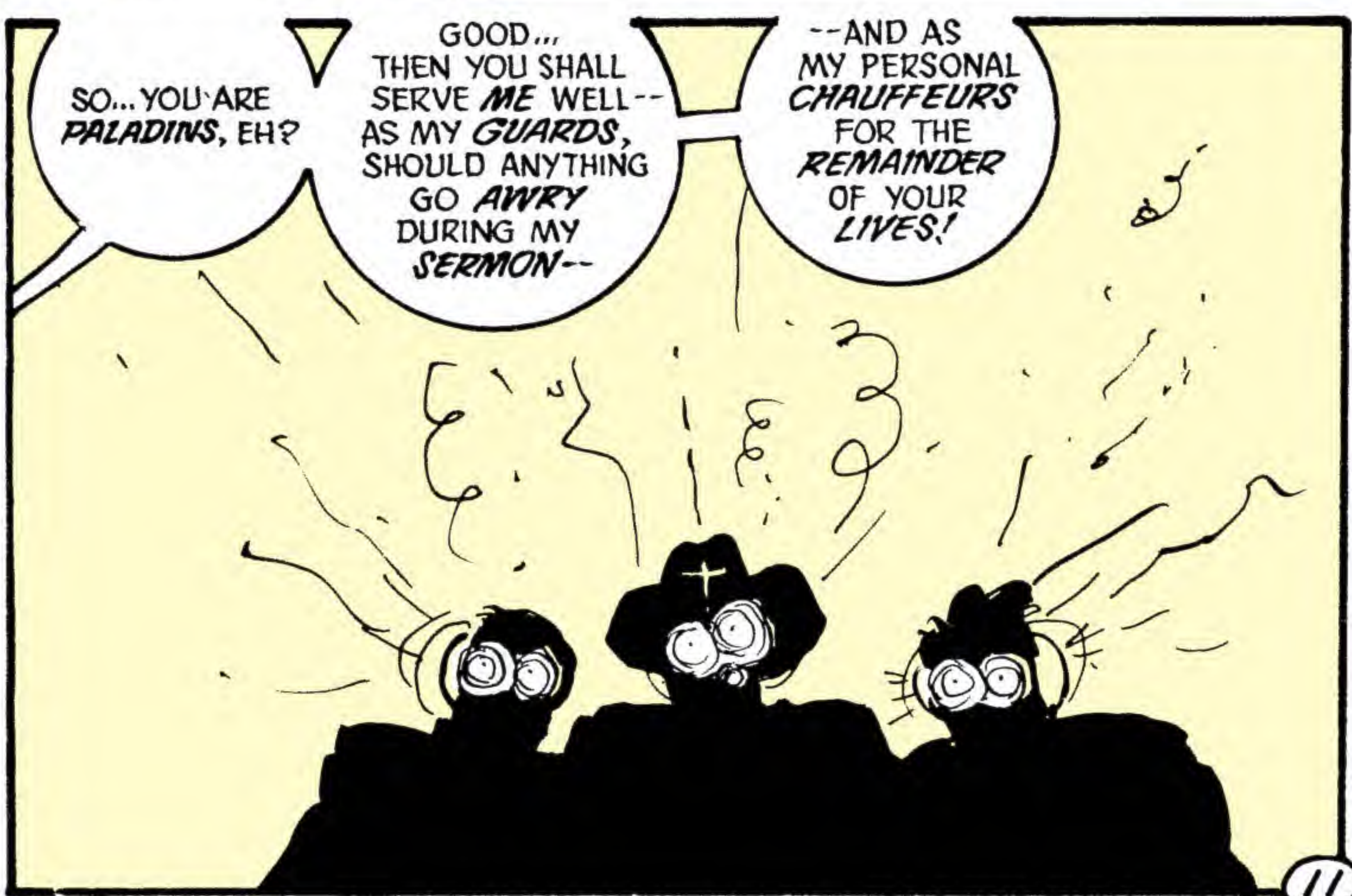
--INFLUENCE....



SO... YOU ARE  
*PALADINS*, EH?

GOOD...  
THEN YOU SHALL  
SERVE *ME* WELL--  
AS MY *GUARDS*,  
SHOULD ANYTHING  
GO *AWRY*  
DURING MY  
*SERMON*--

--AND AS  
MY PERSONAL  
*CHAUFFEURS*  
FOR THE  
*REMAINDER*  
OF YOUR  
*LIVES*!





OH, YEAH--  
WE'RE MAKIN'  
GOOD TIME!  
WHATTA  
AUTO-MOBILE!!

JUST EASE UP,  
DEWITT--WE CAN'T  
AFFORD TO BE  
STOPPED FOR  
SPEEDING--

WHADDAYA  
WORRIED ABOUT,  
ELTON--I BORROWED  
THE MASTER'S  
RADAR DEFLECTOR--

--WE'RE  
PRACTICALLY  
INVISIBLE!

WE ALMOST  
THERE,  
LEN?

JUST A COUPLE  
MINUTES MORE,  
AL-- HOW YOU  
HOLDING UP?

A-AHM  
OKEE-DOKEE,  
AH GUESS...

B-BUT AH'M SORELY  
ASHAMED A'WHUT AH DONE...  
GOIN' 'ROUND LAHK A DURN  
FOOL. JES' 'BOUT GIVIN'  
MAH INVENTION TUH  
ENNYONE WHO'D ASK...

HECK, LEN...  
AH DONE MADE  
SOME MIGHTY POW'FUL  
MISTAKES  
THE LAST FEW  
MONTHS...

...AH JES'  
HOPE WE C'N  
CO-RECT 'EM  
A'FORE IT'S  
TOO LATE...

YEAH, SURE, AL--  
YOU JUST TAKE IT EASY--  
GOTTA SAVE UP YOUR  
ENERGY--THE SHADOW  
AN' HIS BUDDIES ARE  
DEPENDING ON YOU...

2540  
MORRISON DRIVE--  
DIS MUST BE DA  
PLACE...THOUGH I  
CAN'T SAY I  
UNNERSTAN'  
WHY...

SIMPLE,  
MR. PEREZ! IF  
WE WANNA GET  
INTO NISSETCO HQ,  
WE'RE GONNA  
NEED ONE HECKUVA  
BACK DOOR  
TO DO IT...

YOU SURE  
THIS IS  
THE GUY,  
ALBERT?

WAAL,  
WE'LL BE  
FINDIN' OUT  
SOON ENUF...

BING  
BONGGG

AL--AL RENN? JEEZ--  
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN  
YEARS! NOT SINCE...  
UH... M.I.T., IT WAS!

GOSH, AL-- YOU  
LOOK TERRIBLE!  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?

'TAIN'T IMPORTANT,  
LARRY. ME AN' MUH  
FRIENDS NEED TUH  
GET INTO NISSETCO--  
AH THOT YOU COULD  
HELP...

YOU AND  
YOUR--? SORRY,  
AL--BUT THAT  
WOULD BE AGAINST  
REGULATIONS, AND I--

2540

-- COULD  
VERY EASILY  
BE TALKED INTO  
IGNORING  
EVERY ONE  
OF THEM...





LOOKIT, ELTON! ALL THEM NISSETCO FLAGS AT HALF-MAST-- LIKE THE WHOLE COMPANY WAS IN MOURNING!

HMM... WELL, DEWITT-- IT'S NOT EVERY DAY THE C.E.O. GETS HIS ARM RIPPED OFF...

I GUESS NOT...

IF YOU FOLKS DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO GET THIS OVER WITH QUICKLY--

--I'VE GOT A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF HOME REPAIRS TO DO TODAY--

SORRY-- LEAD THE WAY--



HELLO. DUFFY...

THESE MEN ARE...UH... WITH THE MAINFRAME SUPPLIER-- I'LL BE... UMM... OVERSEEING THEIR WORK TODAY--

NO REST FOR THE WEARY, EH, LARRY? GO'WAN AHEAD...

HEY LARR--

--PRETTY AWFUL WHAT HAPPENED TO MISTER KING, EH? WHY, IF I EVER GOT MY HANDS ON THE PUNK THAT DID IT TO HIM, I'D--



--TEAR THE SUNUVAGUN'S EYES OUT...

RIGHT THROUGH THESE DOORS, GENTLEMEN--



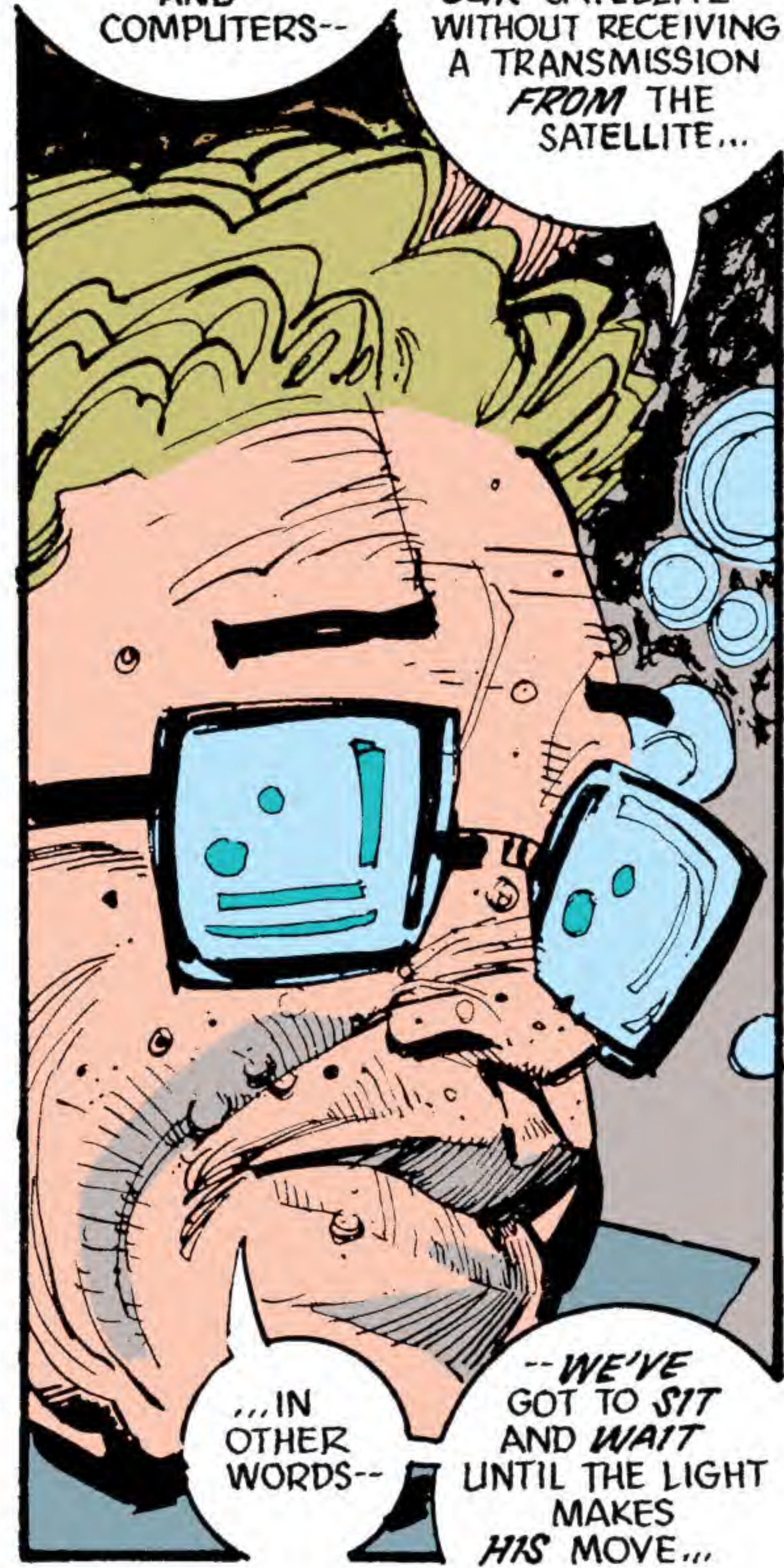
WOW. WHAT A SET-UP!

COME ON, LEN--THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE--

UH... I THINK WE'VE GOT A BIG PROBLEM HERE, MR. BUTTERFIELD--

--THESE PANELS CONTROL A VARIETY OF DIFFERENT NISSETCO SATELLITES AND COMPLTERS--

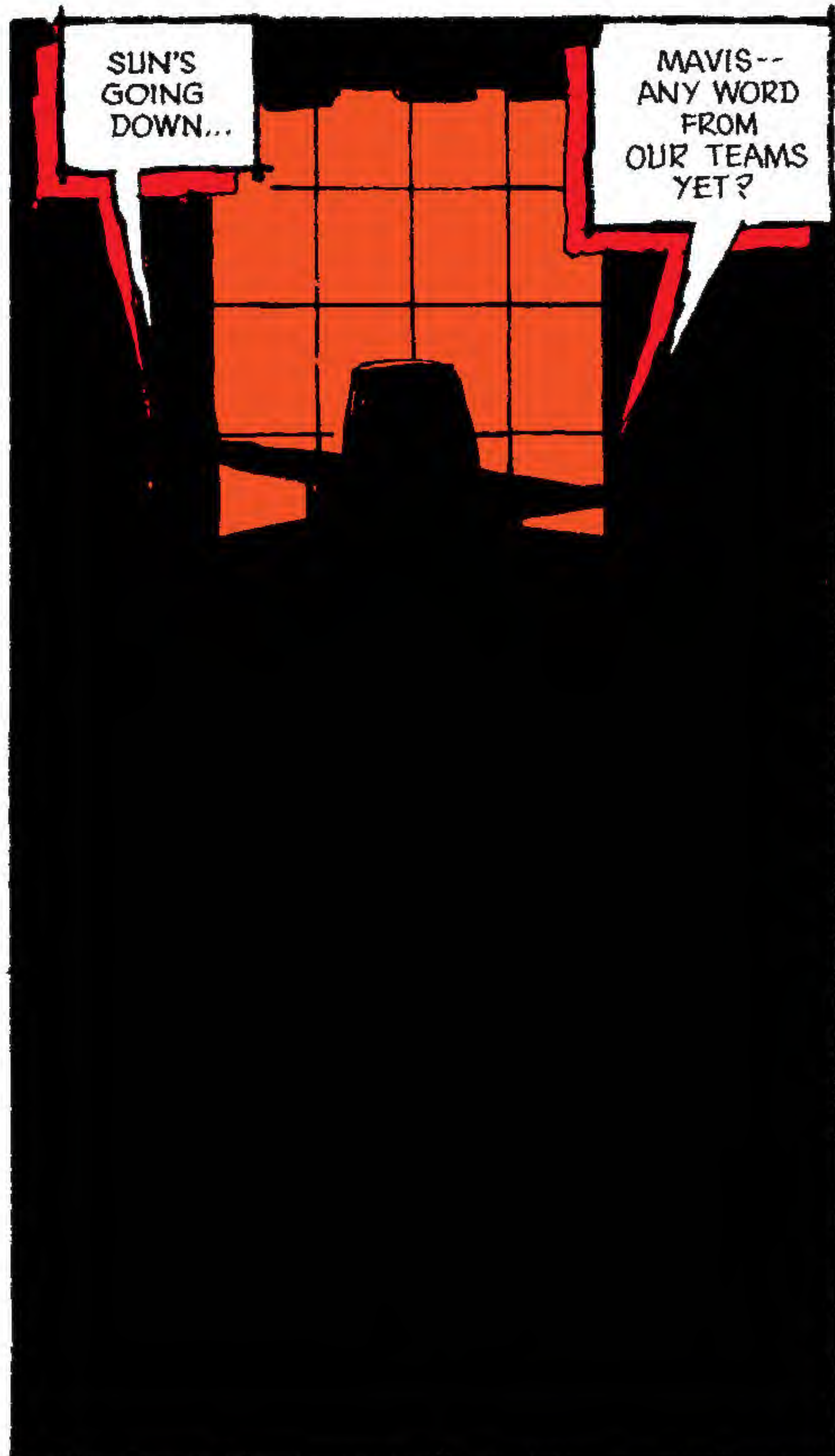
--THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN TELL WHICH CONTROLS OUR SATELLITE WITHOUT RECEIVING A TRANSMISSION FROM THE SATELLITE...



...IN OTHER WORDS--

--WE'VE GOT TO SIT AND WAIT UNTIL THE LIGHT MAKES HIS MOVE...





SUN'S GOING DOWN...

MAVIS-- ANY WORD FROM OUR TEAMS YET?

UH...WE JUST RECEIVED A STATUS REPORT FROM ELTON AND DEWITT -- SEEMS THE NISSECO COMMAND CENTER IS A BIT *OVER THE HEADS* OF OUR RESIDENT *TECHNOCRATS*--

--THEY SAY THEY'LL NEED *HOURS* TO FIGURE OUT *WHICH* SET OF CONTROLS OPERATES THE *SATELLITE*--

--WHICH MEANS THEY HAVE *FAILED*.



NO MATTER. IF CHING YAO OR HSU-TEI CAN *ABDUCT* THE *LIGHT*--

UH...NOTHING ON THEM EITHER, MASTER--WE LOST CONTACT WITH YOUR KIDS AND JIMMY BOB ABOUT AN HOUR AGO...

DON'T KNOW WHY YOU TRUSTED A HIGH-PROFILE JOB LIKE *THAT* TO *THEM*-- THEY'RE JUST CHILDREN--

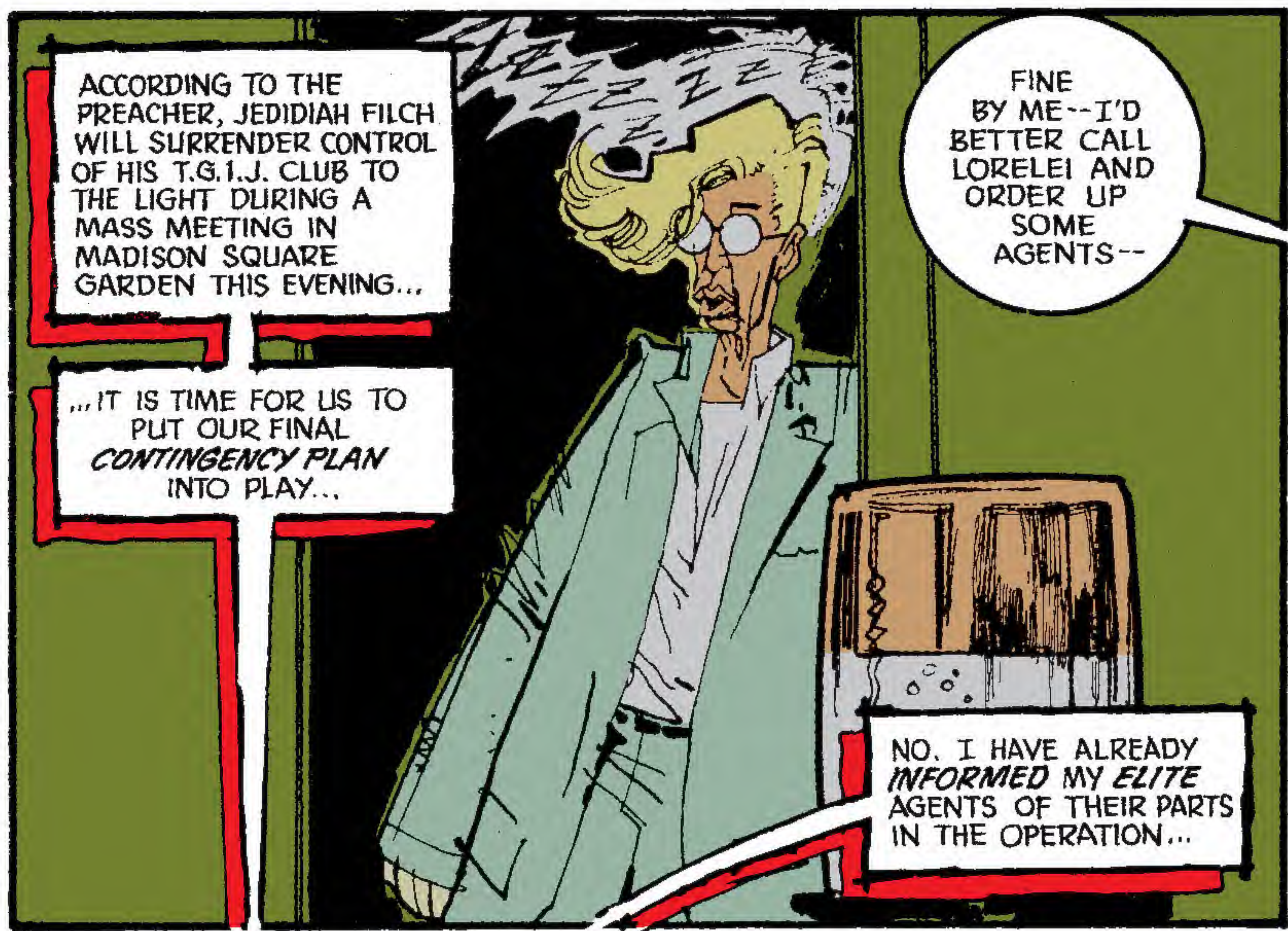


--MY CHILDREN, MAVIS. ONE DAY THEY WILL BE THE *HEIRS* TO MY *LEGACY*. AS SUCH, THEY MUST PROVE THEMSELVES *WORTHY* OF IT--OR SUFFER THE *CONSEQUENCES* OF FAILURE.

KIND OF LIKE ON-THE-JOB TRAINING, HUH...?

IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING.

STILL, WE MUST NOW ASSUME THE *WORST* HAS COME TO PASS.



ACCORDING TO THE PREACHER, JEDIDIAH FILCH WILL SURRENDER CONTROL OF HIS T.G.I.J. CLUB TO THE LIGHT DURING A MASS MEETING IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN THIS EVENING...

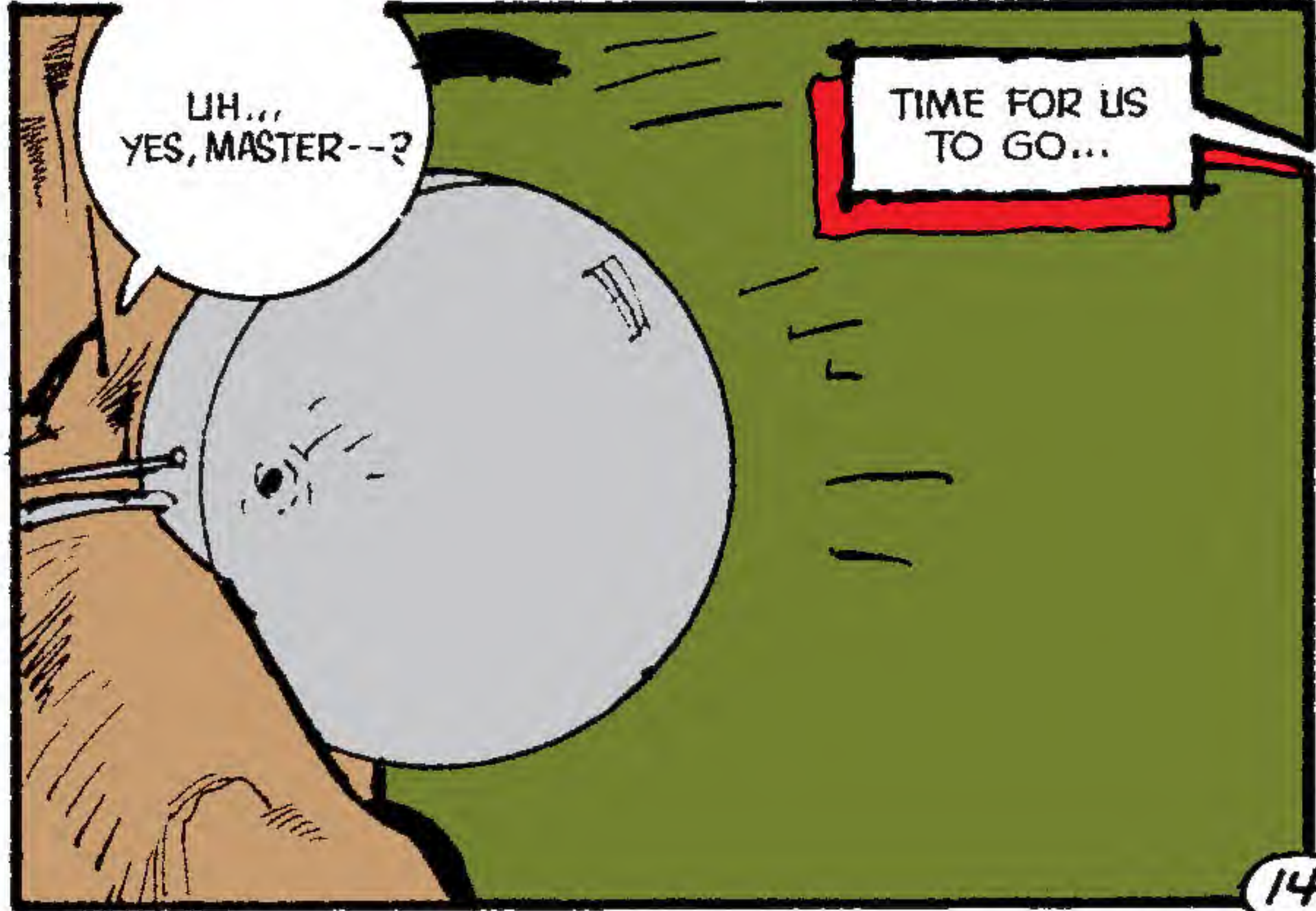
...IT IS TIME FOR US TO PUT OUR FINAL *CONTINGENCY PLAN* INTO PLAY...

FINE BY ME--I'D BETTER CALL LORELEI AND ORDER UP SOME AGENTS--

NO. I HAVE ALREADY *INFORMED* MY *ELITE* AGENTS OF THEIR PARTS IN THE OPERATION...



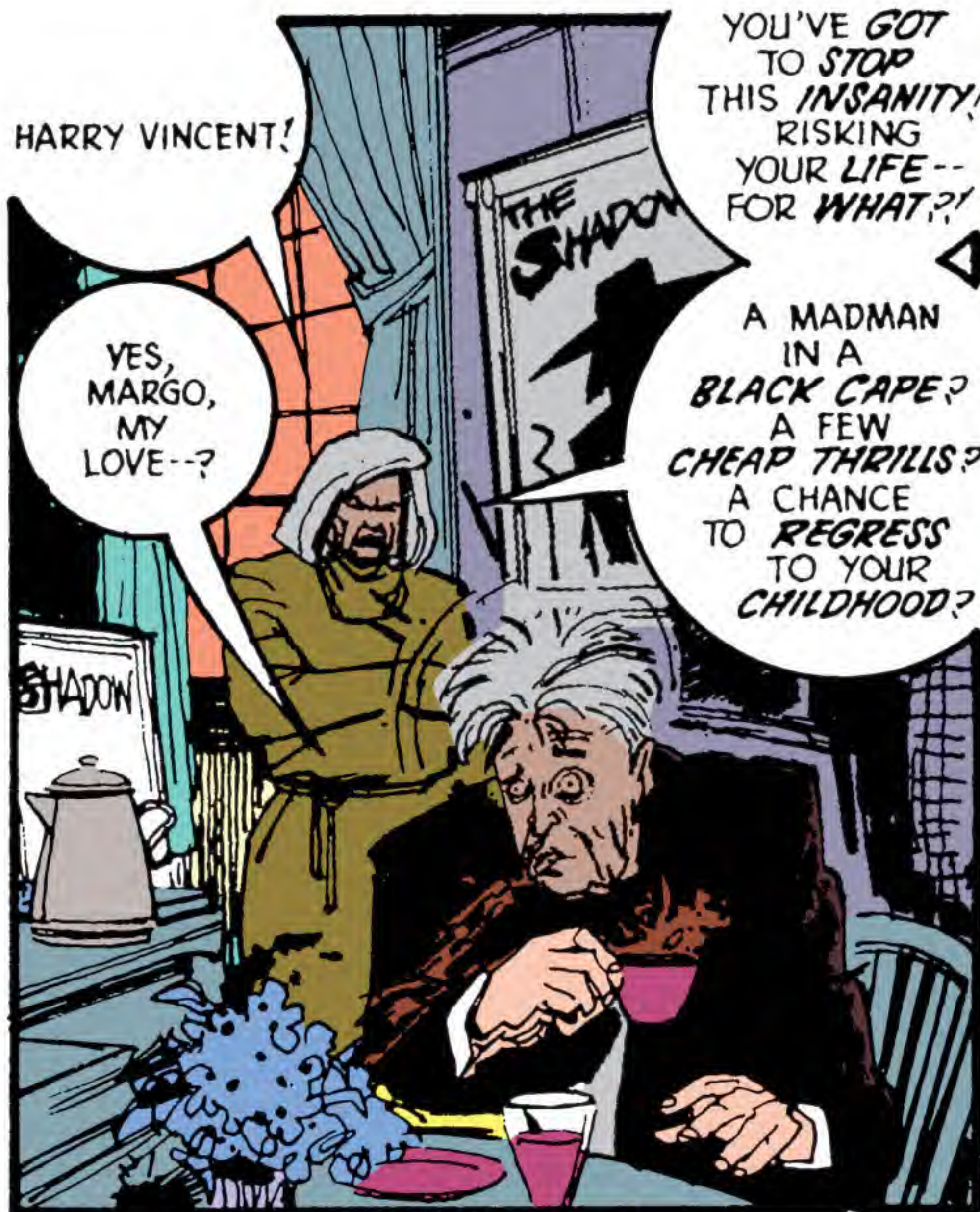
TWITCHKOWITZ--?



UH... YES, MASTER--?

TIME FOR US TO GO...





HARRY VINCENT!

YES, MARGO, MY LOVE--?

YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THIS *INSANITY!* RISKING YOUR LIFE-- FOR *WHAT?*!

A MADMAN IN A *BLACK CAPE?* A FEW *CHEAP THRILLS?* A CHANCE TO *REGRESS* TO YOUR *CHILDHOOD?*



HMM... I SHOULD SAY A *COMBINATION* OF THE THREE...

HARRY-- I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LET'S GO OUT TO DINNER!

A NICE, QUIET PLACE-- THERE'S THIS *FRENCH* RESTAURANT IN WESTCHESTER-- LAMONT AND I USED TO FREQUENT IT, BACK BEFORE HE--



MARGO, MY DEAR-- HAVE YOU SEEN MY *TRUSS?*

NORMALLY, I DON'T BOTHER... BUT WITH THIS EVENING'S MISSION--WELL, YOU NEVER KNOW...

HARRY... HAVE YOU BEEN LISTENING TO A *WORD*--



CERTAINLY I HAVE--AND WE *WILL* GO OUT TO DINNER--

JUST AS SOON AS WE FINISH OFF THIS LIGHT FELLA!



HARRY- YOU *CAN'T* GO! YOU'LL GET YOURSELF *KILLED!* ALL THOSE GUNS-- ALL THAT *KILLING!* IT'S A *BOY'S GAME*, HARRY--YOU'RE TOO *DAMN OLD* FOR IT!

NONSENSE, MARGO-- I'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR *YEARS!* NEVER *STOPPED* EVEN WHEN THE MASTER WAS GONE--

REMIND ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT SOMETIME...



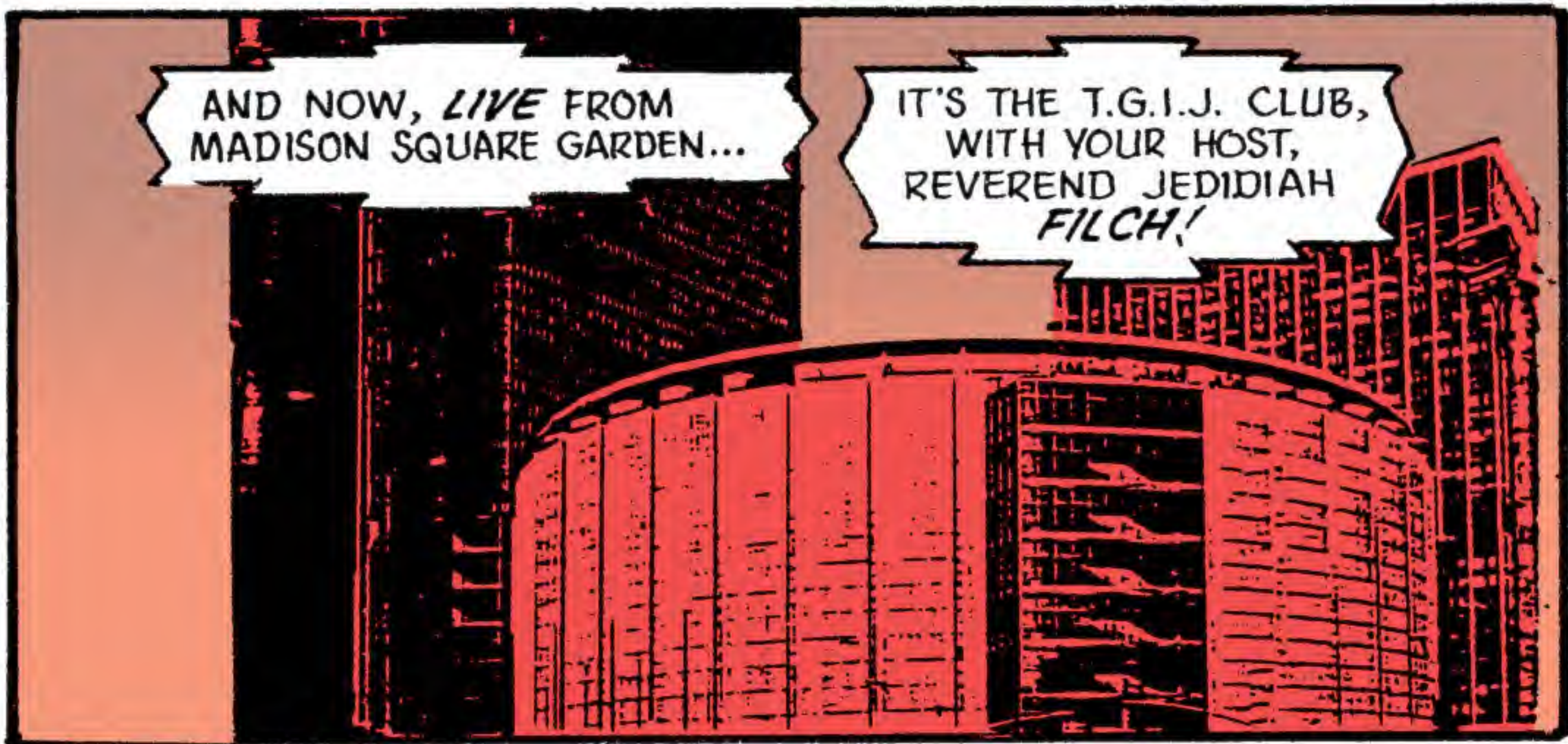
HARRY-- IF YOU GO-- I-I'LL *LEAVE!*

GRACIOUS, MARGO-- THERE'S NO NEED FOR *THAT*--



--I WAS JUST ON MY WAY OUT!





AND NOW, *LIVE* FROM  
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN...

IT'S THE T.G.I.J. CLUB,  
WITH YOUR HOST,  
REVEREND JEDIDIAH  
*FILCH!*



THANK YOU,  
DEAR FRIENDS--  
THANK YOU.

Y'KNOW, A COUPLE  
NIGHTS AGO I HAD A  
*DREAM*. *THE LORD*  
WAS SITTING IN A  
*HUGE DIRECTOR'S*  
*CHAIR*, WITH *HIS*  
NAME STENCILLED  
ON THE BACK...



AND THE LORD SAID TO ME,  
"*JED*, IT'S TIME FOR A *CHANGE*.  
THERE'S A *WAR* YOU AND YOUR  
BROTHERS HAVE BEEN FIGHTING--

"--A WAR FOR THE *SOUL*  
OF AMERICA. IT'S TIME THEY  
CAME TOGETHER -- UNDER  
ONE *GLORIOUS BANNER*--  
TO FIGHT THE WAR TOGETHER."

AND I ASKED THE LORD--  
HOW SHALL I *DO THIS*?  
GIVE ME A *SIGN!*



AND DO YOU  
KNOW WHAT THE  
GOOD LORD  
*DID*,  
DEAR FRIENDS?

HE  
*SMILED*  
AT ME. A BIG,  
GLORIOUS,  
HOLY-OF-HOLIES  
*TOOTHY GRIN*.

AND THE SUN  
REFLECTED OFF  
THE LORD'S PEARLY  
WHITES, PRODUCING  
A *GLINT* OF SUCH  
INTENSITY AS I'D  
NEVER BEFORE  
SEEN.



IT WAS A SIGN,  
DEAR FRIENDS-- A  
SIGN FOR THE ONE  
WHO WOULD *UNITE*  
ALL OUR  
DENOMINATIONS  
AND LEAD US  
IN OUR HOLY  
CRUSADE.

LADIES  
AND  
GENTLEMEN--  
*THAT MAN*  
IS READY  
TO LEAD US  
*NOW!*



TO DEMONSTRATE  
OUR SUPPORT, ALL THE  
MAJOR *PRIME-TIME*  
*ELECTRONIC MINISTRIES*  
HAVE VOLUNTEERED  
TO *SIMULCAST*  
THIS SHOW.

THEY JOIN ME IN  
THIS *GREAT OCCASION*--  
TO INTRODUCE YOU  
TO THE MAN OF THE  
MILLENNIUM...  
THE LORD'S  
*FAVORITE*  
SON...

DEAR  
FRIENDS...I  
GIVE YOU--

--THE  
LIGHT!!

THEY CALLED ME  
*MESSIAH*--AND  
PERHAPS I'D EVEN  
*BELIEVED* IT.  
AFTER ALL, I WAS  
MERELY  
A *CHILD*.

BUT, IN A MOMENT  
OF *CHAOS*, I'D SEEN  
MY CONGREGATION  
*MURDERED*,  
MY *CHURCH* IN  
*FLAMES*--

--AND FROM  
THOSE FLAMES, FROM  
THE INKY BLACKNESS  
OF BRIMSTONE HELLFIRE,  
I CONFRONTED THE  
*ONE WHO LURKS*  
IN THE  
*SHADOWS*.

YEARS SPENT  
SEARCHING FOR  
HIM LED TO *NAUGHT*--  
IT WAS AS IF THE  
*DEVIL* HIMSELF  
*FEARED*  
MY TERRIBLE  
*FURY*.

BUT THEN,  
NOT TWO MONTHS  
AGO, THE DEMON  
*EMERGED*  
YET AGAIN...AND  
I *KNEW* THAT  
MY HOUR WAS  
*FAST*  
APPROACHING!

WE ARE *ALL*  
ON THE *CUSP*  
OF A *NEW ERA*,  
BELIEVERS--  
AT THE DAWN  
OF A *NEW AGE*  
OF  
*LIGHT*.

I COME TO YOU  
TODAY, BELIEVERS, WITH  
A *CALL TO ACTION*--  
A CALL I WAS  
FIRST MADE AWARE  
OF ALMOST  
*FORTY YEARS*  
AGO.

AS A CHILD,  
MY RATHER  
*ALARMING* APPEARANCE,  
COUPLED WITH THE  
*STRANGE* CIRCUMSTANCES  
OF MY BIRTH,  
MADE ME THE SYMBOL  
OF A *FLEDGLING*  
RELIGION.

IN THAT MOMENT,  
ALL WAS REVEALED TO  
ME. I WAS *FILLED* WITH  
A *RIGHTEOUS POWER*  
AS I FOUND MYSELF  
*FACE-TO-FACE* WITH  
THE *ANTI-CHRIST*  
HIMSELF!

IT WAS THIS POWER,  
AND THE *PURITY* OF  
A *MOTHER'S HEART*,  
THAT SAVED ME FROM  
A FATE AT HIS  
HANDS THEN...

AND  
I DEDICATED  
MY BODY AND  
SPIRIT TO  
CONQUERING THIS,  
THE SOURCE OF ALL  
*DARKNESS*  
IN THE WORLD.

BUT *BEFORE*  
I CAN LEAD YOU  
THROUGH THOSE  
*BRILLIANT GATES*,  
WE *MUST* ALL  
*DRIVE BACK* THE  
*SHADOW* OF THE  
ANTI-CHRIST!



THE LORD HIMSELF  
HAS GIVEN ME THE  
MEANS TO SHOW YOU  
THE WAY! I WILL  
ILLUMINATE THE  
PATH--AND  
TOGETHER  
WE SHALL BEST  
THE SHADOW  
OF THE DEMON  
ONE FINAL TI--



THERE!  
THERE HE IS!  
HE HAS INVADED  
OUR VERY  
HOME!

PREPARE YE  
NOW,  
BELIEVERS--

PREPARE  
TO BE--



--TRANSFORMED!



NOW--  
GO!



DESTROY  
THE  
SHADOW--

--SO THAT  
LIGHT MAY REIGN  
SUPREME!







OF COURSE IT IS!!  
BOARD'S LIGHTING UP  
LIKE *CRAZY*! THIS  
MUST BE THE ONE  
CONTROLLING  
OUR  
SATELLITE!

C'MON, C'MON--  
GIMME THOSE  
NEEDLE NOSE  
PLIERS--

YOU SURE  
YOU KNOW  
WHAT YER  
DOIN',  
LEN--?

HONESTLY,  
MR. PEREZ--  
DO I LOOK  
LIKE AN  
*IDIOT*  
TO YOU?

GEE, LEN--  
I TRY  
NOT TA JUDGE  
A BOOK BY  
ITS COVER,  
BUT--

JUST  
WATCH  
THIS--



DAT'S  
IT??

HECK *YEAH*,  
THAT'S IT--  
SORRY TO  
*DISAPPOINT*  
YOU, MR. PEREZ--  
BUT THIS *ISN'T*  
STAR WARS--

--THE DAMN  
SATELLITE'S  
MILES UP IN  
*SPACE*--  
WHAT DID YOU  
EXPECT--



"--TO HEAR THE  
EXPLOSION??"

THE TRANSMITTER--!  
SOMEONE *MUST*  
HAVE *TAMPERED*  
WITH IT FROM  
A *REMOTE*  
LOCATION!

BUT  
THEY ARE  
*TOO LATE*. THE  
SIGNAL HAS  
ALREADY BEEN  
RELAYED. NOTHING  
SHALL DISSUADE  
MY *DISCIPLES*--

--UNTIL  
THE *SHADOW*  
HAS BEEN  
DESTROYED!

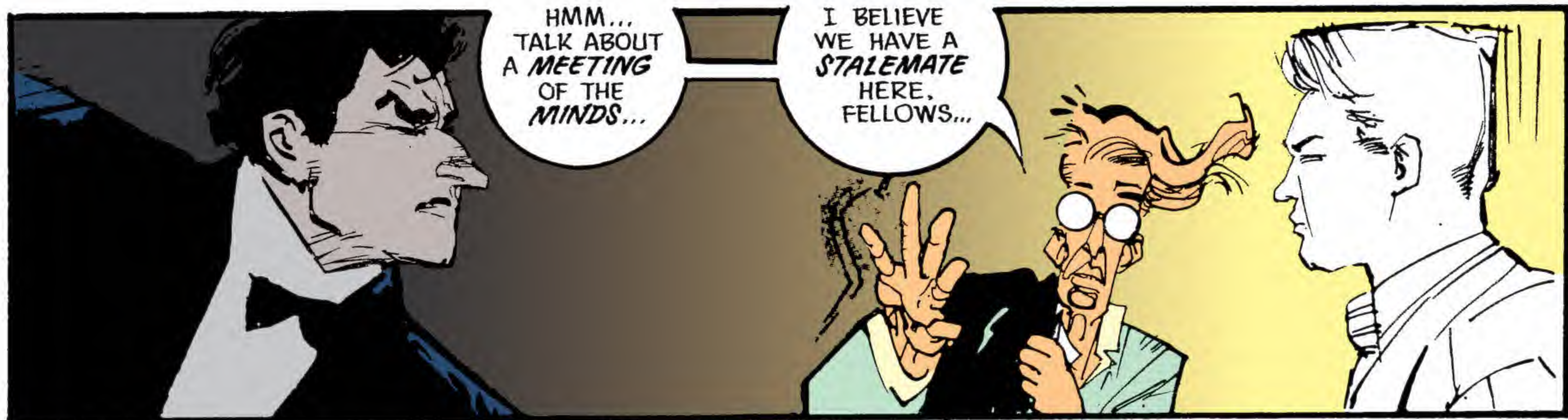




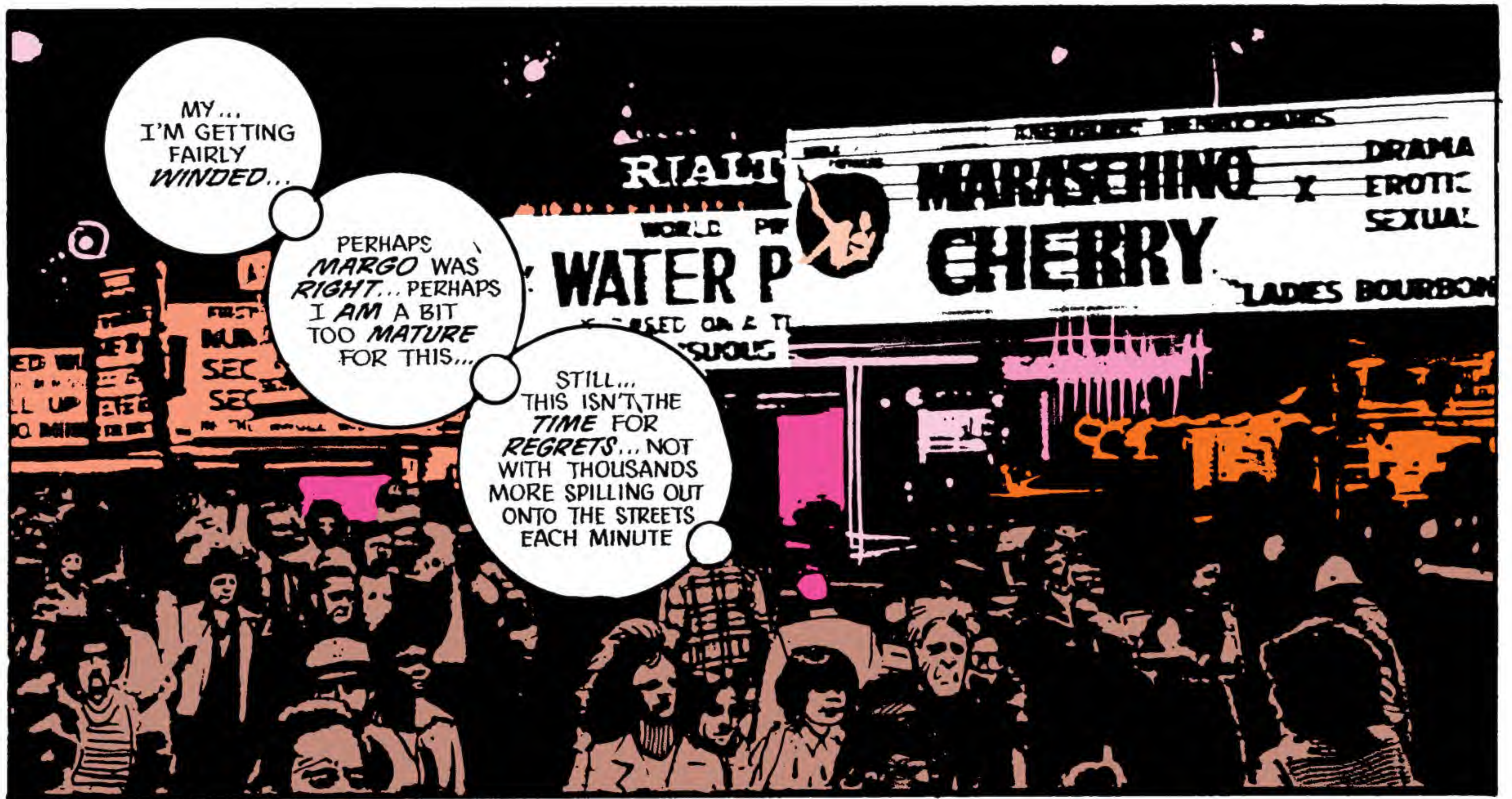










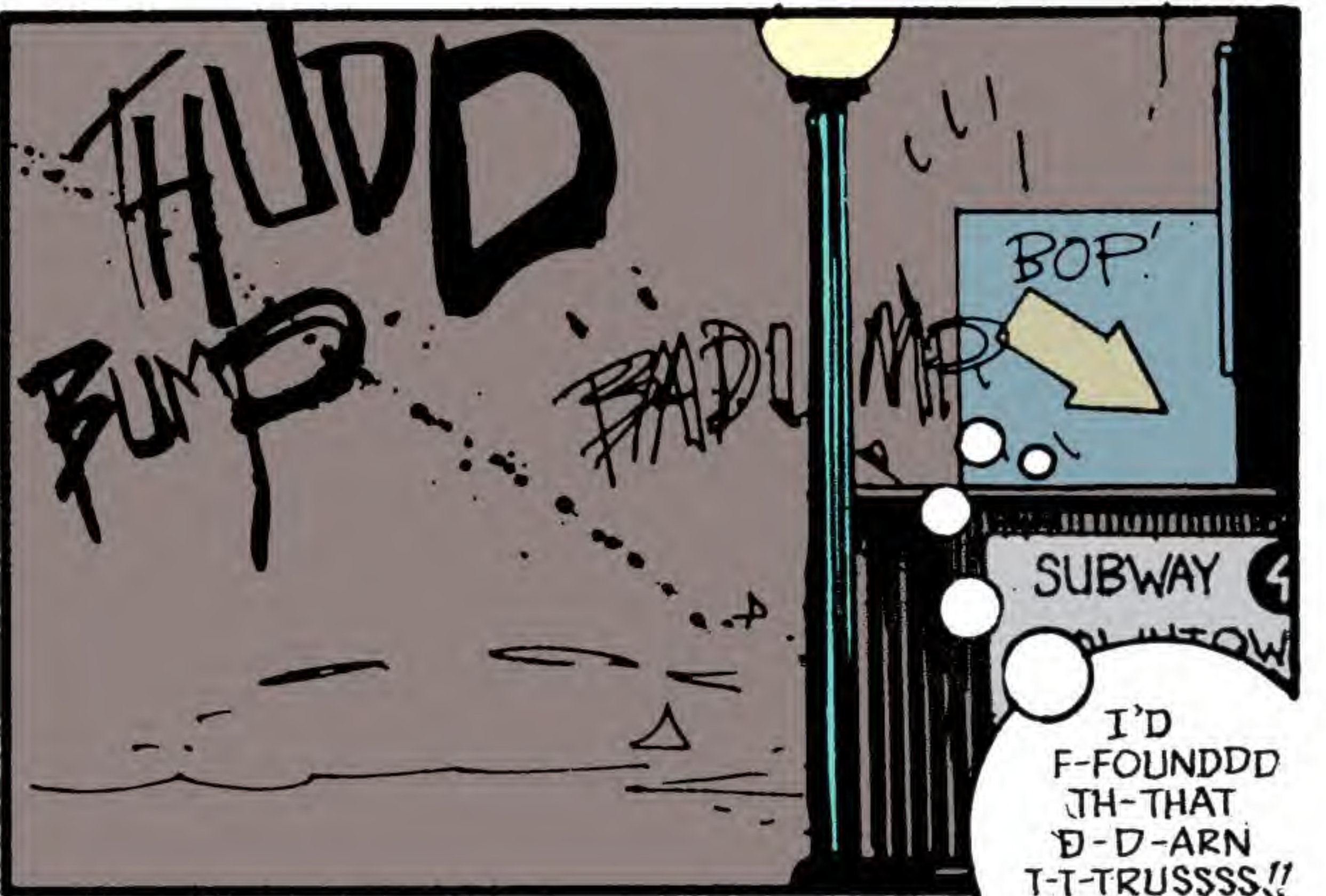
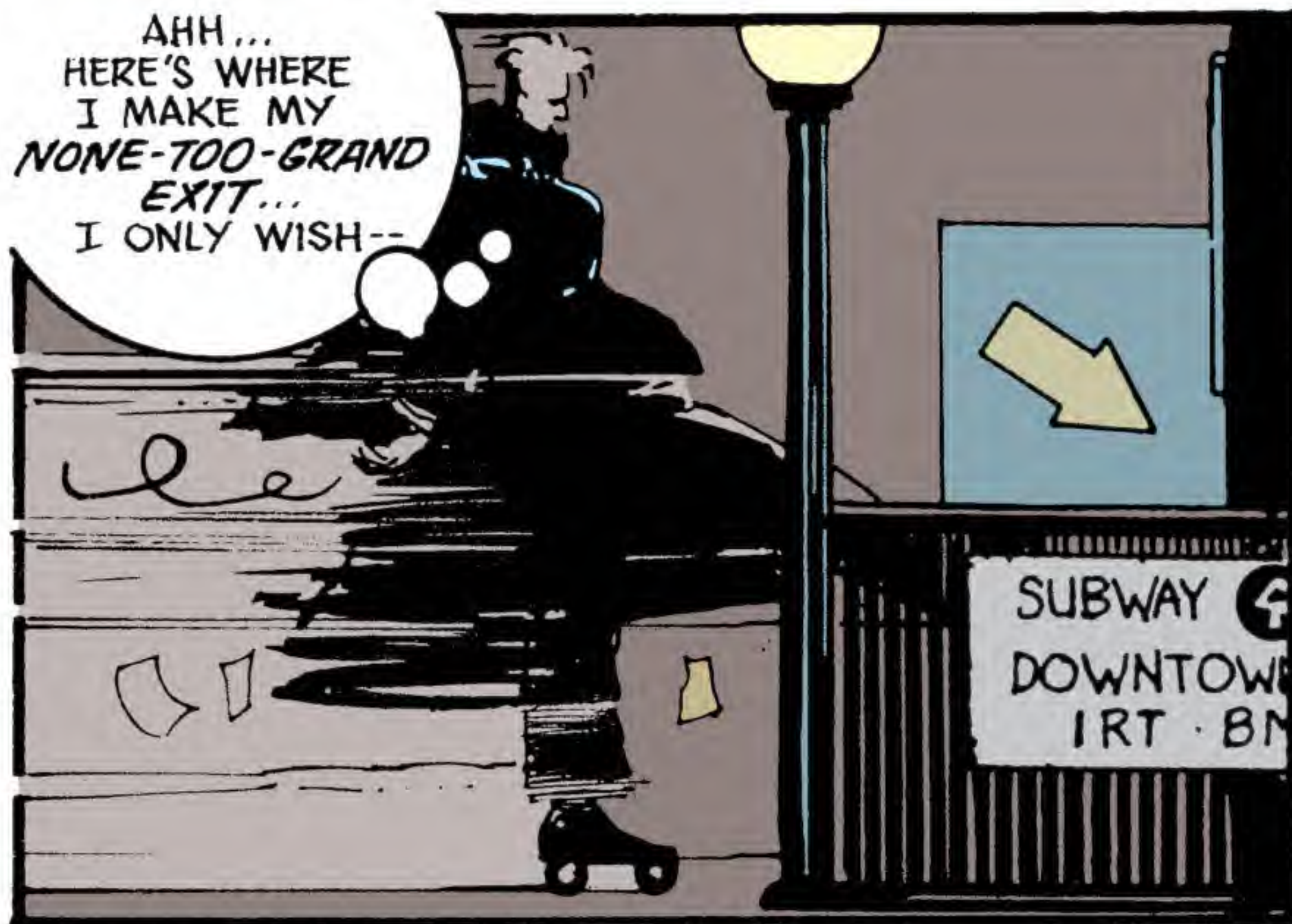


MY...  
I'M GETTING  
FAIRLY  
WINDED...

PERHAPS  
MARGO WAS  
RIGHT... PERHAPS  
I AM A BIT  
TOO MATURE  
FOR THIS...

STILL...  
THIS ISN'T THE  
TIME FOR  
REGRETS... NOT  
WITH THOUSANDS  
MORE SPILLING OUT  
ONTO THE STREETS  
EACH MINUTE

AHH...  
HERE'S WHERE  
I MAKE MY  
NONE-TOO-GRAND  
EXIT...  
I ONLY WISH--



OH, DEAR...  
I CAN  
HEAR THEM!  
THEY'RE  
CATCHING  
UP!

IF I CAN  
MAKE IT  
TO THE MASTER'S  
OLD ABANDONED  
HEADQUARTERS,  
I'LL BE  
SAFE--

-- NO ONE  
COULD EVER  
FIND ME  
THERE!



LET'S  
SEE NOW...  
IT WAS  
THIS BRICK  
HERE...

...WASN'T  
IT--?

COME ON,  
DAMMIT--  
HURRY--



--ULP!!

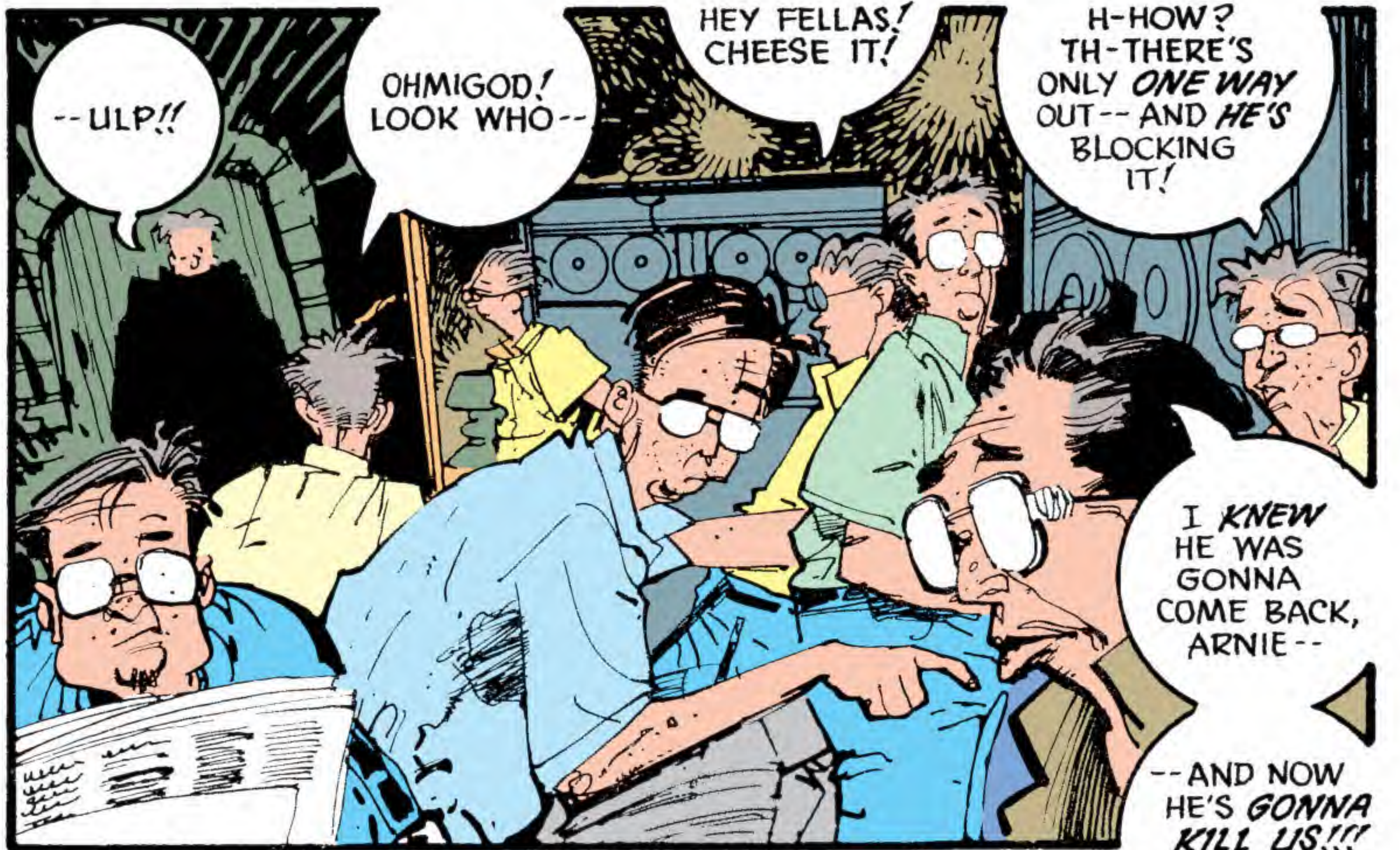
OHMIGOD!  
LOOK WHO--

HEY FELLAS!  
CHEESE IT!

H-HOW?  
TH-THERE'S  
ONLY ONE WAY  
OUT-- AND HE'S  
BLOCKING  
IT!

I KNEW  
HE WAS  
GONNA  
COME BACK,  
ARNIE--

--AND NOW  
HE'S GONNA  
KILL US!!!







FATHER--  
LOOK! I HAVE  
NEVER SEEN  
SO MANY  
AMERICANS  
AT ONCE--

--EXCEPT,  
PERHAPS,  
AT THE  
U2 CONCERT--

TRUE,  
CHING--I  
HAD ALMOST  
FORGOTTEN--

SILENCE. THE CROWD  
MILLS ABOUT AIMLESSLY.  
THEIR "DIVINE MISSION"  
HAS YET TO BE FULFILLED.

GOOD. IT MEANS  
THAT *HARRY* HAS  
*ELUDED* THEM. BUT  
NOW *WE* MUST--



WHAT--?



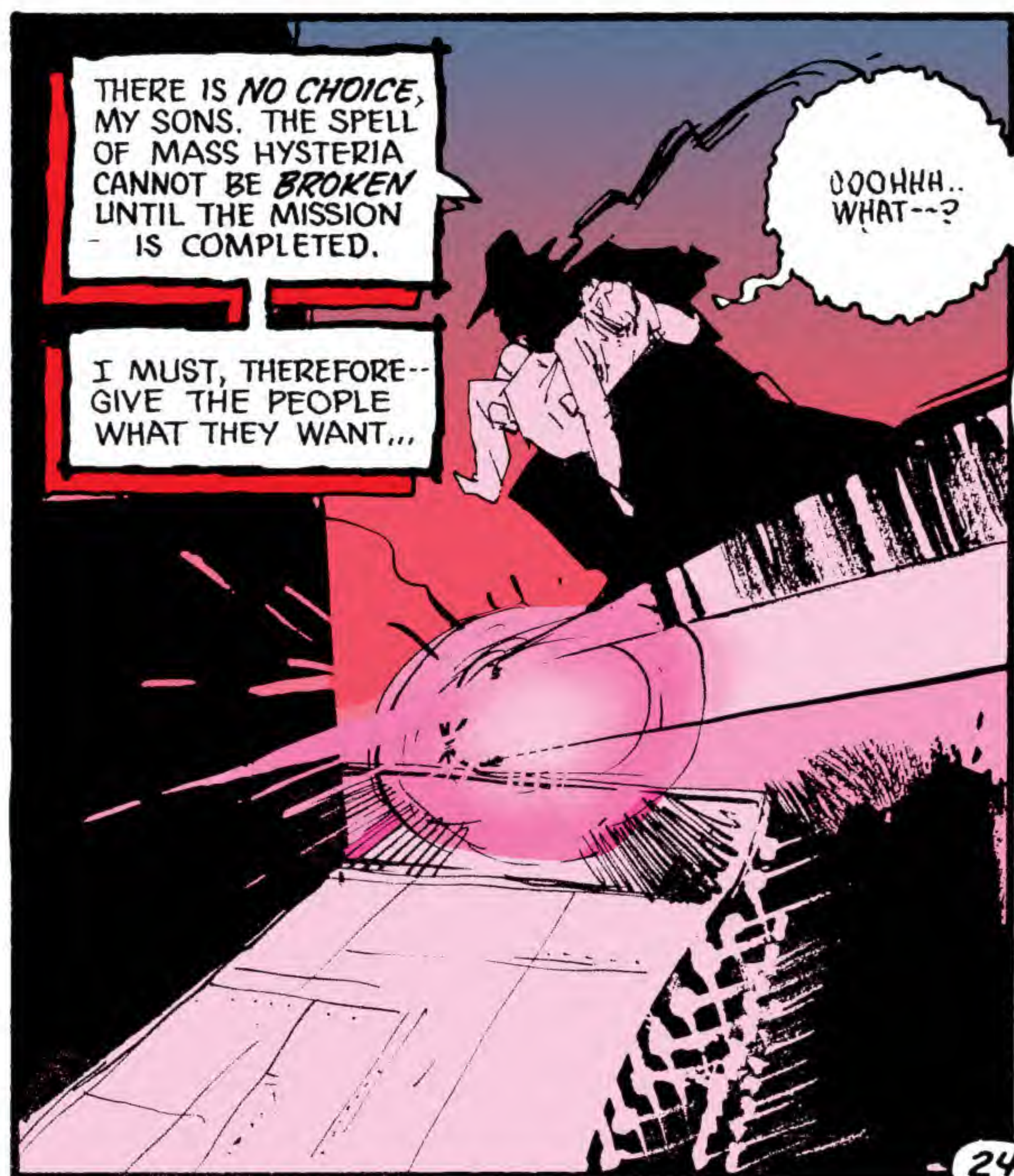
AHH...THE *MEDIA*...  
THEY SEEM TO HAVE  
REMAINED *UNAFFECTED*  
BY THE BROADCAST...

APPARENTLY, THEY  
ARE NOT *PARTIAL*  
TO THE *ELECTRONIC*  
MINISTRIES...



HSU-TEI-- LEAVE US ATOP  
THAT *THEATER MARQUEE*.  
THERE IS WHERE THE SHADOW  
WILL MAKE HIS FINAL *STAND*.

FATHER--  
WHAT DO YOU  
INTEND  
TO DO--?

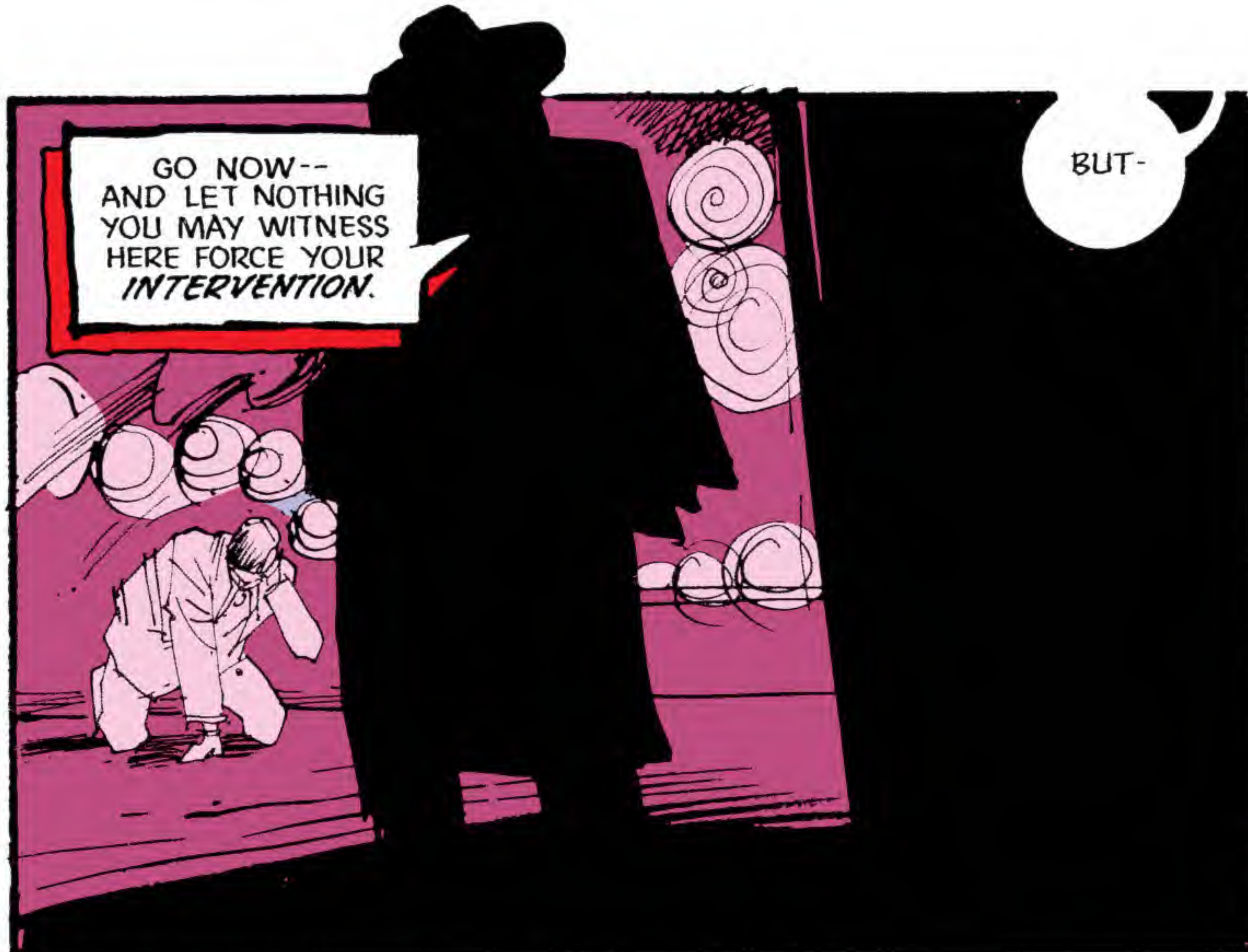


THERE IS *NO CHOICE*,  
MY SONS. THE SPELL  
OF MASS HYSTERIA  
CANNOT BE *BROKEN*  
UNTIL THE MISSION  
IS COMPLETED.

I MUST, THEREFORE--  
GIVE THE PEOPLE  
WHAT THEY WANT...

OOOHHH...  
WHAT--?





GO NOW--  
AND LET NOTHING  
YOU MAY WITNESS  
HERE FORCE YOUR  
*INTERVENTION.*

BUT-



YOU'VE *BOTH* DONE  
*ENOUGH* FOR ONE  
DA -- AGGGHHH...

FATHER--!

I SAID--*GO!!*



GO ON--  
DISPERSE!  
DISPERSE!

MAX--  
YOU STILL  
WITH  
ME--?

YES SIR--

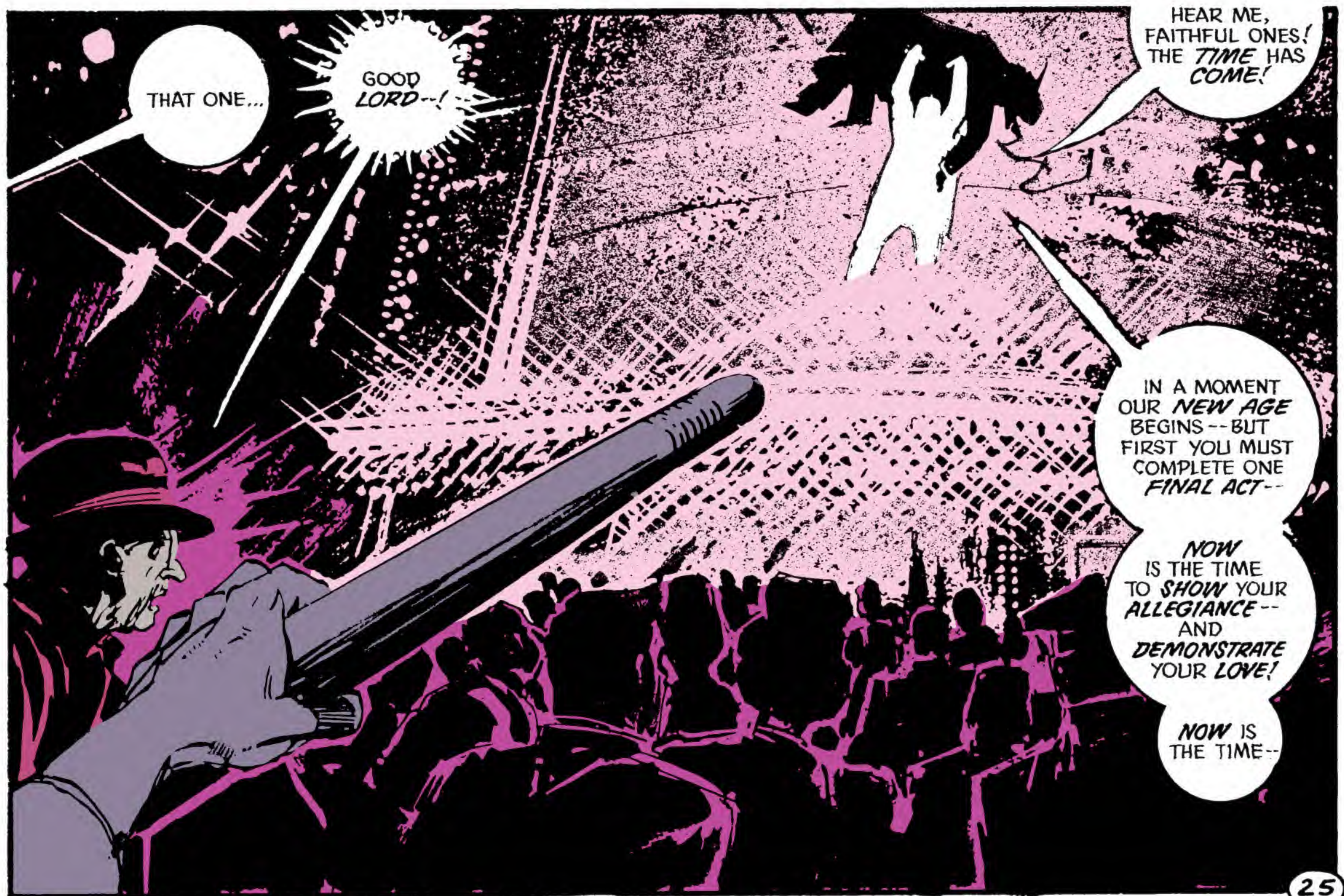
WELL, THEN--  
DO SOMETHING  
ABOUT THIS *CROWD!*  
WHAT DO THEY  
THINK THIS IS--  
*NEW YEAR'S  
EVE?*



OFFICER--  
WHAT'S THE  
SITUATION  
HERE?

WELL, SIR--  
CAN'T SAY FOR SURE...  
THE *SHADOW'S* BEEN  
UP THERE ON THAT  
*MOVIE MARQUEE*  
ABOUT TEN MINUTES  
NOW... BROUGHT SOME  
KIND OF *WHITE SACK*  
OR SOMETHIN'  
WITH 'IM...

*WHICH  
THEATER??*



THAT ONE...

GOOD  
LORD--!

HEAR ME,  
FAITHFUL ONES!  
THE *TIME* HAS  
COME!

IN A MOMENT  
OUR *NEW AGE*  
BEGINS -- BUT  
FIRST YOU MUST  
COMPLETE ONE  
*FINAL ACT--*

*NOW*  
IS THE TIME  
TO *SHOW* YOUR  
*ALLEGIANCE--*  
AND  
*DEMONSTRATE*  
YOUR LOVE!

*NOW* IS  
THE TIME--





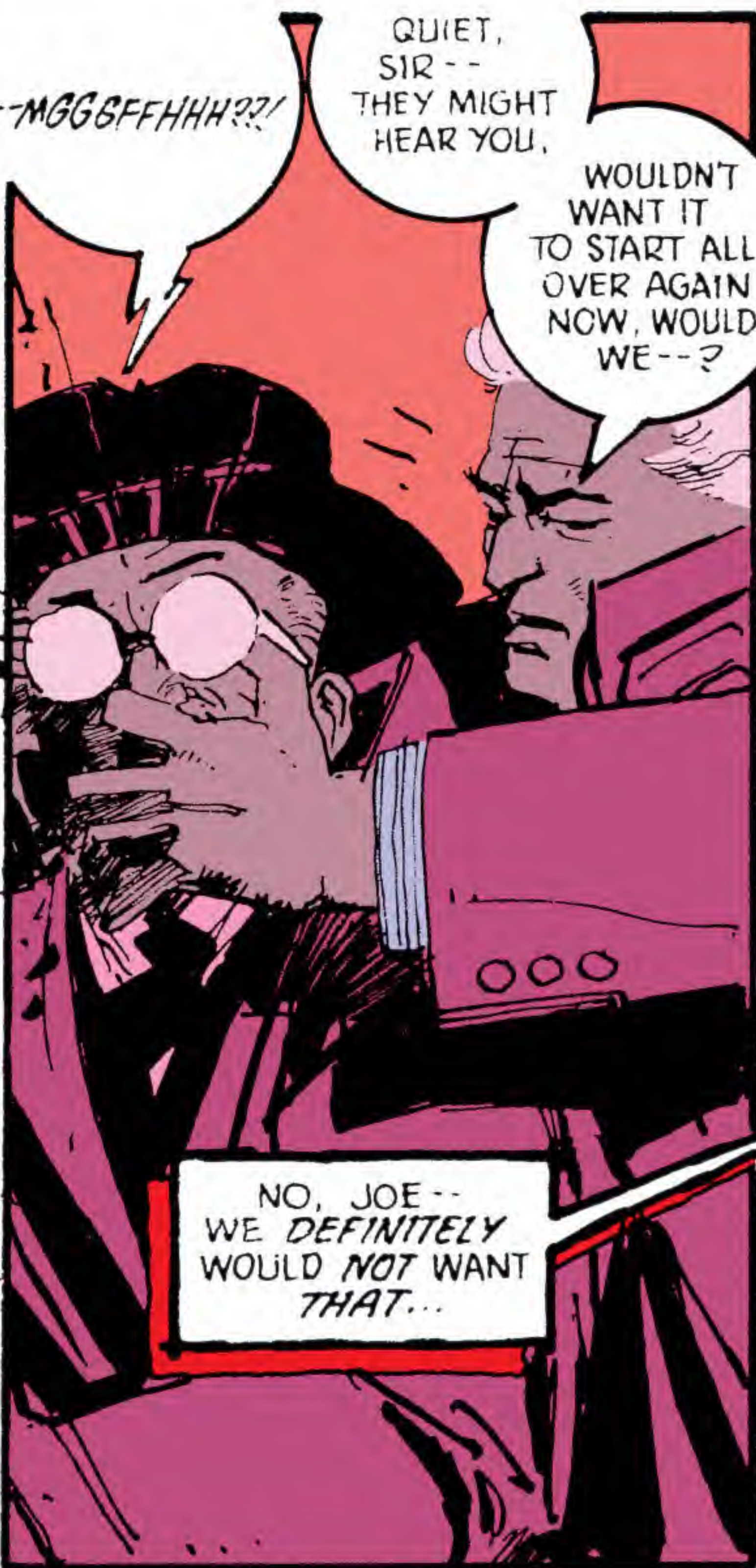




SO THIS IS  
HOW IT *ENDS*,  
EH? WHAT  
COULD HAVE  
*POSSIBLY*  
DRIVEN  
SO MANY  
TO--

MAX --  
THAT'S NOT  
HIM.

MAX --  
THAT'S NOT  
THE SHAD--



--MGGGFFHHH??!

QUIET,  
SIR --  
THEY MIGHT  
HEAR YOU.

WOULDN'T  
WANT IT  
TO START ALL  
OVER AGAIN  
NOW, WOULD  
WE--?

NO, JOE --  
WE *DEFINITELY*  
WOULD *NOT* WANT  
*THAT*...

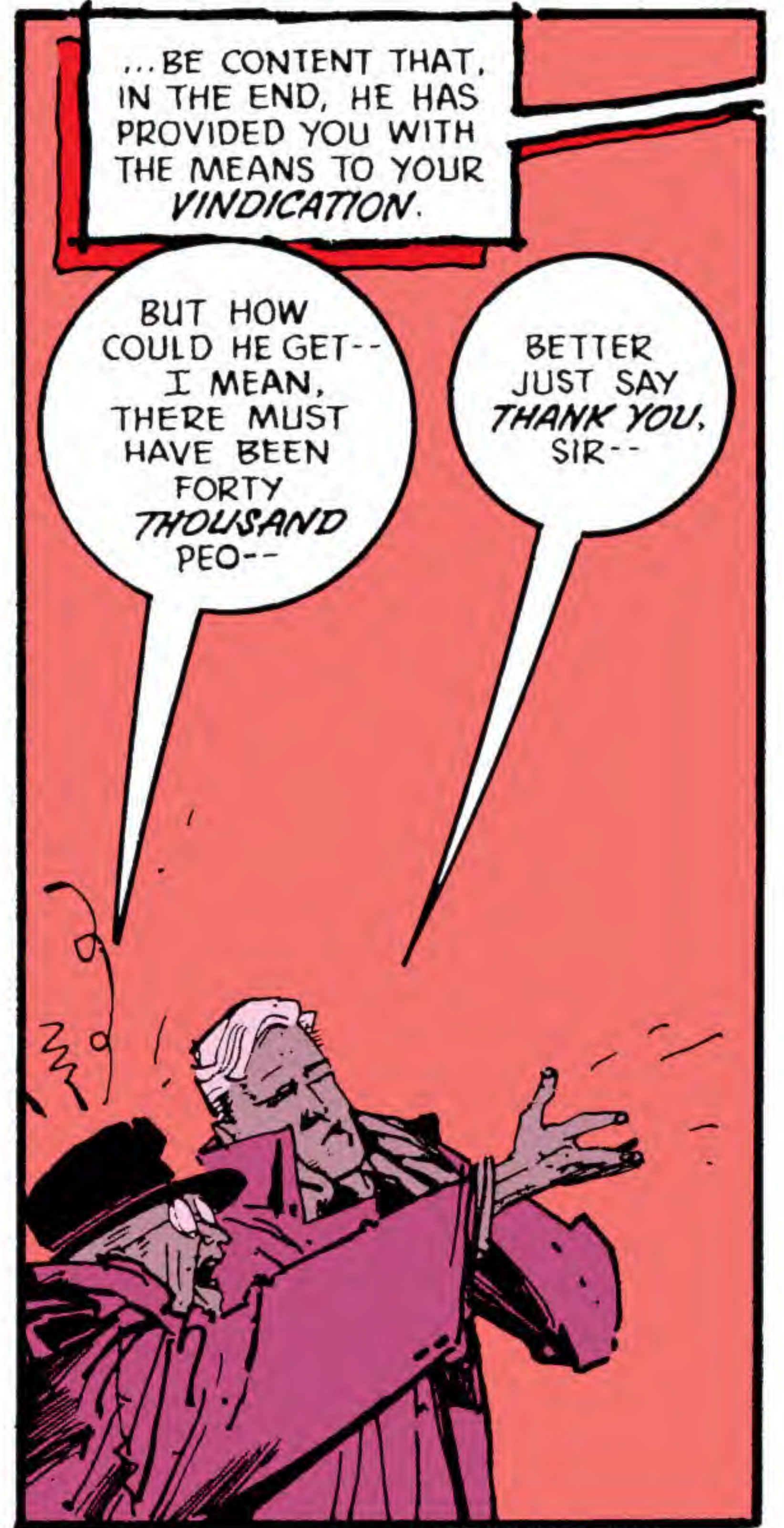


YOU WON'T BE GETTING  
ANY *CONFESSIONS*  
FROM HIM, JOE -- BUT  
*THERE* IS YOUR KILLER.

A *DELUDED* MADMAN  
WITH ABILITIES  
NOT UNLIKE MY OWN...

...TO CLOUD  
MEN'S MINDS...  
BEND  
THEIR WILLS...

THERE IS MUCH  
WE WILL NEVER  
KNOW ABOUT  
THE LIGHT,  
JOE...



...BE CONTENT THAT,  
IN THE END, HE HAS  
PROVIDED YOU WITH  
THE MEANS TO YOUR  
*VINDICATION*.

BUT HOW  
COULD HE GET--  
I MEAN,  
THERE MUST  
HAVE BEEN  
FORTY  
*THOUSAND*  
PEO--

BETTER  
JUST SAY  
*THANK YOU*,  
SIR--



"--THE MAN'S HAD  
A *ROUGH DAY*..."



--RECORDED THIS SHOCKING FOOTAGE OF THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT'S FINAL CONFRONTATION IN TIMES SQUARE...

...BUT WHILE OUR CAMERAS PLAINLY SHOWED THE LIGHT HURLING THE SHADOW TO HIS DEATH...

--THE VICTIM'S REMAINS WERE IDENTIFIED BY INSPECTOR JOSEPH CARDONA TO BE THOSE OF THE LIGHT--

--A RELIGIOUS FANATIC CARDONA MAINTAINS WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR A FLURRY OF BIZARRE MURDERS IN THE AREA...

IN A PRESS CONFERENCE FOLLOWING A CITATION FOR HIS WORK ON THE CASE, CARDONA HAD THIS TO SAY....

...SOON'S I'D REALIZED HE'D SOMEHOW HYPNOTIZED ALL THOSE PEOPLE, I CONTACTED THE SHADOW--

--WE'RE CLOSE, YOU KNOW--

--AND WE PUT THE PLAN INTO ACTION TOGETHER, DESIGNED TO SNAP THE MASS HYPNOSIS...

I'D LIKE TO PUBLICLY THANK THE SHADOW FOR HIS EFFORTS. WITHOUT HIS HELP--

TWITCHKOWITZ. TURN IT OFF. I HAVE A NEW ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU...

WAIT-- JUST A SECOND-- HE'S RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GOOD PART--

--I WOULD HAVE HAD TO TAKE THAT LIGHT FELLA DOWN ALL BY MYSELF. NOT THAT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN THAT DIFFICULT, MIND YOU-- I'VE FACED TONNERS AND I NEVER EVEN WORKED UP A TITTLE OEFER TO LYNN IT COME TO MY FIGHTING AND MURDERING UP.

SIGH.

THERE IS NO JUSTICE IN THE WORLD, MASTER... AND THE ODD THING IS... HIS BABBLING IS SO... CONVINCING...

I MEAN, I SAW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED. AND YET... I ALMOST BELIEVE HIM...

CHALK IT UP TO THE POWER OF THE MEDIUM, I SUPPOSE...

SIGH... COMING, MASTER...

TWITCH...





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